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SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN FIVE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

VI.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET had learned by the letter from her guardian that he was still at Combar—"his summer residence," as he said—and also that he, for especial reasons, would not return to Paris until the late autumn. He wrote further that Madame Cantarel would feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to call for her at the hospital. Mother Amélie, who never spared those people whom she did not like—and she liked very few—had drawn a portrait of Madame Cantarel for Jetta's benefit, which was certainly not very attractive. She described her as essentially selfish, occupied exclusively with her own health and comfort, revealing by the coldness of her manners the frigidity of her nature. She defined her as "virtue kept on ice."

Approaching the carriage awaiting her, Mademoiselle Maulabret was astonished to see a face which answered in no degree to the description given by Mother Amélie. The young girl had been told that Madame Cantarel was over fifty; the unknown whom she saw could not have been more than forty, and appeared even younger. She had been told that her aunt was a person poor in health and in appearance, who, sacrificing her pretensions to her comfort, was always in the costume of an invalid.

Wrapped in superb furs, the stranger had an imposing air; she was dimpled, charming, and seemed to be in the best possible health; and the young girl, who had expected to be received with such coldness that she had already begun to shiver, with difficulty concealed her surprise when the stranger, bestowing on her a charming

smile, cried out to her as soon as she saw her coming:

"Mademoiselle Maulabret, I am sure? Hasten, for it seems to me that you are very insufficiently dressed, your mantle is not warm enough. Sit close to me, I have furs enough for two. Is not this horrible weather, my dear? Forgive me; though it is not my fault, I feel in a measure responsible for it."

The coachman started. The stranger soon explained to Jetta that she was very intimate with Monsieur Louis Cantarel, her great-uncle, that she was his neighbor in the country; in fact, that their estates were divided only by a wall, and how Madame Cantarel was so disturbed by the rigor of the weather that she had offered to replace her; and how her proposition had been accepted, and that she herself liked to go out in all sorts of weather, and was particularly anxious, moreover, to make at once the acquaintance of a young lady of whose merits, graces, and misfortunes she had heard a great deal. She said so much of this kind that Mademoiselle Maulabret did not know where to look.

"Resign yourself to your fate," the lady continued; "you belong to me until night. Perhaps, however, you would like to know my name? I am la Marquise de Moisieux."

Certain names penetrate everywhere, even to the boarding-schools where young girls are educated. The world, which does not admit the possibility that one can live without it, profits by the return of the classes after their vacations to establish its entering wedges in the convents; the bees have been pilfering, and the world wishes them to make their honey in common.

Mademoiselle Maulabret knew very well that

Madame de Moisieux was the granddaughter of an illustrious marshal of the First Empire, and the widow of a man who had held an important position under the second; that she had been herself a very conspicuous person, and a great favorite at the Tuileries. Mademoiselle Maulabret had also learned, as a secret of great importance, that the marquise had allowed herself to be much talked of. But, if, when her husband was living, she had not been just where she should have been in regard to him, she made amends after his death. He was now always with her, and she went nowhere without him. If at this moment Mademoiselle Maulabret had asked permission to examine her brooch, her locket, and her watch, the cameo on her bracelet, and even her rings, she would have found the marquise everywhere—his full face, his profile, and his bust—in his every-day garments, his court dress, and hunting-costume—seven portraits in all, neither more nor less. This is the testimony which women willingly render to the husband they have lost, when they are conscious of having deceived him, and also that he has had the courtesy never to seem conscious of it.

Mademoiselle Maulabret thought it a little singular that this celebrated woman had been intrusted by Providence with the task of taking her to her guardian. Mother Amélie had frequently told her that Monsieur Louis Cantarel was a red-hot radical, and that his opinions were of the deepest shade of red. What possible sympathy could there be between himself and a Marquise de Moisieux? That *grande dame* did not wait to be questioned to explain that she had made two years before, in Switzerland, the acquaintance of her great-uncle and of her great-aunt, and that their chance meetings at a *table-d'hôte* had led to an intimacy that had become very precious to herself. Monsieur Cantarel had rendered her most essential services—services for which she should be ever grateful.

Jetta had another cause of astonishment. Ignorant as she was of social etiquette and of worldly matters, she could not but notice that Madame de Moisieux had with her neither footman nor maid, and that the coat worn by the coachman had a large darn in the middle of the back, while the large Berlin in which they sat was evidently hired by the day. All this corresponded but poorly with the splendors of an imperial court, and the young girl concluded that at the fall of the empire Madame de Moisieux had lost both her situation and her fortune. She was not mistaken in this supposition.

After the revolution of September the marquise, whose debts the emperor had paid more than once, took refuge in England, where he died five years later, leaving his affairs greatly

embarrassed. Madame de Moisieux hastened back to Paris, where she found herself assailed by creditors who were losing patience and who were not easily appeased. Monsieur de Cantarel came to her assistance and brought the bandits to reason, inducing them finally to accept an arrangement which he offered. This was the service which she estimated at its just value, and this was the advantage she had reaped from her sojourn at Lucerne, and from certain small attentions which she had regarded as a good investment.

It must be here stated that the marquise had the great gift of pleasing and of attaching people to her. Although the first freshness of her youth had for ever fled, no one thought of speaking of her as faded, or of her beauty as on the wane. She was not the kind of woman to fade; years only seemed to make her more lovely. Her gray eyes suggested those lighthouses with revolving lights, for they alternately flashed or were veiled with languid, drooping lids. The tiny blue veins on her temples and her black lashes added a great charm to her face in those hours of melancholy in which at times it pleased her to indulge.

Her delicate face, with its irregular features, of which the ill-natured had early prophesied that it could not bear the wear and tear of years, that its beauty would vanish with her girlhood, had resisted time, revolutions, the fall of empires, the loss of a fortune, the death of a husband, and numerous experiences which were like the great catastrophes of history. Her beauty, however, was less remarkable than her grace. She was quick-witted and clever, imparting to her smallest acts a *cachet* of happy ease which revealed the fact at once that she was a woman who had been involved in many matters of importance, and who had made her way through innumerable intrigues, from which she had adroitly escaped without injury.

She never made a single needless movement, she always said exactly the right thing, and was never at a loss for a word; she had that perfect ease which always puts others at ease at once. After the first moment or two, Jetta instinctively rendered her the justice of feeling that one could breathe freely near her without fear of breathing too hard.

If the marquise pleased the young girl, Jetta, in her turn, had made a most favorable impression on the marquise, who, without seeming to do so, had passed in review the entire person of Mademoiselle Maulabret, and had arrived at the conclusion, which she frankly expressed, that her eyes were made to inspire passion, and that her hand would be the prettiest in the world, when she had learned to glove it; her foot quite the

most beautiful when she had discovered where to purchase her *chaussure*; also that her hair was exquisite, or would be when she was properly *coiffée*; and her figure perfect when she had learned how to dress. Jetta was sorely tempted to reply that she did not care to be adorable or adored, but she had been admonished by Mother Amélie, and bidden to be very amiable and complaisant in all trifles, and to reserve all her energy and obstinacy for great occasions, so that she would not be accused of entering the world already prejudiced against it. She consequently kept her objections to herself, and Madame de Moisieux, giving her a little tap on her cheek, declared that from that day forth she would take it upon herself to teach her the smallest details of the toilet, but that now it was her first duty to take her to Monsieur Vaugenis, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. This gentleman, being the executor of Monsieur Antonin Cantarel's will, was entitled to a visit from the young lady.

When Sister Marie went to Passy to visit the dying bed of her great-uncle, her mind was so absorbed that, in the *salon*, crowded as it was, she had not noticed a single face; and, when she entered the presence of Monsieur Vaugenis, Mademoiselle Maulabret did not remember that she had seen him a fortnight previously leaning against the mantel and talking with a handsome young man. She had seen them both, however, without really noticing them.

The former President of the Chamber impressed her greatly, intimidating her by his cold politeness and by his reserve, which kept people at a distance. He disturbed her, too, by a slight cast in the eye, which was more mysterious than disagreeable, and which he had long since learned to utilize. Clever men make use even of their defects. Jetta could not quite decide if, when questioning her, he was looking at her or not, and was almost tempted to believe that his squint was intentional. He won her heart by the emotion he evinced in speaking of the great-uncle whom she had lost, and of the tender attachment that the noble old man had conceived for her. "He was so made," continued Monsieur Vaugenis, "that he could neither love nor hate in any half-way fashion. His was a full, well-rounded character, impetuous and strong for both good and evil. This man, who was apparently wrapped up in science, and who appeared to be so thorough a master of his emotions, and so reluctant to exhibit them, had in reality a most romantic nature; consequently, in all his friendships there was a certain stormy element. In losing him, I have lost one of the best and most faithful of friends; our romance has lasted forty years. In religion, politics, and in most other matters, we

were entirely at variance, and we quarreled all the time. We never passed three days without seeing each other, and we were never together two hours without a dispute. We were quite ready at times to take each other by the hair of the head, but fortunately our locks were scanty. One evening the quarrel was a little livelier than usual; we uttered some pretty hard words, and when we separated we were far from being reconciled. I went to bed, but I could not sleep; at daybreak I rose and walked out; I took my way toward Passy. In the center of La Place du Roi de Rome I met my old friend, who, wiping his brow, and holding his hat in his hand, was hurrying to me. We embraced each other, and all was settled."

"Permit me to ask one question, my dear president," said Madame de Moisieux.

When Monsieur Louis Cantarel was not present, she was quite willing to give to these people the title they had borne under the empire.

"How you must have suffered," she continued, "in seeing your dearest and most valued friend consigned to the earth with only a civil interment!"

"It was my duty to comply with his last wishes," answered the president.

"You are mistaken, I am no great theologian, but my opinions are pretty decided, and I always deem it wise to submit to established usages; it costs so little! Would you permit one of your friends to appear in the street wearing a Chinese hat—?"

"A Chinese hat is only a civil interment. I am not disposed to contradict you. But it is very difficult to reason with a dead man, and induce him to change his opinion."

"The dead are so reasonable!" answered the marquise, gayly. "Do what you will, they can't object."

"My dear marquise," he replied, in the same tone, "my conscience stings me; obliging as it is as a rule, there are occasions when it is restless. Would that you were always near me to compel it to listen to reason!"

Having exchanged this fusillade with the marquise, he turned toward Jetta, and said, gravely:

"I ought to inform you, mademoiselle, that by the terms of the will you are at liberty to draw your income from this date. I have notified your guardian of this fact, and also that you can not control the capital under two years."

"Which means, my dear," interposed the marquise, "that from this hour you will enjoy an income of sixty thousand francs, and, as I am strong in arithmetic, I will add that this gives you about nine louis to expend each day. But I warn you that under my influence you will

spend much more than that to-day.—Do you know, my dear president, that I am empowered to dress her completely from head to foot? Excuse us, therefore, if we leave you too uncereimoniously—we have a very laborious day before us."

She rose as she spoke. Monsieur Vaugenis accompanied the ladies to the head of the stairs. When they were half-way down, he recalled Mademoiselle Maulabret, who turned back. He led her into the anteroom, and, pointing to the stairs with a threatening finger, he said, in a low voice:

"Look out!"

Jetta looked at him interrogatively. For what was she to look out—the stairs or Madame de Moisieux?

"They rose very early in the morning," he continued, in a crafty tone, "to spread their nets at the door of your hospital."

She understood less and less; it seemed to her, however, that the stairs were set aside.

He added:

"Do me the favor not to take any step without consulting me. I have among my papers a letter from your great-uncle, which I can not yet show you, and which will, in all probability, influence you very strongly. By-the-way, you would like, I presume, to have his photograph; I will send it to you by mail. We must not keep Madame Moisieux waiting now."

At these words he released his prisoner. She hastened to rejoin the marquise, who said:

"What did the dear president want?"

"He wished to ask if I had a photograph of my great-uncle," answered Jetta, delighted to be able to answer with only a half falsehood.

"And now to attend to serious business!" cried Madame de Moisieux, gayly.

The serious business—and the words were not misapplied—consisted in hastening from the bootmaker to the milliner, from the milliner to the dressmaker and to a glove-shop—thence to several large silk-mercens, and to divers other establishments. All this haste, combined with fatigue, was not agreeable to Jetta, but the marquise enjoyed it. Fortunately, the severity of the weather caused few customers to be in the shops, so that the ladies were not compelled to wait. Fortunately, also, notwithstanding her misfortunes, and in spite of the republic, Madame de Moisieux was everywhere served with *empressement*—her name awakened far-away echoes. Then, too, she was never uncertain nor bargaining; she decided quickly, knowing neither hesitations nor repentance. She had, between whiles, several little quarrels with Jetta, who did not share her taste for gay stuffs and conspicuous colors. The young girl wished to wear mourning for her great-uncle, but the marquise

represented that for certain reasons, political and metaphysical, her guardian had a horror of black, of gray, and even of violet; that he believed real mourning was carried within the heart. She made some concessions, however, and Jetta did the same, remembering what her aunt, Mother Amélie, had said to her: "*Coulez le moucheron pour sauver la mouche.*" And purchase succeeded to purchase, package was added to package, mountain to mountain. The marquise ordered most of the things to be sent to Combard; those which she saw fit to take with her filled her berlin.

Interested in her occupation, she did not notice that the breakfast-hour had long since passed. She did not admit that one could live without moving, but was quite willing to believe that life was possible without eating. She contented herself with pecking a little here and there. Jetta, who was accustomed to simple but substantial food, was faint with hunger. About two o'clock the marquise took it into her head to enter the establishment of a fashionable pastry-cook, where they ate cakes, and drank a glass of punch, standing. Jetta found this refreshment very insufficient, but she was obliged to be satisfied and resume her shopping.

All this time the marquise labored to improve the manners and the mind of her pupil by instruction and anecdotes. She gave her a very exact and laboriously minute description of five toilets worn in the five acts of a new play, by the actress who took the principal rôle, declaring that she was the best-dressed woman in Paris. The marquise took this opportunity of enlarging on theatres, and even to describe certain features of the *coulisses*. Then, going back to the past, she described the last sojourn of the imperial court at Fontainebleau, and the three groups into which this court was divided—that of the *gros bonnets*, who thought only of politics; the *cour d'amour*, where discussions and arguments on love were settled; and a third group, composed of youth and gayety. Then abandoning herself to one of her fits of melancholy, half sincere and half feigned, which added to her vivacity a certain pathetic grace, she cried:

"Oh, my dear, how far away all this is—and how fast I am growing old! You have been restored to the world, and I am tempted to retire from it and take your place in the hospital. That is an exchange which would please me."

She was entirely sincere in what she said—sincere while the words were on her lips. She had hours of intense sadness, but she never told any one with what incredible facility she consoled herself.

Jetta listened with her ears, but her thoughts

were elsewhere. All through the day she said to herself :

"They have just finished sweeping the ward ; the patients are all dressed. Who will give them their soup to-day ; and who will dress the old woman's hand—the one whose hand was crushed between two boats on the Canal Saint-Martin ? Now Mother Amélie has just retired to her room. By-the-way, I forgot that this is visiting-day. The relations will come, there will be a great deal of talking. Some of the poor mothers will weep bitterly. It is to be hoped that the patients won't be in a high fever to-morrow !"

The nurses at the hospital had, in fact, noticed that the day after the visitors had been there, either on account of the attendant excitement or of the dainties they had brought with them, the patients were always feverish, as shown by the placard affixed to their bed, which marked the oscillations of the pulse. It was of these things that Jetta thought, which, however, did not prevent her from listening so attentively to the marquise that the lady thought her very clever, although the girl had not spoken twenty words all through the day.

Madame de Moisieux had promised Monsieur Cantarel that his ward should reach Combard for dinner. Between three and four o'clock, therefore, the ladies drove to the Lyons station, just in time to catch the train. It was rather an arduous task to convey the thousand-and-one packages from the carriage to the cars. Jetta did her duty bravely, nearly disappearing under her bundles. There were few travelers, and the ladies were given a compartment to themselves, in which they were hardly installed when the train started.

VII.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET was familiar with but two things in the world, a convent and a hospital, after which came a very slight acquaintance with Paris, out of which she had never been in her life except two or three times with her father—merely then a few rods beyond the fortifications. The country, therefore, was to her an entire novelty. After passing Charenton she perceived, through the window of the car, a succession of small gardens about as large as one's hand, surrounded by walls which also inclosed tiny houses of one story, and often with only one window. In summer weather these houses and gardens are hired by workmen and shopkeepers, who pass their Sundays there with their families, delighted at being able to say, "My gooseberry-bush, my artichoke, and my geranium."

Jetta was not really in the country until, by the gray light of a December twilight, she be-

held, through a thick white fog, that stretch of level land which, beyond the Maisons-Alfort, extends from the railway to the Seine ; the fog lay like a winding-sheet, pierced by an occasional aspen or gnarled apple-tree, covered with frost and shivering under a lowering sky.

There was some difficulty in reaching Ville-neuve-Saint-Georges. The extreme cold had hardened the snow that had blown over the track and made the road almost impassable. It was even worse beyond Villeneuve, where there are hills. Although an extra locomotive was put on, nearly an hour was consumed in going five kilometres. The two monsters puffed and panted with rage and indignation at not being able to perform the task appointed them. At the next station things were found in a still more uncomfortable condition—further progress was impossible. After waiting twenty minutes, Madame de Moisieux dropped her window and called to the superintendent, who could not obey without wading through a formidable drift. He explained to her that the wind, which was blowing fiercely, had piled the snow up beyond the station, and that it was necessary to wait until the squad of laborers, for whom he had sent, should clear it away ; this task would consume at least two hours, and there was nothing for the ladies to do but wait with all the patience they could summon to their aid.

The marquise resigned herself with great gayety, and, wrapping herself in her furs, said, with a shrug of her shoulders :

"Two hours is a long time ; let us try to sleep." But suddenly a happy thought came to her. "But you will lose your dinner !" she cried. "I am convinced that you are famishing even now."

Jetta admitted the truth of this surmise. Canaries may be fed on chickweed, but little girls require more substantial nourishment than pastry.

"Let us explore a little and see what we can find," said Madame de Moisieux.

They left the car and crossed the track, which, in spite of the ashes scattered over it, was in some places as smooth and slippery as a mirror. Unfortunately, there was no buffet.

"This is pretty bad !" said *la marquise*.

But as she spoke she perceived, seated in the corner of the waiting-room, a tall young fellow, with a fur cap pulled down over his ears and wearing high riding-boots. His face was half hidden under the turned-up collar of his overcoat, his arms were crossed, his legs outstretched, and he seemed to be either asleep or buried in thought. She did not need to see this person's face to recognize him, however. She went up to the sleeper, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said :

"Well, *mauvais sujet*, it was Heaven that sent you here!"

The *mauvais sujet* shook himself, started to his feet, and made a profound bow.

"I present to you a young girl who is dying of hunger. Prove to us, my dear Valport, that you can be useful occasionally by procuring us a dinner now."

"A dinner! My dear madame! Do you not know that we are in one of those holes where people do not dine?"

"Pshaw! as some one says, we will content ourselves with a wing of something."

"A wing! Bless my soul, how extraordinary!—but I will do the best I can."

He offered his arm to Madame de Moisieux, and, followed by Jetta, they started to cross a small square about which the wind whirled, and which for the moment resembled an Alpine glacier; with great exertion they succeeded in reaching a wretched *café* whose lights they could distinguish afar off. The proprietor, taken somewhat aback, was able to give them chairs, table-linen, plates, and a bottle of wine, but not a mouthful to eat except a loaf of bread.

"Keep up your courage, and have patience," said Monsieur Valport. "Be kind enough to wait for me. This is an occasion to exercise my rare genius."

He disappeared, only to return ten minutes later. Like Sancho at the marriage-feast of Garmache, he held in his right hand and pressed triumphantly against his heart a smoking *casserole*.

"Bravo!" cried the marquise, clapping her hands. "What have you brought us?"

"Alas! It has no wings—it is only a plate of giblets—but just smell of them! Is not the aroma delicious? Pray remember that I have just accomplished the bravest and most difficult task of my life. This *casserole* was actually on the table. The amount of words—the eloquence and diplomacy—I expended to gain possession of it is almost incredible."

Mademoiselle Maulabret had lifted her veil. Monsieur Valport looked at her, and his surprise was so great that his spoils nearly fell to the ground. But he regained his self-possession without the ladies having noticed his surprise. Then, placing the *casserole* on the table, he assisted the *garçon* to distribute plates and knives—himself drew the cork of the bottle, and then, turning to the marquise, said:

"Do you invite me?"

"Shall we invite him, my dear?" she said to Jetta.

The girl did not reply, but she rose and pushed a chair slightly toward Monsieur Valport, at the same time bestowing on him one of those smiles which were the boast of the hospi-

tal, and which only the night before had carried consolation to many a sick-bed. Monsieur Valport did not require to be consoled, but he was a connoisseur, and considered that this smile had well paid him for his trouble.

For the first time since the beginning of this laborious day, Mademoiselle Maulabret felt her heart so light that she was almost happy. Monsieur Valport had at once excited her interest. She had been struck by the beauty of his features, by the fire in his eyes, and the spirit in his face, and by a certain air of pride and resolution. She remembered having once seen in an illustrated book of travels, which she had been ordered to read in her convent, the portrait of a lion-killer, and she fancied that her new acquaintance resembled this portrait.

But, at this precise moment, Monsieur Valport was not hunting a lion; he was aiding a *garçon* in a *café* to lay a table, and looking forward to the enjoyment of a dish of chicken-giblets which he had been to procure for her through wind and snow. He pleased her decidedly: if she had said to the contrary, she would have told a falsehood, but, as she was not questioned on this point, she said nothing, but thought all the more. The giblets were attacked; the marquise herself condescended to partake of them, but in a very dainty and indifferent way.

"And now, my dear sir," she said, "have the kindness to inform me by what providential dispensation, at this hour when all Paris is at dinner, we meet you in a hole where, as you say, people never dine?"

"Do not ask me," he replied. "Either I should lie, or you would not believe me."

"Can it be that you have any secrets from me?"

"Heaven forbid! But my story would seem absolutely incredible."

"But suppose I promised to believe you?"

"Very well, then. I am simply on my way to Bois-le-Roi—to my château where I never go, and which is very like a barn."

"You intend to spend twenty-four hours there?"

"More than that."

"Three days, then?"

"Say rather three months."

"In the middle of winter? Impossible!"

"Did I not tell you that you would not believe me!"

"Is it a wager?"

"Precisely, madame."

"And the stakes are heavy?"

"Enormous. Everything in my life is on an exaggerated scale. If, unfortunately, I should lose now, you might look upon me not only as a ruined man, but as a dead one."

"Ah! I understand now why the boulevard to-day had such a desolate, melancholy aspect. It had already put on mourning for you. But, by the terms of your engagement, you need spend only your nights at Bois-le-Roi, and each morning—"

"No, madame, you are mistaken. If any urgent business should recall me to Paris, I should be compelled to request permission to return there, but I do not intend to do this if I can possibly help it."

"But how on earth will you occupy yourself?"

"In paying visits and taking all those steps required to insure my election as mayor of my commune next year."

"And when you are mayor—?"

"I shall labor to become counselor-general and then deputy."

"And in four years President of the Republic."

"Oh, that is not necessarily on the books! If I should ever become president, it would be that I might become useful to you, and be able to bestow upon you every favor which it would please you to ask of me."

"Look me full in the face," she answered. "Ah! I see a little of the expression which the devil had when he wished to become a monk. But, my poor friend, it is useless—you can never do anything in politics."

"And why not?"

"Because, to have any success in that field you must believe in something, or at least pretend to believe; and you are equally incapable of believing or feigning."

"Let me go my way—faith will come."

"I doubt it. You are the most skeptical of men. You are a skeptic in all things, as regards women, business, and religion; you confessed as much to me one day at Trouville, and your life bears witness to the truth of your words, in spite of the good action you have just performed. Excellent as are your giblets, fragrant as they are, my advice to you is, Jetta, not to eat too much of them, for I distinguish more than a suggestion of onions."

Monsieur Valport eyed her for a moment, and, pushing back his chair, answered with some animation:

"You paint the devil blacker than he is. One would think, to hear you, that I have no good qualities. In the first place, I am not as skeptical as you think; I believe in my own will—yes, I thoroughly believe in myself, I assure you! Then, too, I have the merit of always respecting the faith of others. Tolerant skepticism should count for something, surely! Then, too, I never betrayed the confidence of a living being; and I

do not believe that any one ever had reason to regret having trusted me."

He became more excited, and, with his eyes on Mademoiselle Maulabret's face, seemed to summon her as a witness. Madame de Moisieux laughed.

"I honestly believe," she said, "that you think you are addressing your constituents. For what invisible audience is this outburst of eloquence intended? We are alone, monsieur—it is not worth while to become so energetic."

"Excuse me," he answered, coloring a little; "it is always advisable to practice for future emergencies."

"I see one good thing in all this," she replied. "I own some stock in this railroad, and you will double its value."

"In what way?"

"By the enormous amount of freight which will come over the road—things ordered by you from Paris daily. The *grand* and the *petite vitesse* will have as much as they can carry."

"Another mistake, madame. It has been stipulated that I shall content myself with the local products of Bois-le-Roi—even with the wine."

"And all else? Is it, then, a country fertile in beauty?"

"We do not understand each other," he answered. "You are not in earnest, and from this day I take everything *au sérieux*."

She looked at him with a quiet smile, and after a long silence—

"You have left her, then?" she said.

He answered with some hesitation:

"Yes—that affair is all over."

"And she is in despair?"

"You are too good; I do not believe in the despair of women."

"Is a reconciliation impossible?"

"Absolutely impossible. It is decisive."

"Ah, my dear boy! there is nothing decisive with you."

Jetta could not help hearing all this, but she could not understand half of the conversation. How could she suppose that her companions were speaking at this moment of a young and beautiful *danseuse*, who went by the name of Rosella?

"Do you know what I intend to do?" resumed the marquise. "I intend calling on you some day in your peaceful hermitage. I intend to assure myself with my own eyes that your austerities are not wearing you to a skeleton."

"I am sorry, madame, that I must beg you to relinquish this intention. I have sworn to renounce everything, even the pleasure of seeing you. It has been agreed that no woman shall set her foot within my walls. Do not come; my

watch-dogs would devour you, and I should be inconsolable."

At this moment a man came to inform them that the track was clear, and that the train was about to start. Monsieur Valport offered his arm again to Madame de Moisieux, to take her back to the car. As soon as she was seated, she said:

"*Bon voyage*—but, all the same, I believe you will lose your wager."

Monsieur Valport extended his hand to Jetta to aid her to ascend the steps. Her skirt caught, and she turned to disengage it. By the red glare of a resinous torch blazing in front of the station, she again beheld the face which so strongly resembled the portrait of the lion-killer, and a pair of eyes, as brilliant as carbuncles, riveted upon her. Without releasing the hand he held in a firm, steady grasp, the young man said, in a tone so low that he could be heard only by Jetta:

"By this little hand, which has stanching so many wounds, and which closed the eyes of a man of genius, whom I loved—by this hand, which mine is unworthy to touch, I swear that I will win my wager!"

Profoundly troubled, she hastily entered the car, and he, closing the door upon her, went to his own.

"Do you know, *ma belle*," said the marquise to Jetta, "that you have had the strangest luck in your entrance to the world? You have had accident after accident. At one and the same time you come across a train that is stopped by the snow, and upon one of the handsomest wretches in Paris. What do you think of him?"

"I hardly know, madame," answered Mademoiselle Maulabret, who was struggling against her first impressions.

"Ah! my dear, he is handsome, unquestionably handsome; but he is the greatest madman the world ever saw. Permit me to tell you something about him. His father was a rich refiner; at twenty-five he inherited from him two or three millions. In three years one of these millions had vanished. Eighteen months ago he seemed to have settled down, that is, he only loved one woman at a time. The happy creature who fixed this fickle heart is a pretty *danseuse*, to whom he presented a little *hôtel*, which is an absolute jewel. I will show it to you some day when we go into Paris to try on your dresses. The report went that for some time this *ménage* was a most exemplary one, that absolute fidelity existed on both sides; it was even asserted that, if the damsel had resisted two weeks longer, he would have been idiot enough to marry her. As you see, eighteen months of constancy have proved too much for him; they have parted; he has fled to escape Hermione and her claws,

but he will never remain away from Paris for three months. He will go back soon, and, cured for ever of monogamy, he will begin again his fluttering from flower to flower, and the second million will vanish to the very last crown."

Madame de Moisieux talked on without the smallest suspicion that Jetta was divided between astonishment, chagrin, and anger. She was greatly amazed that Monsieur Valport should know her name and her history. A little chagrined that this handsome young man, who had pleased her so much, should be a wretch and a madman, and indignant that he should have sworn by the hand of a future hospital nun in an affair of so frivolous a nature as that of his wager. In short, her anger was greater than her chagrin, and her astonishment greater than her anger.

They finally reached their journey's end; but, thanks to the snow and the continual stoppages of the train, the clock at Combar was striking nine when Madame de Moisieux said to Jetta:

"At last, Heaven be praised!—we have arrived."

Monsieur de Cantarel's *calèche* had already been to the station three times for them. The coachman, fearing the cold for his horses, had preferred not to let them stand, and had driven off again. To get together their bundles and put them in the *calèche*, when it again appeared, occupied some minutes. A quarter of an hour later Mademoiselle Maulabret drove through gates which seemed to her monumental. She dimly perceived a terrace and a long façade, after which the carriage entered a courtyard and drew up before a flight of steps. Two tall lackeys in crimson livery—knee-breeches, and low shoes with huge silver buckles—were on guard in the anteroom. Madame de Moisieux, who knew these beings, dispensed with their services and herself opened the door of a large, richly decorated *salon*. Before a chimney with a carved mantel, in which blazed half an oak-tree, a man who had evidently eaten and drunk heartily, was slumbering in a large chair; opposite him, in a similar chair, a lady was equally sound asleep, her gray hair half hidden under black lace. The man was snoring, the woman moaning. They did not really waken even when Madame de Moisieux cried out:

"Here she is: she is charming; and I have a great mind to keep her for myself."

Monsieur Cantarel rose with a start, and, rubbing his eyes, murmured:

"Ah! marquise. We were afraid of an accident. I was very uneasy."

"So it seemed," she said, laughing.

And, refusing the cup of tea offered her, she hurried away.

For some moments Monsieur Cantarel stood examining Jetta from head to foot in grim silence. Then he asked her if she was hungry, if she was cold, if her feet were wet. She answered that her amiable chaperon had taken the best of care of her, and that she needed nothing.

A lackey entered with his arms full of bundles, and asked where he should put them.

"Heavens! what a pile!" cried Monsieur Cantarel, sulkily.

"I am, perhaps, more troublesome than these," she said, with a smile.

Madame Cantarel was, by this time, fully awake. She opened her eyes indolently, and said:

"It was probably the snow that detained you."

The observation was certainly judicious, but the voice was as icy as a December night.

"I imagine," said Monsieur Cantarel to his guest, "that it is your bed of which you stand most in need."

He rang, a maid appeared; he bade her show Mademoiselle Maulabret to her room. Jetta went toward her aunt to bid her good-night, but it was impossible for her to tell whether her intention was understood or not. She made a deep courtesy to her guardian, who said, mimicking her:

"This is one of your convent affectations." Then he added: "You must get rid of them, my dear—you must get rid of them. We will help you to do so."

As Jetta was leaving the room, a sudden draught blew out the candle which the maid held in her hand, and the woman went back to the *salon* to light it, leaving the door partially open. Mademoiselle Maulabret heard the following conversation:

"She does not strike me as very amusing," said Monsieur Cantarel.

"I did not know that you wanted her to amuse you," answered his wife, coldly.

"It is to be hoped," he resumed, "that she has not brought small-pox or typhus fever from her hospital."

"It is rather late in the day to think of that," she replied.

The maid now reappeared, and led Mademoiselle Maulabret through a long corridor to a room most charmingly, even coquettishly fitted up. The maid, who was a very elegant creature, offered her services, which were refused. A large fire crackled on the hearth. Before Jetta undressed, she took a seat in front of it and sank into a long reverie, where she saw an indefinite number of lovely marquises, whom she was bidden to distrust, immense shops filled with dry-

goods, billiard-rooms, and picture-galleries. She saw crowds of clerks with shining, well-brushed heads and deferential manners, mountains of silks, boots which would not fit and others which were perfect but which hurt her feet, dressmakers with the airs of an empress, Presidents of the Chamber who talked in enigmas, glasses of punch and trays of pastry; then came fields of snow, puffing locomotives, stations where there was nothing to eat and where handsome youths were asleep—youths who were very delightful at first, but who turned out to be monsters and wretches, and yet who insisted on holding her hand while they said incomprehensible things. It was all very strange.

Then she remembered the icy reception accorded her by her guardian and her aunt, and she felt more kindly toward the handsome young man. She remembered that he had said while he ate his chicken-giblets:

"Tolerant skepticism should count for something."

It seemed to her that these were very wise words. Why was it, when he was capable of talking so well, that he led so dissipated a life and made such foolish wagers?

She rose from her chair and began to make her toilet for the night. She said to herself in a melancholy tone, and half aloud:

"I am not amusing, and I have brought typhus fever with me." Then, kneeling before her bed, she recited her prayers. As she finished, her face brightened, and she said, with a half-smile:

"Ah! dear Father in heaven, during the two coming years aid me to make myself amusing, and to get rid of my affectations; after which time I shall give myself to you entirely."

VIII.

IF in this world there were such a thing as perfect happiness, it would have certainly been Monsieur Louis Cantarel's. His father had been an employee on a railroad; a man of considerable wit and imagination, who adored canaries and figures; with an inventive head which had never done him any good. This ingenious and clever personage had said to his two sons, when they were children: "You are a fool, my dear Louis; I feel no uneasiness about you. It is Antonin who troubles me; he has ability, and is looking for something which he will find probably in a hospital."

This prediction was only half fulfilled. Antonin had taken the road to the hospital, but the hospital had opened to him the path to glory and fortune. As to his brother, he had made money in a different way. His self-confidence was prodigious, and to this confidence he added certain

other business qualities—the ability to discover favorable chances, and the faculty of taking advantage of them. As he finished his apprenticeship in the establishment of a wholesale grocer, a providential chance threw a poor devil in his path who flattered himself that he had discovered a method of manufacturing macaroni and vermicelli superior to those of Naples and Genoa. No one, however, would believe in him; his manner was timid, and his voice weak. Louis Cantarel took it into his head to believe in him, and succeeded in obtaining money to enter on a business enterprise with him. They established themselves in partnership, and several years later the inventor died of pleurisy, leaving Louis in possession of the manufactory and of all he had himself made. The affair prospered, but the works were too small. Antonin then began to make himself known. He had won the eternal gratitude of one of the kings of finance by a very delicate operation, which revealed for the first time his marvelous foresight and singular accuracy of judgment. He was soon known and sought in the banking circles. Louis well understood how to make use of his brother's renown, and had no hesitation in doing so, at the same time calling on Antonin to aid him with both money and credit. Antonin submitted, believing it to be his duty, although he had for his younger brother very little sympathy. Louis did not long require his assistance; his Italian pastes acquired a marvelous reputation; his fortune was assured, and he was soon as wealthy as his brother.

It must be admitted that he had spared no trouble; that he had worked hard, and saw to everything himself; and that he could watch and fast when occasion demanded. At last, however, he grew weary of work, and his ambition was aroused. The two sons born of his first marriage had grown up; he had fashioned them in his own image. The Napoleon of *semoule* and macaroni had created his Lannes and his Augereau, and could confide to them his victorious sword. He did not hesitate to intrust to his sons the entire management of the manufactory. At fifty-four he made up his mind to enjoy life, and to gratify the strong desire he felt to become a power in the state. Up to that time he had been absolutely without opinions; he was therefore free to choose, and his choice was soon made. Having become a millionaire, the next step was to become a radical. This is often seen.

Since the definite triumph of the revolution, there are no more politics in France. The revolutionists have in their heads only agrarian laws, the abolition of the state, and of the army. Every one aspires to become a *gros bonnet*, which

means a man to whom people listen when he talks; whose wishes are laws and whose threats inspire terror. Monsieur Cantarel said to himself that in these republican days the surest means of success are to have vigorous lungs and very decided opinions. Nature had given him lungs, and he could easily obtain opinions.

"One need never take any trouble to satisfy reasonable people," he said to himself; "we may safely leave them to their own good consciences. It is far better to acquire the reputation of a troublesome and noisy man, and then you will get all you ask for, and perhaps even more—in order to keep you still, as cakes are given to children who cry, experience having proved that they do not cry when their mouths are full."

Deciding, therefore, that the *métier* of the good apostle is much less lucrative than that of a scarecrow, he determined to make himself dangerous—to be looked upon as a bugbear, in short. His dearest dream was to see Monsieur Louis Cantarel seated among the city council of Paris, having come to the conclusion that these, of all the dangerous men of France, are the ones that are the least likely to be refused anything they want; in addition to this they are allowed to sit at the Tuileries.

A vacancy was near at hand in one of the suburban arrondissements of Paris. Monsieur Louis Cantarel had early made his preparations for the election, and felt sure of success, as his face evinced. To the aureole about his head, placed there by his millions, was now added the brilliancy of a happy candidate. He was proud of his past, he enjoyed his present, and believed in his future, all of which appeared in his look of triumph, in his outswelled cheeks, and in the radiance of his smile.

"Your brother's face perspires with happiness," Monsieur Vaugenis had said one day to his friend Antonin.

It must not be supposed, however, by my readers that Monsieur Cantarel's radicalism was an artifice or a piece of hypocrisy. He had chosen those opinions which suited his humor and his temperament. From his youth up he had had certain tendencies toward equality. Having never learned Latin, he would have wished Latin to be interdicted by law; any one who preferred to read Horace or Cicero in the original was sneered at by him as old-fashioned and ridiculous. He detested the aristocracy of intellect more than any other, and wished ill-luck to all possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. If La Brie, where he pitched his tents, pleased him, it was because La Brie is a flat country. The vicinity of a mountain would have oppressed him. He did not like to feel anything above his head. Mother Amélie accused him of not be-

lieving in God; he valued his brother too little, and he respected Robespierre too much, to be an atheist. He was quite ready to believe in an easy, good-natured Father in heaven who did not like priests any better than he did himself; who was, in short, the foe of all the black army. Monsieur Cantarel's political convictions consisted, in fact, of certain formulas, which he repeated until he was weary, allowing others to explain them as seemed to them good. He called himself a partisan of scientific radicalism, pronouncing these two words with the air of a man who understands himself and who knows what he intends to say. He remade the history of France to suit his own views, and was not willing to admit that the kings, by their policy and their marriages, that Richelieu by his genius, or Mazarin by his skill, had accomplished anything in the increase of territory; the greatest sovereigns and the most marvelous men of their times were, in his eyes, mere leeches who had fed on the people. He lost his temper when he heard the assertion that Francis I had protected art, and that Louis XIV knew what he was about. He admitted that Napoleon I had been a man of some talent, but he always spoke of him as that monster.

One day, in a public meeting, he spoke of Henri IV in these terms: "He whose name dishonors one of our boulevards." At the same time he professed to worship Étienne Marcel—one would have sworn that he had known him personally, that together they had humiliated the Dauphin. He affirmed that everything which is good, useful, and wise in this universe, has been the work of the people; consequently, he was interested in the people; he spoke of their "rational welfare," and declared that "labor should be the foundation of politics," and believed in the "creation of the citizen by the exercise of all his natural rights." He had started a journal, and employed it, every morning, to announce to his electors that as soon as he was elected municipal councilor he should consecrate all his leisure to "creating" them.

It is needless to add that, after the black army which he detested more than all else in the world, he hated what he called "opportunism"—which was equivalent to saying that he hated common-sense. There are many radical millionaires who make noble and beneficent use of their wealth. As if they wished at one and the same time to satisfy their generous instincts, and disarm the judgment of a jealous democracy, they occupy themselves in solving the social question—they hope to be forgiven for their gold if they employ some of it in constructing for their workmen and their families asylums, schools, hospitals, and homes. Monsieur Cantarel was not of

this stamp; he was magnificent and generous only to Louis Cantarel. He had presented to himself the Château de Combard, which had been furnished, decorated, and inhabited for some little time by Madame de Pompadour. He had the gardens remade in the taste of the day, and the apartments restored by an architect of great merit, whose advice he had the good sense to follow meekly.

But it was his own idea when he ordered a bust of Danton, wearing a Phrygian cap, as an ornament for his lawn; and also a picture for his *salon* as a pendant to three shepherdesses by Lancret. This picture was painted to order with the most precise directions, and was called "Despotism and Superstition put to Flight by the Flambeau of Free Thought."

At the end of the terrace was a charming "Temple of Love," which was reached by marble steps on which was a rose-colored flush, and the cupola was supported by twelve fluted columns. Under this cupola, on which were painted half a dozen dimpled Cupids among clouds, Monsieur Cantarel had placed a colossal group entitled "L'Enseignement laïque et obligatoire." The group consisted of an old man with a heavy beard and the head of a river-god, who was teaching the alphabet to two wonder-struck and delighted children. It was in this way that Monsieur Cantarel reconciled his opinions and his tastes; it was thus that he retrieved his principles.

He adored his château, and honestly confessed as much. His desire to become a member of the Municipal Council of Paris had greatly increased since these *stances* had been held at the Tuileries. It seemed to him that it would give him immense pleasure to seat himself in that kingly palace and to say to himself, "Once it was theirs, now it belongs to us." While awaiting this auspicious day he lodged under the roof of the Pompadour, and murmured under his breath, "Formerly it was hers, now it is mine!" He decided that this was the true and most satisfactory *résumé* of the history of France. Each spring when he returned to Combard he felt a thrill of joy as he walked about his lawn and looked at Danton's bust. The cane he carried he pretended had once belonged to Robespierre, and the round head, which it pleased him to bite, opened and displayed a miniature representation of the taking of the Bastille. He did not take the trouble to remember that Robespierre had sent Danton to the guillotine; these details were too frivolous for him. When he was weary he took a seat under a century-old tree, and contemplated the thick shadows of his immense park, his gardens beautifully kept and quite worthy of the Trianon, his hot-houses, the sculptured

balustrade of his terrace, his Temple of Love, his *enseignement laïque*, and he was happy, happy that he was himself and none other, happy in the sight of his liveried lackeys, whom he had chosen with all the care lavished by the father of the great Frederick on the choice of his grenadiers. It seemed to him that the sweetest joy a small man can feel is when he orders about, with a glance of his eye, servants who are at least a head taller than himself. They had been drilled and polished until, in his presence, they were as solemn as bonzes. He did not fail to represent to them, from time to time, that they were citizens, and lectured them on civic morality. One thing, however, annoyed him at times: he did not like to remember that these fellows, with their gold-lace, had votes as well as himself, and their suffrages were as heavy in the urn as his own. This unhappy reflection cost him many a pang, but he consoled himself with the knowledge that under fear of being dismissed they would probably vote as he pleased, which gave him thirty votes instead of one. But, to be still more certain of this, he would have gladly abolished the secret investigation which, in principle, he approved of. And this is the result of having lackeys: it drives one to frightful inconsistencies.

Although he was neither generous nor benevolent, although generally speaking he was actuated only by his interest and his family, Monsieur Cantarel was not a bad man. He asked no better than to make people happy, if it cost him nothing; he never forbade any one's coming to bask in the sun of his happiness, which illuminated all about him. This spectacle was free to the public. He had his little tempers, even an occasional outburst of passion; he had, however, never laid his short, fat hand on any one his anger was more noisy than deep, but he never showed it except to his inferiors.

We have heard of a Russian who felt it necessary to quarrel with some one during his repast, otherwise his food did him no good. Monsieur Cantarel resembled this Russian. His first care on taking his seat at the table was to open a discussion: he talked and argued, which facilitated discussion. Consequently, he did not enjoy dining alone with his wife; for she would not argue. If she aroused herself sufficiently from her indolence to make any reply, it was worded in such clear, cutting terms that the subject was closed; he often felt as if he had committed the imprudence of stepping on a wasps' nest, believing it empty, and the wasps had flown out and stung him.

M. Cantarel was quickly reconciled with the process of events which had led him to embarrass himself with a young ward, and after the second day began to regard her as necessary to

his health. Between the courses at dinner he teased and taunted her—launched epigrams at her, and even, as on the first evening, mimicked her tone and manner with the most horrible grimaces, in which Jetta, modest as she was, could not recognize herself. He often said to her:

"Come, now, be honest, young witch, and tell us how you managed about that will."

Then she colored up to her eyes; it seemed to her that, in his opinion, she had encroached on his domains. She asked herself seriously in what way, by what indelicate manoeuvres, by what fraudulent and criminal means, she had insinuated herself into the good graces and the will of her great-uncle. But in vain did she question her conscience—her conscience refused to admit her crime.

In reality, Monsieur Cantarel was neither surprised nor displeased; his brother had informed him of his intentions, and he had accepted the position with a philosophy greatly admired by Jetta. She pardoned him many things on account of this disinterestedness, to which she had the key only at a much later date. He informed her, however, that her cousins were furious against her, and regarded her as an interloper and schemer, and, in fact, since her arrival at Combard, they had not once been there.

Monsieur Cantarel began by submitting to her presence, and soon, notwithstanding his aversions to nuns and religious people, conceived for her a certain friendly feeling. She was eager for affection and wanted to be loved, consequently she occupied herself much for the benefit of others. She lavished on her guardian much of the eager, tender care of which she had been so lavish with her sick people, and before long he began to realize this and to think the young Sister, in spite of her convent education, quite a pleasant addition to his house. She took all his epigrams pleasantly, even gayly, and was offended at none of his severe speeches.

One morning he went to her room to take her a letter from Mother Amélie.

"Heaven only knows," he grumbled, "what nonsensical notions that old chatterbox will put into your head."

At the same moment he noticed that she had hung on the wall, between the white curtains of her bed, an ivory crucifix, given her by Madame Thérèse.

"Upon my word, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, angrily, "I will not have that thing in my house! Do me the kindness to clear your wall."

She hastily removed the crucifix and placed it in a drawer of her wardrobe. She did not need to hang it on the wall; when she wished to see it, she had only to close her eyes.

Her guardian was still more conciliated by the sincere admiration she showed for his château; he judged her worthy of examining it in detail. He showed her everything, even his Fragonards, the subjects of which were somewhat startling, and the figures not as thoroughly clothed as they might have been. But the Fragonards did not disturb Mademoiselle Maulabret, and his malice was not gratified. Nudity startled her less than he supposed; she had seen so much at the hospital. He said to her, pinching her ear or her cheek as he spoke:

"Admit, pretty nun, that it costs you something to live with the Pompadour."

She was aware that this charming marquis had been the mistress of a king who had more than one. This history, however, did not interest her. Mother Amélie had told her many similar ones, but she was not prevented by it from admiring the beautiful things about her, and her guardian's château struck her as simply superb. At the same time she took care not to tell him that it seemed to her altogether too large for him, and that all the pride of a little *bourgeois*, no matter how much he frothed and foamed—no matter how much he inflated himself—could not fill it.

Nor did she say that the panels of the doors, painted by Boucher, were terribly at variance with the Phrygian caps, and that the *enseignement laïque*, enthroned in a Temple of Love, produced the effect of an ill-bred intruder who, having mistaken the door, installs himself among others with scanty ceremony and has the folly to consider himself at home. She kept all these reflections to herself and simply admired. He asked nothing more.

She saw little of him, however; almost every morning he repaired to Paris, where business and his journal called him, and did not appear again until dinner. On leaving the table he changed his linen, arranged with coquettish care his curling gray hair, which was as compact as a cabbage, combed out his long whiskers, perfumed his handkerchief, and then, with a radiant face and striking reverberating blows, with his Robespierre cane, on the paved courtyard, he took his way to the gate by which his park communicated by a footpath with the sparse grove surrounding the chalet which was the home of Madame de Moisieux. He never returned before midnight, and Jetta often said to herself, "What can they find to talk about."

She finally discovered that they played *bélique*, at which she was still more amazed. Madame la Marquise de Moisieux playing *bélique* with Monsieur Louis Cantarel! It seemed to her that this was one of the most extraordinary events of the century. She could not make it out.

If she saw but little of her uncle, she saw a great deal of her aunt, whose society and conversation gave her but a very moderate degree of pleasure. Madame Cantarel, as Mother Amélie had said, was a fine example of virtue kept on ice.

But for her hooked nose, which disfigured her, and a lymphatic complexion, under which the blood never seemed to circulate, she would have been more than passable; she had height, a good carriage, fine shoulders, and certain grace in her outlines. But, in spite of appearances, this tall, vigorous-looking woman was in wretched health; she was always in pain, and always cold. She was never seen without a shawl, and shivered incessantly even when she sat by the fire, with every door closed in the *salon*. It was not true, however, that she wearied people with a narration of her ailments; she never spoke of them nor of anything else. She was the daughter of a lawyer in Paris, whose acquaintance Monsieur Cantarel had made through the assistance of his brother and Monsieur Vaugenis; he had married her without a *dot*, in the time when, not having yet acquired his principles, his ambition was limited to making useful connections, and pushing himself into a certain social position. She had not given a willing consent to this marriage; her family had, in fact, compelled her to submit. Much more cultivated and far better bred than her husband, she soon took his measure. His manner, tones, and opinions, combined with two or three infidelities, inspired her with an aversion which closely approached hatred. After several revolts, she quieted down and learned to endure him as calmly as she endured her neuralgia. Had she appealed to his vanity, she could soon have managed him entirely, but she did not deign to take this trouble. Contempt is in this world one of the most powerful of obstacles. He feared her, although she never contradicted him in anything, and allowed him to go his own way without hindrance from her; under all circumstances she was icily polite; when he consulted her, her invariable reply was, "Do precisely as you please."

Her indifference, which extended to greater lengths than one can readily believe, was a system, a preconceived plan, and almost a passion: she was determined not to interest herself in anything or anybody. This was the revenge she took for the *mésalliance* into which she had been forced. Taken away from all her old associations, she determined to be always alone, even in society. Her silence was almost unbroken; no one ever possessed a similar faculty of holding her tongue. When obliged to speak, she abridged her words as much as possible. She sometimes said at table, "Egg—bread—coffee!" This was

her way of asking Jetta which she would have. This marvelous silence did not prevent her, however, from managing her house admirably; her monosyllables were easily comprehended, and the tall lackeys, as well as Monsieur Cantarel, were afraid of her. She drove Jetta to despair by her somnolence, by her languor, and her yawns. When she was asked a question, she replied by a yawn; when a footstool was placed under her feet, her thanks were stifled by a yawn. She employed a large part of her time in knitting stockings and jackets for the poor, but it was her maid who distributed them. She was willing to aid the unhappy and sick, provided she was excused from seeing them. When Jetta proposed to assist her in her knitting, she did not reply, not even with a yes or a no. While an ever-increasing grandeur was playing *bézique* with faded splendor in the neighboring chalet, Mademoiselle Maulabret passed her evenings knitting alone with Madame Cantarel, without having the least idea whether or not her assistance was acceptable to that lady. In the *salon* reigned a mournful silence, that weighed upon her like lead—no other sound than the dull click of her long wooden needles and the spasmodic striking of an old clock, which was very precious, though extremely wheezy. If the ghost of La Pompadour had come to revisit her château, she might have regarded the life as a trifle dull.

Occasionally Madame Cantarel would ask Jetta a question; she asked how the Augustines were dressed, and what were the rules of the community. Jetta would reply with feverish haste, in a breathless way, with one phrase piled on another as if she were throwing on a fire log after log to melt a block of ice, that looked as if it might possibly melt. The illusion was brief: Madame Cantarel dropped her needles, closed first one eye and then the other. Was she already asleep? Jetta did not know. Just as the clock struck eleven, she stretched herself, and said with a yawn:

"We have gossiped enough, my dear; let us go to bed."

Everybody has some interest in life; absolute indifference is a *régime* as impossible to the spirit as absolute fasting is to the body. Jetta finally discovered that Madame Cantarel had a great liking for a black cock and hen, which she had bought at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. On rainy days, snowy days, sharp, windy days, on any and all of them, she never failed to visit them in the poultry-yard, and feed them from her own hand. She was once gracious enough to take Jetta with her. She bade the girl admire their pretty, short claws, their delicate heads, bright eyes, their crests and gills, of a rich, dark crimson, the color of a poppy that is beginning to fade, their white

plumage, silky and light, which the least breath raised, and showed their black skins. Jetta saw on her aunt's lips a faint, chilly smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine, but it was a smile, and it was almost sunshine.

Thus did the days of Mademoiselle Maulabret slip away in La Pompadour's château. There was nothing there to induce her to forget her hospital. Fortunately, Madame de Moisieux was close at hand, and Madame de Moisieux was a woman who spoke, who listened to one and all. Heaven had sent her to Combard as a resource for both guardian and ward; she enjoyed seeing them both, but she never liked to receive them together, not liking to say in the presence of the one that which she said to the other. Almost daily she sent for Jetta. She had a thousand things to tell her, a thousand questions to ask, and a thousand counsels to offer.

One day when they were returning from Paris, she said to the young girl:

"You know, my dear, that contrasts attract. You would never believe how much your gentle sweetness pleases my vicious nature, nor how much I, in my weary lassitude, am sustained by your innocence. I have fallen in love with you, and I spend hours in devising some method by which I can have you for the rest of my life—unfortunately, however, I have not yet found a way."

She was fibbing—she had found it long before.

IX.

THE December snows had melted; the air was cold but dry, and at intervals the sun came out and softened its rawness. Madame de Moisieux had reproached Jetta for never going to see her unless she sent for her. On a lovely afternoon, therefore, in the middle of January, Jetta, in order to please her friend, went unsummoned to the chalet.

She never went there without relapsing into profound reflections on the vicissitudes of human affairs. Monsieur de Moisieux had owned at Combard superb forests in which he with his friends hunted; he had parted with all this at a time when he was sore pressed for money. Of all his domain there remained only this château; a garden and some young plantations—these had not found a purchaser, and the widow retained them, hoping that more fortunate days were in store for her. She determined, moreover, to prove to her creditors that the sheep had no more wool. The chalet was comfortable—coquettishly furnished, but very tiny. The garden was nothing more than a kitchen-garden. The plantations, uncared for, were gradually dying out; beyond these was a summer-

house from which a lovely view could be obtained; then came a high wall bristling with broken bottles.

Within this modest inclosure lived a woman whose life had once been a succession of *fêtes*, and who had been the soul of these *fêtes*. On the other side of the wall lay outspread all the insolent wealth of a little *bourgeois*, who possessed a magnificent park, whose gravel walks were so carefully rolled that one dared not walk on them for fear of leaving a footprint—where there were hot-houses in which grapes ripened in mid-winter, a *chef* who had come from an ambassador, stables full of horses, equipages and liveries which dazzled all Combard, an historical château, of which only one wing was occupied.

Jetta approached the gate, but as her hand touched it she remembered that an hour before she had seen her guardian's Victoria driving toward the station in order to be there when the train arrived. Probably he had returned from Paris at mid-day—an exception, to be sure, to his ordinary habits, but he might even now be at the chalet. She had discovered that he did not like to be intruded upon when enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with the marquise, but she was not philosopher enough to puzzle out the reason; but the fact did not escape her, for a girl may be very innocent and yet very shrewd. She was about to retrace her steps, when she saw Lara running toward her.

Lara was a young and very wide-awake fellow, a Greek—and just eighteen. Monsieur de Moisieux had come across him on the quay at Beyroot and had brought him to Paris with him. The marquise declared that he was utterly useless, but that she kept him in memory of her husband, who had bidden her be kind to the boy; this obedience on her part was the complement to the seven portraits.

She slandered Lara, however, for he was immensely useful to her in a thousand ways. He took the place of Monsieur Cantarel's twelve lackeys—he was her factotum, her *maître d'hôtel*, her footman, in turn, always accompanying her when she rode. He had his faults—he was not easy to live with—he was passionate and meddlesome, speaking whenever he pleased, giving his opinion under all circumstances, whether it was wanted or not. But his faults were all forgiven, for he was such a handsome fellow. When he appeared in the village dressed in his national garments—his scarlet fez and embroidered vest—all the women, matrons, and maids, peeped from behind their curtains or came out to their doors, to see him pass. He did not condescend to notice them; his mind was elsewhere, and his head was among the clouds.

Lara had taken a great dislike to Monsieur

Cantarel, regarding him with a certain holy horror, and would have liked to play him a trick, but he wished well to the old gentleman's ward, and honored her with his protection, deigning to compliment the marquise on having admitted her to her intimacy. This audacious young fellow went so far as to confess to the cook one day that he should have fallen in love with Mademoiselle Maulabret if his heart had been free.

"And who has taken your heart prisoner?"

"That is my secret," he answered, with a profound sigh.

"Oh! you need not tell us," answered the woman; "we all know, and we know, too, that you are a little simpleton."

When Mademoiselle Maulabret saw that Lara was coming toward her, she perceived also that his eyes were red, and he seemed to be in a frightful passion. She did not dare to ask him what the matter was, as the cook had done. She simply inquired if the marquise was at home, and if she was alone.

"Entirely alone, mademoiselle," he answered, eagerly. "Madame is in the summer-house; pray hasten!—she is waiting for you."

Was it his mistress who had taught him to lie? A Greek boy who has wandered on the quays of Beyroot does not need to be taught this useful, almost necessary art. The fact is, the marquise was in her summer-house, but she was not alone, and she was not waiting for Mademoiselle Maulabret.

As she was walking through her plantation, she had seen Monsieur Cantarel arrive. When he joined her, she pointed to a letter she held in her hand; she did not read it to him, however, but said, joyously:

"You see the happiest of mothers. He has written me from London that he will be here to-morrow afternoon. Imagine my joy. It is two whole years since I have seen my boy."

"Good! I am glad," he answered. "And I, my dear madame, have hurried here to tell you that I have accomplished this morning the matter of which we were speaking. Yes, madame, to please you, I have asked an audience of this fictitiously great man. I leave you to imagine what it cost me, for you know how odious such subserviency is to me. Well! I flattered him, I fawned upon this man, I licked his feet, so to speak; I made myself humble and small."

"I know you are capable of all this to serve your friends," she said, with a charming smile. "And he shall have this second secretaryship, then? Does he encourage us to hope for it?"

"Well! in a way he does. It seems, madame, that in 1869 your son was attached to the embassy at Berlin as third secretary, and that he

is not remembered there with entire satisfaction."

"That is sheer calumny, Monsieur Cantarel. Lésin's errors all arise from distrust of himself, through excess of modesty and humility. He has had difficulty in ripening, but he is now formed. Men of twenty-seven are no longer timid."

"The truth is, madame, his name displeases the authorities, for it is difficult to believe that the sons of certain fathers can ever become loyal servants of the republic."

The marquise put on her grand air, her Tuleries air, and explained to Monsieur Cantarel that a very great error had been made in regard to the part played by Monsieur de Moisieux under the empire. He was considered to be a favorite of his master, although in reality he had owed nothing to his favor, and had always had the liveliest sympathy for the parliamentary *régime*. She demonstrated to her neighbor that the dead, whose memory she cherished, had always behaved like a true citizen, almost like a hero, and most certainly like an honest and a frank counselor, blaming errors, pointing out mistakes, foreseeing and denouncing catastrophes, showing to the blind the abyss toward which they were hastening—for nowadays it is odd how every one foresaw the catastrophe, blamed the errors, and predicted the abyss!

If Monsieur de Moisieux had been heeded, France would have been saved. In short, she revealed to Monsieur Cantarel an entirely new Monsieur de Moisieux, a man whom no one had ever known. She had often admitted that the emperor had been kindly disposed toward them, but she now smoothed down these admissions, until very little remained, little more than the figure of the emperor. Women have a particular faculty of disembarassing themselves of obnoxious facts, and of souvenirs which are in their way; they toss about their heaviest burdens of facts and souvenirs as lightly as jugglers do their balls.

Madame de Moisieux terminated her discourse in these words:

"No, no, my good neighbor, it is not the *régime* which we loved—we served it in spite of ourselves; but we had, I must confess, an attachment for the man."

"For the Man of December!" interrupted Monsieur Cantarel, exploding like a bomb-shell.

"A man may be criminal," she replied, in a tone of courageous frankness, "and yet have excellent qualities. This was the case with this dreamer. But he is no more, and I feel myself released. As to Lésin, he has been spending two years in the United States, and has returned, it seems, more of a Red Republican than your-

self, Monsieur Cantarel; but you can judge to-morrow."

"It is not I whom he must convince, my dear madame, it is the man of power, the man who disposes of all offices, the man who is adored by France, for France must always adore some one. This man—ah! how well I know him!—said to me, with a most charming smile, 'Monsieur Cantarel, I give you my word that, on the same day that you become a member of the Municipal Council, the young Marquis de Moisieux shall be made second secretary.' Now, madame, my election is certain."

She extended her hand, saying:

"How happy you make me! In a few hours my poor Lésin will know all he owes you."

He looked at her in a peculiar manner.

"Ah!" he said, "I care little for his gratitude; yours is all I ask."

"Do you doubt it?"

"I doubt everything, madame. Take pity on me and on my hopes."

"Your hopes! Ah, Monsieur Cantarel, you promised me never to allude to them again."

"And I have kept my promise until now, but my patience has gone; I can no longer keep silent. Do you not see the state to which you have reduced me?"

"I do not, I confess," she answered, laughing. "But I believe it, since you tell me so."

"Do not laugh, madame; no later than yesterday I was tempted to kill myself."

"You make me tremble. Alas! my friend, what would then become of France and Lésin?"

He looked at her again and consulted with himself a moment, wondered if he dared, and, passing by degrees from chest-notes to the most flute-like tones, he murmured:

"Ah, marquise, dear marquise, when will you show me a little kindness?"

Madame de Moisieux looked at Monsieur Cantarel a moment, divided between indignation, aroused by his audacity, and the desire she had to laugh at it; but she restrained her merriment, and said, in a cold, reserved tone:

"Really, Monsieur Cantarel, you forget yourself!"

He answered sharply:

"It was this morning, madame, that I forgot myself, when I went to dance attendance for your sake on a great man—I, who detest both great men and anterooms. And I have not yet forgotten the day when I degraded myself by imploring mercy from one of the most ferocious of my many creditors."

"All that is set down in your great book, and you will present your account. You are too commercial, Monsieur Cantarel."

He was becoming very angry. She repented

of her own indignation. Her expression suddenly changed, and, dropping her eyes with a blush like a young girl, she murmured:

"It is of no use, I can not be angry with you. Ah, my dear neighbor, you are a most dangerous man!"

These brief words were quite sufficient to dissipate the cloud on his brow. To be looked upon as dangerous by the government and by women seemed to him the highest degree of human felicity. He regained his temper, and caressed his whiskers with the ends of his fingers, after which he regarded the marquise with an air that was both tender and bantering, while he rattled in the palm of his hand his watch-chain with its massive *brocheques*.

"What pleasure," said he, in a plaintive tone, "can you have in prolonging indefinitely a poor man's agony? Come, now, tell me why you torment me in this way?"

"I have many and excellent reasons. In the first place, I do not believe in you. No, you need not say one word. It is a mere affair of vanity, my friend. I am afraid you are somewhat reckless."

"I reckless! I assure you—"

"And I assure you that I am old and weary. Ah! if you only knew, my friend, to what a point I have arrived, how heartily sick I am of everything. I am now merely a mother; I feel as a lioness might with her one cub. When my maternal anxiety is removed, when my dear boy—"

"But I have just told you that the great man has given me his word."

"But this secretaryship is not all. This marriage, this famous marriage—"

"Well! you have my word for that, have you not?"

"But what will our young girl wish?"

"That is of very little consequence," he answered, straightening himself. "Do you look upon me as a guardian in a comedy? Besides, of what are you thinking? I assure you, the mere thought of being addressed as marquise will cause her little heart to leap for joy. Are you afraid that her scruples—that Mother Amélie—will advise her to affect reluctance? I dare say, but never mind. She will give us no trouble—she has fewer scruples and is far brighter than you suppose. I repeat that she belongs to you. You may look on this marriage as a fixed fact."

They entered the summer-house.

"Marquise," said Monsieur Cantarel, "I may be of a commercial turn of mind, and I shall probably always remain so, for I fancy that in these days it may be as well to give a commercial character to the engagements of the heart. Now let us make a bargain. Swear to me," said he,

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dropping on his knees and trying to take her hand.

"For Heaven's sake, rise!" she exclaimed. "You in this position—you, with your principles and ideas?"

"Upright before tyrants—kneeling before women! that is my motto; and I am determined not to move until you have promised me—"

"Anything you please, if you will only rise!" she cried, in great fright.

She had heard footsteps, and the amorous sexagenarian heard them also. Unfortunately, his corpulence and his overcoat impeded him, and he was really on his feet when Jetta appeared at the entrance of the summer-house. She had not heard one word, but she had eyes.

"Ah! *ma belle*, you arrive just in time," said the marquise, kissing her. "Assist your guardian to find one of the beads from my bracelet that I have just lost."

The innocent Jetta began to look for the bead, but she did not find it, although her sight was exceptionally good. At this moment Lara emerged from a thicket; he was always intruding when least expected.

"Never mind, Jetta. Don't trouble yourself," said the marquise. "Let Lara look; his eyes are better than yours."

She then tried to talk of other things, but in spite of her efforts the conversation languished.

Monsieur Cantarel had not, in regaining his feet, regained his temper; he was morose, and scowled. He soon rose to return to the château, accompanied by his ward. In vain did she coax him to admire the sun, which was setting as red as fire.

"It looks like a great red wafer," he said, sulkily, shrugging his shoulders. "What is there so wonderful in that?"

During the entire dinner he tormented her. He begged her to reveal to him what he called the horrible mysteries of the black army. Between the meats and the dessert he devoured ten nuns and twenty curés. His conclusion was that it was best to be done with all these people for the sake of public and private morality, for the sanctity of conjugal relations and family ties.

Madame Cantarel had apparently paid no attention to what was said. When, however, she was alone in the *salon* with Jetta, just as she was falling asleep, she aroused herself with a start.

"What have you done to your guardian, my dear, that he should be so vindictive toward you?" she asked, half opening her heavy eyes.

Then, ashamed of her curiosity, she added, without waiting for a reply:

"By-the-way, one of my black chickens is dead of the pip. It is a great misfortune."

X.

THE next day Mademoiselle Maulabret was astonished to hear, for the first time, that Madame de Moisieux had a son; that this son had just returned from America, where he had spent two years; that he would dine that same evening at the château, and that she, in view of the solemnity of the occasion, was expected to put herself "under arms" and appear in her most gorgeous raiment. Monsieur Cantarel, whose gayety had returned, forgot how disagreeable he had been, and advised her to wear a dress with a low body.

Jetta did her best; she carefully recalled all the instructions she had received from Madame de Moisieux. The idea of the young marquis disturbed her. She took it for granted that he had inherited all the graces and attractions of his charming mother, with the addition of a delicate mustache, and it so happened that this mustache was strangely like that of Monsieur Albert Valport, of whom she was very apt to think.

The hours of meals were formerly announced at Combar by a bell which was cracked. Not liking its sound, the present lord of the domain had replaced it by a Chinese gong, whose tremendous noise was heard a half-league off. No person could ignore it; everybody knew that Monsieur Cantarel was about to unfold his napkin. When this gong sounded, Mademoiselle Maulabret was "under arms." Nothing could have been more charming than her robe of mauve surah, whose audacious and yet modest make did honor to the dressmaker of Madame de Moisieux. Around her throat was a black-velvet ribbon, from which hung a beautiful cross of Rhine stones, the only souvenir she had of her father. She looked in her mirror and beheld a stranger whom she had never before seen. This stranger returned her smile. She thought her very pretty—too much so, perhaps, under the circumstances.

She went down to the *salon*, where the marquise and her son had just arrived. Her entrance made a great sensation. Madame de Moisieux clapped her hands; Madame Cantarel looked as if she had discovered America; Monsieur Cantarel thought this fair young girl did honor to his gilded and painted *salon*; he was glad she looked so well, and glad to have her there.

She hardly perceived the impression she had made, so great was her astonishment.

The young Marquis de Moisieux was presented to her. Was this really he—a stout young man, square and ill-formed; a mass of fair hair approaching to red, a pale complexion, and cheeks already flushed by the abuse of stimulants; large, protruding eyes, as pale and faded as those of a

dying fish; thick speech, no air or bearing, and a certain confused, half-frightened manner, not uncommon among young men whose associates are to be ashamed of!

Good Heavens, what a marquis! Could this be the son of his mother? It was impossible to say, in looking at him, whether he was fifteen or forty. His smile was childish, but the lines on his brow, the crow's-feet about his eyes, told of a long past—of the slow rust of years, and of innumerable bottles drunk as soon as the corks were drawn. It must be admitted that the marquise herself felt some surprise and possibly dismay when she saw him; she realized that he had greatly deteriorated, which seemed very strange to her. But she embraced him, doing her best to suppress her emotion.

The doors of the dining-room were thrown open. Monsieur Cantarel presented his arm to the marquise, Lésin approached Madame Cantarel to offer her his, but with a sign she requested him to take in Mademoiselle Maulabret, which he did with extreme awkwardness. She seemed to intimidate him greatly. Perhaps, to reassure him, his mother had represented the *petite bourgeoise* as a person totally without importance. He found himself in the presence of a radiant beauty, and in his surprise and embarrassment he lost his self-possession as entirely as he lost his breath when he danced. Madame Cantarel had taken very little trouble with her toilet: she wore on her head the guipure half handkerchief with which she was in the habit of soothing her neuralgia, and had simply laid aside a somewhat shabby black silk to replace it by one that was nearly new. But, by the order of her royal spouse, she had adorned her table with every luxury of appointment. The beauty and weight of the silver, and of a magnificent Louis XIV center-piece, which was crowned by a mountain of flowers; the brilliant glass and the Sèvres porcelain, which even La Pompadour would not have disdained; the starched cravat and solemn dignity of the *maître d'hôtel*, who, straight as a pike-staff, seemed to feel the weight of the destinies of Europe—all announced the solemnity of the ceremony about to take place. It was almost as if a marriage contract was about to be signed.

If Monsieur Lésin was not an idiot, he was wonderfully near being one. His mind was unfinished and mutilated—a mere rough outline made by Nature's skillful hand. This big fellow, with this white face, was one of those perplexities which are never cleared up. Enormous pains were taken with him, but to study gave him absolute physical pain. For many long years, his tutor, Monsieur Mazet, a very clever and cultivated man, whose merits were surpassed by his patience, went over and over again the original

ground with his pupil, following Boileau's advice, but he lost his Latin and his Greek.

Thus ended this laborious education, the only result of which was that it brought to Monsieur Mazet a good pension, which he had certainly well earned. His father had often treated Lésin as if he thought him without common-sense; his mother had declared many times that he was "an impossibility." He did not care. He had two tastes which were quite enough to embellish his life: he played billiards, and he liked to drink. This was his destruction. When he was sober, he was almost inoffensive, for, Heaven be praised, he was timid, and his follies took refuge under the tutelary wings of the god we call Silence. But he could not stand any wine; hardly had he swallowed two or three glasses, than he became a brute. The satyr crouching in the depths of his heart emerged from his cavern, and put the nymphs to flight. Monsieur de Moisieux, whose requests were never refused, had caused him to be attached to the embassy at Berlin. When he arrived there, on the faith of the name he bore, he was invited to a court ball, where his behavior was such that he was obliged to leave the city early the next day. This was the end of his diplomatic career, which had lasted precisely one week, and which Madame de Moisieux hoped to repeat through the agency of Monsieur de Cantarel.

The feast that was now spread in honor of the young marquis was quite worthy of the silver and the porcelain. The young man's appetite was most flattering, and for some time all went well. Warned and admonished by his mother, he was very cautious, saying but little, and answering questions and observations addressed to him only in monosyllables. There was nothing compromising in his yes and his no. But Monsieur Cantarel was not satisfied with this; he apparently wished to draw out the young stranger, and plied him with questions. The marquis warmed up, became communicative, and undertook to relate his "Odyssey." Unfortunately, he became confused, he could not separate Boston from Cincinnati, nor remember the name of either city, and, turning to Made-moiselle Maulabret, he said:

"That devil of a place—you know—what is its name?"

They would have done better had they examined him on the merits of gin and whisky; he could have discussed those subjects like an expert. Madame de Moisieux was on thorns; she did her best to help him out of his difficulties, changed color, and fanned herself. Monsieur Cantarel became very thoughtful. The marquise had done like the brown owl in the fable; she had painted her little one as delicious:

"Beau, bien fait et joli sur tous ses compagnons."

He thought himself in a dream, and shook his head, as he said to himself:

"If this fellow should ever become second secretary to the embassy, he must be made so without ever having been seen, and I must make his mother promise to keep him in a box until then."

It would have been much wiser to warn Monsieur Cantarel frankly that the marquis could not take wine, for he filled the glass of his guest constantly, and was greatly amazed to find it invariably empty. Lésin soon felt it going to his head, and now faredwell to all propriety. He grew bolder; the boatman who had prudently hugged the coast now set sail and rashly put forth to sea. The marquise trembled, and with reason. She had, as she believed, made him understand that his whole future hung in the balance that day. She had urged him to let his democratic and radical opinions be more than suspected. He said yes, and waited for courage to come. It is never wise to waste advice on fools; they employ the wisdom of others to perfect their own folly, which is endurable only when served *au naturel*.

"You may not believe me, Monsieur Cantarel," he cried, as he drummed the "Marseillaise" on the table; "but the Americans are, as a people, far more advanced than you suppose. They have not only abolished slavery, but they are in a fair way to abolish domestic servitude. I myself could not procure a servant in New York; it was most annoying, but principles, I say, above all else. There must not be servants under a democracy. All voters are on an equality. I, Monsieur Cantarel, am like yourself—I regard these big fellows around your table as my equals!"

The big fellows were so well trained that not an eyelash quivered, but it is to be hoped that they compensated themselves later in the servants' quarters. Monsieur Cantarel made a frightful face, and for two or three minutes a deadly silence reigned in the dining-room. A fly might have been heard, if there had been flies in January.

Lésin had not the smallest idea of the disastrous effect of his words. He tasted the wine of which Monsieur Cantarel had boasted, and made a wry face.

"It is not bad," he said—"not bad at all, but the fact is, all these wines seem to me very wishy-washy. Now, a glass of whisky is a very different thing; it is honest and decisive, and very cheap. I am sure, Monsieur Cantarel, that you know what each bottle costs, and that you will say to-night at least a hundred francs' worth has been drunk to-day. My father one day received as a present from Monsieur de Metternich a basket of Johannisberg. The next day

he had guests at dinner, and, when he handed the bottle to the servant, he said in a low voice in his ear, 'It is Johannisberg, be sparing of it.' Now, what did that servant do but go from guest to guest, and, as he filled the glasses, say to each one, 'It is Johannisberg, gentlemen, be sparing of it!' My father dismissed him. Just tell me, now, if there was ever such a fool?"

A moment later one of the big fellows, who were his equals, offered him some Château-Lafitte. He answered with a wink, and in a familiar tone:

"Ah! my friend, Château-Lafitte! Be sparing of it!"

And, charmed with his joke, he burst into a loud shout of laughter. He laughed until he choked. To calm him the marquise administered, under the table, a forcible kick on his right ankle; this was a language which he understood and which she often employed with him.

There was one happy person present, and this was Madame Cantarel. Her heart swelled with joy. The absurdities of the son, the anxiety of the mother, the stupefaction of Monsieur Cantarel himself, afforded her the greatest possible enjoyment, which showed itself only in a faint smile.

When they passed into the *salon* for coffee, Lésin's face was purple, his eyes seemed starting from his head. The marquise foresaw a catastrophe. She looked at him steadily, as a keeper of a menagerie looks at a lion which he is exhibiting; then she said in a low voice:

"Go out into the air and get sober!"

Then, in a louder voice and in a caressing tone, she added:

"Lésin, won't you go and get us the photographs you brought from America? I am sure Mademoiselle Maulabret will be charmed to see them."

His head dropped and he moved sullenly away; when he returned, a half-hour later, he brought with him the odor of a pipe, but he seemed to be quiet enough, and was very pale. He placed on a round table the portfolio he held under his arm, and began to open it. He inspired in Jetta a feeling of profound pity; she looked upon him as a being of a lower order of intelligence—as an invalid, in fact—and her Sister-of-Charity soul ached to be of use to the sick. While Monsieur Cantarel, at the other end of the *salon*, called the attention of Madame de Moisieux to a Lancret which an expert had purchased for him at the Hôtel Drouot, and which had just been sent home from the picture-cleaner's, Jetta seated herself in the most amiable manner by Lésin's side. He displayed to her these photographs, which he had himself taken, and she, in her sweet voice, asked for explanations, which

were not superfluous, for the proofs were pale and confused. Unfortunately, the liquor-case still stood on the table; he could not resist the temptation—he poured out a glass, which he gulped down at one swallow: his brain was at once on fire. He had laid aside, as the flower of his collection, a view of Niagara. He now placed this *chef-d'œuvre* under Jetta's very nose, and she threw back her head in order to see it better, when she noticed his eyes fixed upon her with an insolence of expression which was unmistakable. Scarlet with shame and indignation she hastily rose from her seat, dashing the view of Niagara to the floor, and crossing the *salon* took refuge on the sofa, where her aunt was seated, who said softly:

"Be calm, Jetta—be calm."

Occupied as he was with the marquise and Lancret, Monsieur Cantarel noticed this precipitate retreat. He exclaimed:

"What on earth is the matter, child?"

"You are very curious; it is only a pin pricking her," answered Madame Cantarel.

And, leaning toward Jetta, she pretended to arrange an innocent pin that was doing no harm.

"The deuce it is!" he replied, with a coarse laugh. "Usually people bear such trifles with more equanimity."

Jetta felt profound gratitude to her aunt for having shown so much sympathy and for having come to her aid. She lifted her grateful eyes, and her pale face flushed when she saw in her aunt's only cold indifference. Then she realized how horribly alone a girl of eighteen is in a gilded *salon* and everywhere else in the world, if she has no mother, and with difficulty refrained from bursting into tears. Suddenly she remembered that the old President of the Chamber had said to her, "Look out!"

The scales fell from her eyes, and she read the fatal truth. They intended her to marry this idiot—they meant to give her to him soul and body. But it was not this which disturbed her most. She had believed in the friendly protestations, in the sincerity of Madame de Moisieux; and now discovered that Madame de Moisieux had a motive in all she had done. Protestations and caresses were alike artifice and hypocrisy. And this was the world—if one lived in it one must believe in nothing and in no one!

Meanwhile the marquis made no effort to pursue his victim; he regarded her flight as a mere caprice, and he determined to renew his attentions at a future time. He looked back with regret at a certain tavern in New York where he had passed many delightful hours; the pretty waiter-girls he met there did not put on these airs, and it was really very much more convenient. Absorbed in this reverie, he gradually

fell into a doze, and soon his slumbers were betrayed by a deep snore. The marquise explained and apologized for his breach of good manners by alluding to the fatigues of the long voyage, and, going to his side, bade him rouse himself and come with her; but she hardly waited until she had passed through the courtyard-gate before the tempest, which had been pent up for three hours, burst in all its fury. The impossible being at her side shook his ears, and began to relate what had taken place, thinking in this way to justify himself.

"How could I help it? The girl knew perfectly well what she was about. She has had more experience than you fancy."

"You are an absolute simpleton!" she said, in a tone of despair.

Jetta retreated to her own room. As she passed through the little library, which was her favorite sojourn, she noticed on a console-table a large letter which had evidently just arrived. She hastily broke the seal and found in it, with a devotional picture, a long sermon in three heads on the danger of evil example, and on the necessity of resisting temptations, opposing to them the buckler of faith and the helmet of the Holy Ghost. She took up her pen and wrote off, in hot haste, four long pages, which might be thus condensed:

"O mother, fear not for me; temptations do not assail me. I see nothing which is seductive or dangerous."

Relieved by the mere act of writing, she at last rose to retire. As she opened the door of the small *salon* which separated her library from her sleeping-room, she stood nailed to the floor. Before her eyes was a delightful surprise—a magnificent chrysanthemum—a chrysanthemum

that was almost a tree; the stalk of which was like a trunk—the plant was covered with hundreds of starry white flowers with hearts of gold. She admired their beauty, but she also knew their value. Six years previously her mother had asked the price at an horticultural exposition of a similar chrysanthemum, and had recoiled three feet on hearing that it was two thousand francs.

Who could have made Mademoiselle Maulabret a present of this value? She pulled her bell hastily, and at the same time ran out to the corridor. When she summoned a servant, she had a way of meeting her half-way; in the habit of waiting on the poor, she could not become accustomed to being waited on herself. She met her maid at the head of the stairs, and learned, on questioning her, that the wonder had been brought during the evening by two men, and that they had refused to say anything more than that Mademoiselle Maulabret knew all about it, and from whom it came.

She returned to her *salon* and walked around the plant again and again. She remembered that she had disclosed to the old surgeon her passion for chrysanthemums, but the old surgeon was in his grave. A strange idea came into her head, which was at times a little mystic, but her good sense speedily dismissed it. She ended by concluding that the two men had come from Monsieur Vaugenis, and that he had simply executed one of the last wishes of her great-uncle. She looked up and spoke to the old surgeon as she had done on leaving the hospital; she said to him now:

"I love you very dearly, and shall always love you, but you see yourself that every step I take in the world leads me back to the hospital."

ARAB HUMOR.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

ONE bitterly cold winter day I met a tramp who, for all his pinched and hungry look, had a cheery twinkle in his eye, which misery could not repress. Halting in front of me, he said or sung:

"Buy a box of matches, sir, I haven't had a crust,
While all these 'ere good gentlefolks are eatin' till
they bust";

and, on receiving a copper or so, he remarked with grateful unctious, "I do believe it's nothing but my little witticisms as keeps me from starva-

tion." The poor fellow was a good instance of what seems almost a practical joke on Nature's part, the implanting of a sense of humor in people whose surroundings are anything but conducive to fun and joviality. There are no doubt many Esquimaux who crack jokes amid the interminable dreariness and gloom of an Arctic winter; Irish peasants, who are always posing as the most wretched, down-trodden beings on the face of God's earth, are notorious for their humor in spite of Erin's woes; but the Arab is the last nationality in which most people would

look for humorous characteristics. The typical Bedouin has kept up the traditions of his father Ishmael and his grandmother Hagar; he wanders for ever among bare, rugged rocks or over scorching plains, and is in chronic want of water, to say nothing of the other necessities of life. He is forced to rely for his daily bread upon the chance of making a raid upon his neighbors' cattle or plundering a caravan, and the diversion of traffic during the last few centuries would have inevitably ruined his prospects, were it not that Mecca has never ceased to attract crowds of pilgrims every year who may be robbed *en route* or fleeced at the Holy Shrine. But the Arab has contrived to be merry in spite of all his disadvantages; indeed, he possesses the sense of humor in a very high degree. True, he does not exhibit that subtle wit and aptitude for quaint conceits which distinguish the Persian, but he has a taste for genuine fun, combined with ready repartee and tempered with pathos, which constitutes a humor peculiarly his own. One turns naturally to the pages of the "Arabian Nights" for illustration of this subject; but it is not the "Arabian Nights" with which we have at present to deal. The manners and customs there depicted, as well as much of the sentiment expressed, are certainly Arabic, but the stories themselves are largely borrowed from foreign sources, and belong to that collection of Aryan folk-lore which is represented in India by the Jataka or Buddhist birth-stories, and by the celebrated collection of Sanskrit tales known as the "Hitopadesa"; in ancient Greece by the "Fables of Æsop"; in Persia and Syria by the "Calila" and "Dimna" series; in Europe by the cycle of tales which the brothers Grimm have now made household words. The "Arabian Nights" do contain a number of short stories admirably illustrative of Arab humor and drawn from native annals, but they are not incorporated in the ordinary translations, and are, for the most part, mere isolated extracts from other works. If we would judge of the real character of the Arabs in the olden times, we must go to the personal anecdotes which have been preserved of their ancient poets and heroes, and embodied in the commentaries on the national poetic literature; while the more exact records of the caliphate furnish us with ample materials for a similar study of later times.

The older Arabs were, however, a grawsome race, and their humor was wanting in geniality. Their habits were peculiar, and made them look on things from a different standpoint to our own. Like other people, they had their virtues and their vices; but the former were not conspicuous, while the latter were. Their chief virtues were hospitality, good faith, and nobility. The duty

of hospitality is defined by the Prophet himself as consisting of the following rules: A guest must be entertained for three days; the first sumptuously, and the second and third with ordinary fare. He is then to receive provision for one day's journey, and "all beyond that is charity." Mohammed pithily added the axiom, "Visit seldom, and you will be loved the more." To such an extent did some of the Arab chiefs carry their hospitality, that many instances are on record of a sheik slaying his only camel for a guest's supper, and leaving his wife and family to starve. Of his good faith so much can be said that, if he had once formally given his protection to another, an Arab would stand by him to the death. Of course he was chary of according this privilege; but, even when he had not given it, he would never rob or murder a friend or guest until the latter had got at least a day's journey on his road. Noble too the Arabs must have been, since we have their own word for it. Their ancient poetry is full of the contentions of rival bards and rival tribes, who boast of their long descent and doughty deeds.

To be of anything but noble blood scarcely entitled a man to be considered as one of God's creatures among his fellows. The tribe of Bâhileh was looked upon as the most mean and abject of all the Arab stocks. "If a dog were told," said they, "that he was a Bâhileh, he would turn away howling at the reproach." An Arab being told that a certain man was descended, not merely from this despised race, but from a slave of the Bâhileh tribe, immediately fell down and kissed his hands and feet. Being asked why he did so, he replied, "God would never have inflicted on thee such a misfortune in this life, if he had not intended to reward thee with paradise in the next."

As for their vices, drinking and gambling were the least of them; but since it was these very propensities which, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran, gave rise to most of the humorous stories of the Mohammedan times, it is not my province to be too hard upon them here. With some others, such as burying female children alive—a common practice with them—it is impossible to have much sympathy; and the tale of Othman, who never wept but once, and that when the daughter whom he was thus burying alive brushed the grave-dust off his beard with her tiny little hands, is neither humorous nor pretty; it is, however, unfortunately true. Revelry and battle called forth the most frequent expression of their humorous mood. Here are a few extracts from an ancient poem of one of their greatest heroes, Antarah:

"There came a noble champion from the ranks
To win him glory and defend his right.

And lo ! I pierced him through his coat of mail ;
 For all he was the hero of his clan,
 To whose accustomed hand came naught amiss,
 The warrior's weapon or the gambler's dice,
 To tear the standard from its bearer's grasp,
 Or make the vintner haul his sign-board down,
 For such a guest would leave him naught to sell !
 And when he saw me from my horse alight
 And knew 'twas I had taken up his gage,
 His lips were parted—but he did not smile !
 I watched him lying at the close of day,
 And 'twas not henna made that ruddy stain
Which tinged his fingers and his manly brow."

The poem concludes with the following words, alluding to two foemen of the writer :

"The pair have vowed that they will have my blood,
 They threaten loudly—when I am not by !
 Well, let them threaten—but I left their sire
A feast for vultures and for beasts of prey."

Another poet, with a similar humorous view of the situation, declares that the vultures were so glutted with the repast he had provided for them after a little "difficulty" with another tribe, that "you might have trodden on them and they would not have moved."

I am obliged to allude to these unpleasant traits in order that the reader may judge, at starting, of the character of the people of whom I propose to treat, but I shall dismiss all such songs of the shambles and devote the remainder of these pages to the more genial aspects of Arab life. If in the course of my narratives I am obliged to introduce a little bloodshed now and then, it must be attributed to the exigencies of historical accuracy. The caliphs had exaggerated ideas of their divine rights, and even "the good Haroun Alraschid" was somewhat too free with the use of decapitation as a social and political remedy :

"The brightest glass may have a speck !
 And Haroun had a curious whim
 For amputation at the neck
 Of all who disagreed with him."

But, then, in civilized Christian England, Tower Hill has before now played a part in political crises. In the time of the first four caliphs, the immediate successors of Mohammed, the severity and simplicity of desert manners still prevailed ; the times were too stirring and serious events followed too closely one upon another for much prominence to be given to the lighter incidents.

The Omniade dynasty, who occupied the throne of Damascus when the empire of Islam was at length consolidated, soon developed a lighter vein, and several of the caliphs, notably Yezid the second of that house, were notorious *roués*, poets, and wags. Still the humorous anecdotes of this period are not numerous, and will

better find their place in another part of my subject. With the Abbasside caliphs who succeeded them, and who transferred the seat of government from Damascus to Bagdad, we enter upon a new era of Arab literature and history. The empire of Islam reached its culminating point under these, and with their magnificent capital on the Tigris the caliphate waxed, waned, and died. The courts of Es Saffah, "The Blood-Shedder," the first of the dynasty, of Mansûr, his brother and successor, of El Mehdi, the latter's son, of El Hâdi, father of the great Haroun Alraschid, and of Haroun's scarcely less illustrious son Mamoun, attracted crowds of learned men, poets, wits, and story-tellers ; and it is in the annals of these reigns that we must look for the fullest illustrations of Arabic humor and fun. I purpose in these pages to relate all the most amusing and characteristic anecdotes which are scattered through the various native works that treat of this period.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance. There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asking twice the proper price, and the Bedouin offering half ; the son of the desert, however, was impatient, and, before the proper mean had been arrived at, gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and, hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and, seeing the shoe, said to himself : "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes ! if the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had, in the mean while, gone on farther still, and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe, he regretted having left the first, but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it, Honein at once mounted, and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

Many of the most amusing stories in Arabic literature turn upon verbal quibbles which are, of course, in most cases, untranslatable. Sometimes, however, the jest goes equally well in foreign language ; as, for instance, when a man with a harsh voice was reading the Koran aloud at a mosque-door, and a passer-by asked him what he

was reading for. "I am reading for God's sake," said the fellow. "Then, for God's sake, hold your tongue!" was the reply. Or, when a bigoted Sunni sultan, coming to the throne, wished to force a certain learned khatib, or dean of the cathedral mosque, to resign because of his Shiah proclivities, and ordered him to curse the Caliph Ali publicly in his next Friday sermon—much as if a Roman Catholic archbishop should be bidden to condemn Mariolatry from the altar of the pro-cathedral. The reverend gentleman professed his willingness to comply with the command of his sovereign, and, mounting the pulpit, addressed the congregation in the following words: "His Highness the Sultan has bidden me to curse his Holiness Ali. Curse him!"

A similar equivocal is related of one of the early caliphs, who, meeting an Arab with a sheep, asked if it was for sale.

"No!" said the other, curtly.

"My good friend," said the monarch, "that is not polite—you should say 'No, God bless you.'"

The Bedouin did as he was bidden; but repeated the sentence with such a punctuation that it meant "May God never bless you."

The Arabic language is so curiously constructed that the slightest omission or mispronunciation may make a most important difference in the meaning. Thus, on one occasion, a prisoner shivering with cold was brought to Mohammed, who said, *Edfahu*, "dispatch him," when he meant *Edfahu*, "warm him"; and the captors took the Prophet at his word! A proverb says that "none but a prophet can thoroughly compass a knowledge of the Arabic tongue." It would seem from this anecdote that even inspiration is not sufficient to prevent solecism.

Many very good jokes are found in Arabic poetry, but these also for the most part depend upon some ingenious turn of a word, and are therefore untranslatable. The Arabs were very fond of the exercise of capping each other's rhymes. Akil ibn Ullafeh, a poet of the Koreish, one of whose daughters married Caliph Yezid II, thus amused himself while on a journey with his son and daughter. When it came to the young lady's turn to improvise a verse, she sang as follows:

"All giddy then with sleep were they,
As though with Sarkhad's liquor strong,
That through the veins doth find its way,
And course through back and feet along."

"By Allah!" exclaimed the father, "thou couldst not have described it so unless thou hadst drunk thereof," and proceeded to administer corporal punishment. The son remonstrated by shooting at his father with an arrow. "Never mind," said the old man, quoting a proverb,

"his temper is like Akhzam's"; that is to say, "He is a regular chip of the old block."

Plain-speaking was, and still is, a conspicuous trait in the Arab character, although few perhaps would carry it to the extent which a Bedouin is related to have done with the Caliph Hisham, the son of Abd el Melik. One day the latter was chasing a gazelle which happened to pass by the hut of an Arab who was pasturing his flocks.

"Ho, young man!" cried Hisham, "here is some work for you. Bring me yonder gazelle."

The Arab turned his head contemptuously, and said: "A great deal you know of manners! You look at me scornfully, speak to me disdainfully, talk like a tyrant, and act like an ass."

"Confound you!" cried the caliph, "do you not know me?"

"I know this much, that you are very ill-bred, for you began talking to me without saluting me first."

"Confound you!" replied the other, "I am Hisham, the son of Abd el Melik."

"May good luck miss you, and may your grave be forgotten!" answered the Arab. "The more you talk, the more you lose in dignity."

At this juncture the soldiers and attendants came up, and the caliph, grown furious, ordered them to secure the young man; this was at once done, and Hisham bade him prepare for instant death. The Arab only laughed and said, "If Allah means to prolong my life, your words, little or big, can do me no harm."

"Is it come to this," struck in the lord chamberlain, "that a miserable Arab like you should presume to bandy words with the Commander of the Faithful!"

"May every evil overtake you," said the incorrigible young man; "have not you read that the Most High has said, 'At the last day every man shall argue for his own soul?' And if God may be argued with, who is Hisham that he is not even to be spoken to?"

At a sign from the caliph the executioner approached, but just as he was about to strike off the young man's head, the latter burst out laughing. The monarch, whose curiosity was piqued, stayed the execution, and asked what there was to laugh at; when the other repeated some apposite and apologetic verses, and was of course pardoned. The answer of the young man when Hisham asked him if he knew who he was, reminds us of an anecdote which is related of a sentry at Woolwich dockyard on a certain important occasion when the public were rigorously excluded. A gentleman in plain clothes was about to pass the gate, when the sentinel barred his approach, and said he had orders to let no one in. "But I am Admiral Mundy," expostulated the other. "I can't help it," replied the

faithful sentry, "if you are Admiral Tuesday week!"

El Hejjâj ibn Yûsuf, governor of the two sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, under the Omniade caliph, Abd el Melik, was one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants who ever lived, but even he occasionally heard the plain truth from the Arabs with whom he came in contact. One day he had gone on a little in advance of his guards, and falling in with an Arab said to him, "O chief of the Arabs! what thinkest thou of El Hejjâj?"

"He is a capricious tyrant," replied the other.

"Have you complained of him to the Commander of the Faithful, Abd el Melik ibn Merwan?" asked El Hejjâj.

"No," said the Arab, "for he is even worse. Allah curse them both!"

At this juncture the soldiers came up, and the Arab, taking in the situation at a glance, winked at his questioner and cried, "Mind, prince, that you disclose the secret which is between us to none but Allah!"

El Hejjâj laughed, and dismissed him with a gift.

Another time the same potentate was at dinner, when a desert Arab who was present reached out his hand to partake of a dish of pudding that was on the table. "Whoever touches that pudding," said El Hejjâj, "shall lose his head!" The Arab looked at him for a moment, and crying out, "I leave your Highness my children as a legacy!" dipped his hand into the dish. El Hejjâj could not restrain his laughter, and gave the fellow a reward.

El Hejjâj's wife Hinda was the only person who proved a match for the bloodthirsty emir; she was a very beautiful woman, of high birth, and well educated, but she detested her husband, who heard her one day reciting a verse of her own composing:

"How could Hinda, the perfect Arabian mare,
To mate with a mule like her husband desire?
Should her foal prove a thoroughbred, 'tis that
she's fair;
And if mulish, 'tis that he takes after his sire!"

El Hejjâj hearing this, made up his mind to divorce her, and sent his aide-de-camp, Abdullah ibn Tâhir, to her with two hundred thousand dirhems, the amount of her dowry, and orders to divorce her for him in two words. Ibn Tâhir executed his mission to the letter, and handing her the money said, "Abu Mohammed el Hejjâj says to thee, *Kunti fabinti*," that is to say, "Thou wert (my wife) and art repudiated."

The lady replied: "I was his wife, and was anything but proud of it; and I am repudiated, but am far from sorry for it. As for the money,

you may keep it for bringing me the good news of my delivery from that dog of a Thakify."

The Arabian ladies of this period seem to have been rather given to treating their husbands with contempt. The Caliph Mu'âwiyeh had married a girl named Maisûn, a member of a tribe of desert Arabs; but, amid all the gorgeous luxury of her palace at Damascus, she pined for the freedom of her former life. One day the caliph overheard her singing the following verses:

"A tent wherein the breezes blow
Is dearer than a palace fair;
A crust upon the floor below
Is dearer than the daintiest fare;
The winds that in each crevice sigh
Are dearer than these drums I hear;
An 'Abbâh' with a gladdened eye
Is dearer than these gauzes here;
A dog that barks around my tent
Is dearer than a fawning cat;
The camel-foal that with us went
Is dearer than a mule like that;
A boorish cousin, though he be
Too weak to work on my behalf,
Were dearer, dearer far to me
Than yonder clumsy rampant calf."

On hearing this, Mu'âwiyeh exclaimed, "What! could she not be satisfied without comparing me to a rampant calf?" and sent her off then and there to her family.

A ready answer was always sure to be appreciated at the court of an Arab monarch. Abu Dulâmeh, a black Abyssinian slave, who lived during the reigns of the first of the Abbaside caliphs, was famous for his ready wit. On one occasion he was standing in presence of Es Saffah, "the blood-shedder," the first of that dynasty, when the latter said to him, "Ask of me whatever you desire."

"I want a sporting-dog," said he.

"Let him have it," said Es Saffah.

"And a horse to mount when I hunt," he added.

"Let him have a horse," said Es Saffah.

"But I must have a slave to lead the dog and carry the game," the other went on.

"Let him have a slave," said the caliph.

"And a slave-girl to dress and cook the game for us," said Abu Dulâmeh.

"Let him have a slave-girl," said the caliph.

"Why, Commander of the Faithful!" cried Abu Dulâmeh, "that makes quite a family; what shall I do without a house for them?"

"Let him have a house to hold them all," said the caliph.

"Ah!" continued the other, "but how to support them?"

"I will give you ten uncultivated farms in the plains where the children of Israel dwell," answered Es Saffah.

"And I will give thee, O Commander of the Faithful, a hundred uncultivated farms among the Beni Saad!" retorted Abu Dulâmeh.

It is perhaps needless to remark that both the Jews of Arabia and the desert tribe mentioned by the jester were turbulent subjects, and that the caliph's writs only ran there nominally; the property would therefore have been hard to realize.

"Very well, then," said the caliph, "you shall have cultivated farms." So Abu Dulâmeh by his cunning got all he wanted, and much more than the caliph intended to give.

A story is told of El Mehdi, another of the Abbassides, that being out hunting one day he came upon the hut of an Arab, who set some simple fare before him, but supplemented it with a bottle of wine. The caliph drank a glass and said, "O brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"No, by Allah!" was the reply.

"I am one of the personal attendants of the Commander of the Faithful."

"I congratulate you on your post," said the other.

Tossing off another glass, El Mehdi repeated the question, and the Arab reminded him that he had just told him he was one of the caliph's suite.

"Nay," said El Mehdi, "but I am one of his principal officers."

"I wish you joy!" said the Arab.

After a third glass, the caliph again began: "O brother of the Arabs! do you know who I am?"

"You say that you are one of the Commanders of the Faithful's chief officers," answered the Arab.

"Not so," said El Mehdi, "I am the Commander of the Faithful himself!"

The Arab, on hearing this, quietly took the bottle of wine from the table and put it away, with the sententious remark, "If you were to drink another glass, you would declare that you were the Prophet himself!"

This anecdote, with slight variations, is also told of Haroun Alraschid; indeed, it is often difficult to ascertain exactly who the heroes of certain favorite stories are, as they are not unfrequently repeated in different biographies.

Mansur, the second caliph of the house of Abbas, was one day preaching to the people in accordance with the custom of the early caliphs, who themselves always officiated in the mosque on Fridays. "O ye people!" said he, "ye should give thanks to Allah Most High that he has

given me to reign over you. For, verily, since I have reigned over you, he has taken away the plague which was in your midst."

"Yes, truly," cried an Arab from among the congregation. "Allah is far too merciful to give us you and the plague at the same time!"

Rebukes for injustice furnish the *motive* for many of the best Arabic stories, and the unjust or complaisant judge is a favorite character in them. Stories, on the other hand, of the sagacity of judges are common to almost all nations. The judgment of Solomon and that of Daniel between Susannah and the elders are typical specimens of a whole series of such anecdotes to be found in the folk-lore of peoples far removed from each other by time and place. An Arabic tale of the kind is one that is related of a certain *cadi* of Basra, in the beginning of the ninth century. Two men came before him, one accusing the other of having appropriated some money, which he had intrusted to him under a certain tree. The defendant denied the interview and the deposit alike, when the *cadi* bade the plaintiff go to the tree so as to refresh his memory as to the incident. When he had been gone a few minutes, the magistrate asked the defendant if he thought he had reached the spot yet. "No," said the fellow, "it is a long way off"; thus betraying his deceit. But this same *cadi* was one day worsted by a witness. In a dispute about a garden he asked this witness, whom he had reason to suspect, how many trees there were in the garden. The man retorted by asking the *cadi* how many beams there were in the roof of the court, and the *cadi* could not tell.

The Caliph Mansur was himself not wanting in legal acumen, and could drive a coach-and-four through a Moslem statute with any European lawyer. One Ibn Harimah, who was noted for his free manner of life, had the good fortune to please the caliph, who promised to grant him any wish he might express. The *bon-vivant* asked only that the caliph would write to his viceroy at Medina with instructions that if he found Ibn Harimah drunk he should not punish him. This was clearly out of the question, for, however little the Arabs of the time cared for true morality or religion, they cared very much for the letter of the law, and that prescribed that the drunkard should be beaten with many stripes. He, however, hit on a plan for meeting his petitioner's wishes and saving him from the inconvenience which he feared, and wrote as follows: "If Ibn Harimah be brought to thee drunk, flog him with eighty stripes; but flog him who bringeth him to thee with a hundred." We do not hear of Ibn Harimah being punished for drinking after that.

Temple Bar.

BABIES AND SCIENCE.

BABIES have at length attracted the eye of the *savant*, and have proved a fruitful object of observation and reflection, and henceforward we may expect this numerous class of the community to be held in high esteem generally. It will probably be admitted by the candid mind that the infant class has not in general commanded a large amount of respect. In point of fact, one may almost say that, just as science needed the infant as so much material for speculation, so the infant needed science to endow it with some significance in the system of things, to justify its presence here on the earthly scene, and to call forth from its elders a due amount of respectful attention and consideration. With one half of the adult population babies have, of course, always been recognized as an integral part of the social structure. To the feminine mind, when not too confined by selfish vanities or embittered by prolonged disappointment, the baby is apt to appear one of the most considerable interests of life. The mother, the nurse, and the sympathetic aunt appear to find an inexhaustible charm in all the events of babyhood. There is a tender beauty in its fragile form, a delightful surprisingness and mystery in all its small ways, which goes straight to the kindly heart of the sex. Yet, while one sex has thus set up the baby as an object of special regard under the form of baby-worship, the other and harder sex has coldly held itself aloof from what it has chosen to consider these frivolities. Not only the crusty bachelor uncle, even to the father himself, the arrival of a baby has commonly presented itself in anything but the light of a joyous occurrence. When congratulated by his friends on the event, he has perhaps bitten his lip as there have arisen before his mind images of a home rendered noisy and chaotic by the invasion of doctor, nurses, etc., of a wife continually preoccupied, of new doctor's bills, and so on. If given to philosophize, he might be tempted to ask what purpose is served in the economy of things by the helpless infantile condition making such large demands on the time and energies of others. When the voice of his wife woos him to join the feminine company of baby-worshippers, he proves as hard as flint. He says that he can see nothing in this early and vegetal period of human existence to attract him, that all babies are alike, and so on—utterances which are of course shocking heresies from the mother's point of view. In short, to the male sex as a whole, the baby during the first six months of its life is apt to ap-

pear, if not something positively wrong in the arrangement of things, at least something quite unimportant, which calls for no notice, and is best put out of sight as far as possible.

Now, to this state of things science seems to be making an end. Women may console themselves for men's long contempt of their view of things by reflecting that the obdurate sex has at length been converted, if not by feminine arguments, to their own way of thinking. Science has become a champion of the neglected rights of infancy; it has taken a whole period of human life under its special protection. And in doing this it has constituted itself the avenger of a whole sex.

How, it may be asked, does Science effect this admirable result? What arguments is she able to produce potent enough to overcome the deeply organized and seemingly hereditary contempt of babyhood by man?

The first thing that babies needed was to have their existence justified, and this service has been amply rendered them by the newer science of biology. The helplessness of the new-born child is, as we know, peculiar to the progeny of our race. The young of other species often show an extraordinary readiness to manage for themselves as soon as they see the light. The perfect equipment of the newly-hatched chick, for instance, which can straightway peck away at tiny grains of meal with as much precision as though it had passed the period of incubation in doing nothing but pecking, is something that is almost irritating to the human spectator. Even the young of higher species, as those of the familiar mammals, are able to get about and to explore their new world in a wonderfully short time. In contrast to this the human infant begins life in the most pitiable condition of helplessness. It has to be closely tended, nourished, and even carried about for many months, before it can do anything on its own account or take a single step in life.

The evolutionist has found a meaning for this apparent defect in the organization of the human offspring. He tells us that as creatures rise in the scale of organization they are called on to adapt their actions to a much wider variety of circumstances. The lower species have to go on doing the same thing over and over again, and exactly in the same way; this routine suffices for the preservation of such creatures amid the simple conditions of their existence. On the other hand, the higher species, having to adapt them-

selves to much more complex and changeable surroundings, are continually called on to vary their actions, and to modify their mode of life. The difference may be seen by comparing what an insect, as a bee, and what a predatory mammal, such as a fox, has to do in order to obtain its food. In the case of the bees, the surrounding conditions, namely, the presence of honey-stored flowers, being pretty uniform, all that is needed is a few sensations of sight, and a number of curious but perfectly unvarying instincts. The fox, on the other hand, having to look up his pabulum in ever-varying circumstances, having moreover to cope on occasion with all sorts of new and unforeseeable difficulties, must substitute intelligence for instinct; that is to say, must continually be consciously awake, observing, reflecting, reasoning, and voluntarily adjusting his actions to the particular new set of circumstances in which he happens to be placed at the moment.

Now, this capability of adjusting actions to varying conditions is the growth of individual experience: it can not be transmitted by inheritance. It is the result of individual learning, and presupposes a gradually accumulated store of sense-impressions, and the functions of memory and reasoning. On the physiological side this development of intelligence means the building up of complex nerve-structures in the higher centers known as the brain, such construction proceeding in close connection with the daily exercise of the sense-organs and the muscular system. It would appear to follow, then, that the young of the higher and more intelligent animals will be born with these centers but very little developed. And this is what we find. The stupidity of the pup is proverbial. While the lower species, which are sufficiently equipped for life by a few instincts involving relatively simple nervous arrangements, come into the world in a high state of nervous development, the more complex organisms necessarily enter it in a very low stage.

And here the reader will, I trust, begin to see what all this has to do with the helplessness of infancy. Man is far removed above even the nearest species in intelligence and in cerebral power. Consequently there remains in his case very much more to be done in the way of nervous construction after the senses come into play, and individual experience begins. That is to say, we shall expect the human infant to enter life in an exceptionally backward condition of nervous development. And this is what we find. The brain of the newly-born child is, as everybody knows, very badly finished off, being not even securely incased in its protective covering, the skull. And this backward condition is seen, too, in the well-known fact that the development

of the brain goes on at so rapid a rate during the first year of life. It is as though in the case of the infant all cerebral connections had to be made after birth, though they are capable of growing very rapidly when once the external stimulus is forthcoming.

The reader may here interpose: "You are only explaining all this while how it is that the new-born child is *relatively* more backward than the newly-hatched chick; that is to say, how it happens that there is so much left to be done after birth in the case of man. But you have not explained why the baby is *absolutely* worse prepared than the chick; how it is, for example, that the chick can at once walk, whereas the infant can not." A little attention will, however, show that this result, too, is involved in the differences emphasized above. The muscular system is in close organic connection with the nervous structures. Consequently, if the nervous centers are very incompletely formed at birth, we may expect the muscular apparatus to be in a poor state of preparation also. But, again, the movements of the child have in general to be much more complex, variable, and more under the control of volition than those of the young of lower species: from which it follows that they have to be largely learned in the course of individual experience, and in connection with the use of the sense-organs. In other words, there is but little room in the case of the human offspring for such rigidly fixed habits of movement as the young of some of the lower species manifest from the first. This consideration certainly holds good of the upper limbs, the arms and hands, the acquisition by which of their intricate and subtly varying actions would seem to be positively hindered by the existence of definite instinctive movements at first, and probably presupposes a greatly unformed and plastic condition of the motor apparatus at birth. And, if this is so, the want of muscular power in other quarters of the organism, as in the lower limbs and neck, might be regarded as necessarily correlated with this backward condition of the arms.

If this reasoning is sound, we may understand how it came to pass that the new-born child first began to be so unable. And, having once fallen to some extent into this condition of helplessness, the evolutionist helps us to understand how it might possibly be kept in this condition by the action of other forces. In order to show this, he may reason as follows: The dependent condition of the infant would call forth impulses of tendance, protection, etc., on the part of the parent; only on this condition could the family, the community, or the race be preserved. This tendance of infancy would develop the first germs of benevolent feeling, and so become the

starting-point in the humanizing and socializing of our nature. That is to say, through the mere habit of denying self and of attending to the wants of the unsheltered infant, the mother would come to possess the germs of altruistic sentiments, affection and sympathy. The harder male sex, which even at this dimly imagined period in the history of the race did little in the way of tending his offspring, would, of course, not directly reap the advantage of this rudimentary moral development, yet through the impartial action of the laws of inheritance it might subsequently, contrary to its deserts, participate to some extent in the blessings of humane and kindly sentiments.

This being so, there being this great gain to the family and the community as a whole, through the first exercises of ministering affection in response to the urgent demands of needy infancy, the maintenance of this condition of incapacity and of dependence on others might perhaps be aided by the action of natural selection. Whether the period of infancy has been actually lengthened by this cause or not, it is a fact that it is longer in the case of civilized man than of the savage. This may be due, of course, to the same causes which explain its shorter durations. It is to be noted, however, that the development of the impulses called forth by infancy would certainly tend directly to lengthen it to some extent, by discouraging the infant's instinctive attempts to shift for himself. Where these impulses are strong, the amount of pleasure attending their satisfaction is considerable. There is to the feminine mind a luxury in doing as much as possible for the needy, dependent infant. And by the force of habit the impulse to tend, to watch, and to provide, persists after the need of its exercise vanishes. It is said by the farmer's wife that the hen takes it very much to heart when her brood begin to disperse and go foraging for themselves. And, however this be, it is certain that there are plenty of human mothers who, through the force of habit, and for the sake of protracting the enjoyments of tendance, try to keep their children in the baby stage as long as possible. And such treatment does apparently lengthen the term of physical incapacity, since it prevents that exercise of organ which is necessary to every kind of development.

This, then, is the utterance of Science. She bids all male scoffers at the trivialities of babyhood recognize in this seemingly insignificant phenomenon one of the main sources of human greatness. She says to them: This state of infantile frailty and imbecility is causally connected with all the blessings of social life. It is these babes and sucklings which first touched the adamant heart of mankind, making it vibrate in

pulsations of tenderness. Had there been no babies, there would have been no higher intellectual development, no sacred ties of kinship, friendship, and co-patriotism. Nay, more, but for the appearance of the infantile condition which you rash ingrates are wont to ridicule as molluscous, gelatinous, and so on, there would have been no human race at all: and you would not have been here to criticise Nature and her ways as glibly as you do.

In this way Science has come to the aid of mothers and nurses by stopping the mouth of the male blasphemer of Nature. She has found a *raison d'être* for infancy, redeeming the whole class of babies from the charge of being perfectly useless incumbrances. She has compelled proud man to bow in deference to the views of the other sex, and to recognize in the phenomenon of babyhood something profoundly significant—a necessary link in the chain of cosmic events.

But Science has done still more than this. She has become the ally of the natural admirers of babies in their endeavor to win over the reluctant interest of men. One may almost say that she has entered into a harmless conspiracy with mothers to lure the sluggish brain of man on to perceive something of the mysterious charm that surrounds the baby. Thus she has enabled women to gain a complete triumph over the host of unholy male scoffers. Their victory is like that of our Saxon forefathers over their pagan foes, or like that of Antonio over Shylock: the defeated party is compelled to adopt the faith of the victor.

And how, it may be asked, does Science effect this still more wonderful result? By what magical arts does she attract the dull male eye to the unobtrusive beauties of infancy? She does so by awakening a scientific interest in the baby. Men are too obtuse, too coarse-fibered, to feel the subtle fascination of babyhood all at once. They must be bribed by an admixture of scientific interest before they will come to see all the lovely aspects of the object. Just as the naturalist gets to feel a kindly interest in the animals that yield him so much intellectual gratification, so the male sex may be unconsciously led on to admire and delight in the æsthetic side of babyhood by first becoming impressed with its scientific value.

Yes, the baby has become an important object of scientific scrutiny, and in this way: The modern psychologist, sharing in the spirit of positive science, feels that he must begin at the beginning, study mind in its simplest forms before attempting to explain its more complex and intricate manifestations. This impulse to study the elementary modes of mental activity has led the psychologist to greatly extend the range of

his observation. Instead of confining himself to looking into his own consciousness, he carries his eye far afield to the phenomena of savage life, with its simple ideas, crude sentiments, and *naïve* habits. Again he devotes special attention to the mental life of the lower animals, seeking in its phenomena the dim foreshadowings of our own perceptions, emotions, etc. Finally, he directs his attention to the mental phenomena of infancy, as fitted to throw most light on the later developments of the human mind. He sees here the first beginnings of that work of construction by which all mental growth takes place. It is during the twelve months or so of infancy that the blurred mass of sensation begins to take form and to resolve itself into definite, distinguishable impressions; that these impressions begin to leave a trace or after-effect in the shape of a mental image, which enters into combination with impressions in that mental state which we call perception, and which appears in a detached form as an expectation, a recollection, or a pure fancy. And, it is during this same period that the foundations of the emotional structure are laid; that the simple feelings of pleasure and pain connected with the action of the vital organs and of the senses begin to combine in the forms of fear and love, anger and hope, and so on. And, finally, it is now that the activities of will first come into play, beginning to wear those tracks which will become later on the habitual lines of action of the developed will. If, then, the psychologist could only ascertain what goes on in the mind of the infant, he would be in a position to solve many a knotty question in his science.

Infancy has a peculiar interest to the psychologist for another reason. My readers are probably aware that it has long been a matter of dispute whether the mind comes into the world like a blank sheet of paper on which experience has to write, or whether it brings with it innate dispositions, as they are called, a kind of invisible writing which contact with experience will make legible but not create. For example, it has long been asked whether the child is born with an instinctive moral tendency to distinguish right and wrong actions, or whether this distinction is wholly impressed on it from without, by help of the experiences of punishment, etc., connected with the discipline of early life. Now, it seems obvious that, if there are such innate dispositions, intellectual and moral, they ought to be observable in a germinal form in the first stages of life. And since we can only be certain of the existence of any innate or inherited element by discovering that something appears in the course of mental development which can not be accounted for by the individual's own previous experience, it fol-

lows that it is of the utmost consequence to the psychologist to note and record the first phases of mental history. To give an example, if the baby smiles in response to a smile long before experience and reflection can have taught it the practical value of winning people's smiles, there is clearly an argument for those who would say that we are born with an instinctive germ of sociality and sympathy.

If the psychologist is an evolutionist, and interested in studying the history of human development as a whole, the infant will attract his regards in another way. It is a doctrine of biology that the development of the individual roughly epitomizes that of the race; that is to say, exhibits the main phases of this development on a small scale. If this is so, the study of infant life may be well fitted to suggest by what steps of intellectual and moral progress our race has passed into its present state. The attentive eye may thus find, in seemingly meaningless little infantile ways, hints of remote habits and customs of the human race.

Science having thus declared the infant to be a valuable phenomenon for observation, there has of late grown up among the class of scientific fathers the habit of noting and recording the various proceedings of the infant. Men who previously never thought of meddling with the affairs of the nursery have been impelled to make periodic visits thither in the hope of eliciting important psychological facts. The tiny occupant of the cradle has had to bear the piercing glance of the scientific eye. The psychological papa has acquired a new proprietary right in his offspring; he has appropriated it as a biological specimen. This new zeal for psychological knowledge has taken possession of a number of my acquaintance. These are mostly young married men to whom the phenomenon of babyhood has all the charm of newness, and who import a youthful enthusiasm into their scientific pursuits. Their minds are very much taken up with their new line of study. If you happen to call on one of them expecting to find him free for a chat, you may, to your amazement, catch him occupied in the nursery with trying to discover the preferences of the three-months' fledgling in the matter of colors, or watching the impression which is first made on the infant mind by the image of its own face in the glass. And, even when not actually employed in his researches, it will be found that his mind tends to revert to his engrossing study; and so all your attempts to engage him in conversation on matters of ordinary interest are apt to be frustrated.

These researches have been carried on amid various difficulties. On the part of the infant himself there is often a provoking want of re-

sponsiveness to the observer's wishes. Instead of showing himself bright, active, and suggestive at the moment when the studious parent happens to be free to make his observations, the youngster is stupid and dull, or, worse still, in a state of violent emotional agitation. Then there are difficulties on the part of the self-constituted guardians of the baby. The mother, if she is good-natured and sensible, smiles at the new interest which her lord and master deigns to take in his progeny. She is very well satisfied to see that the despised baby has won any kind of notice from him, and enjoys a sense of triumph in watching the unwonted concern which he displays for its well-being. Yet the wife may easily become a formidable obstacle in the way of his researches. Her way of looking at babies unfits her from entering very cordially into the scientific vein. She rather dislikes their being made the objects of cold intellectual scrutiny and unfeeling psychological analysis. And she is apt to make a determined stand when the rash enthusiast for science proposes to introduce the experimental method as superior to that of passive observation. To suggest a series of experiments on the gustatory sensibility of a small creature aged from twelve to twenty-four hours is likely to prove a shock even to the more strong-minded class of mothers. And, when it is proposed to exercise the youngster's ocular muscles so as to discover how soon he is able to follow a moving object, the proposer is pretty certain to hear of risks of a life-long squint, and so on.

If, on the other hand, as is not unlikely, the mother herself gets in time infected with the scientific ardor of the father, she may prove rather more of an auxiliary than he desires. Her maternal instincts impel her to regard her particular infant as phenomenal in an extra-scientific sense. She is accordingly on the lookout for remarkable infantile feats, and is disposed to ascribe to her baby a preternatural degree of intelligence. Finding that her husband is occupied in noting the various steps in the mental development of the child, she naturally brings all her supposed observations to him. And here arises a difficulty. Trained himself in habits of accurate observation, familiar with the common practice of confusing fact and inference, a practice especially common in the region of psychological observation, he is compelled to suspect the accuracy of these recitals. Yet he can hardly, in this case, tell his own wife that she is an inaccurate observer, for to do so would be not only to injure her feeling of self-respect, but violently to assault her most tender maternal feelings.

Again, the nurse may prove even a more in-

vincible obstacle to these researches than the mother. Her dominion in the matter of babies is necessarily large, and, if she takes exception to the father's line of research, she may succeed in effectually barricading the cradle against his scientific approaches. And it is not at all unlikely that she will strongly object to his plans. A nurse is apt to be deeply imbued with the conviction that babies are women's affair, and that men have their own business to attend to outside the nursery. Though she expects the father to notice his child and make much of its good points, for such praises are always felt by the nurse, in a vague, unreasoning way, to reflect glory on herself, she is not prepared for his taking any serious practical interest in her *protégé*. And then this habit of psychological inspection goes very much against the grain of your prejudiced, old-fashioned nurse. There is something uncanny in all this trying to get at the mysteries of the infant mind; it looks like an unhallowed prying into things which are above human comprehension, and ought to be accepted as matters of faith. Woe to the scientific father if he perseveres in his inquiries in the face of such opposition as this! His reputation will certainly be blasted in the eyes of at least one honest creature.

Nevertheless, in spite of these many difficulties, the work of accurately recording the psychical phenomena of infancy has already been carried out with considerable perseverance and method. An English journal which devotes itself to the interests of mental science has recently published a number of notes made by industrious fathers on the doings of their infants. A distinguished naturalist set the example by giving a curiously methodical record of the early mental development of one of his sons. And in France and in Germany we hear of similar results of this spirit of inquiry on the part of scientific men who happen to be provided with the necessary objects of observation.

I have just been fortunate enough to come into possession of a document containing the results of such a series of observations made by a father on his first boy. The paper contains not only a number of facts, but also some curious suggestions on the meaning of the facts. My readers may be interested in knowing more about these researches on the infant mind, and accordingly I shall conclude this account of the present relations of science to infancy by quoting from this document a few facts and suggestions by way of illustrating the method which is pursued by this class of paternal psychologists.

I may begin my sketch of the early history of this boy by remarking that he appears to be an exemplary infant — healthy, good-natured, and

given to that infantile way of relieving the pressure of his animal spirits which is, I believe, known as crowing. Not believing in the classifications of temperament adopted by the physiologists of a past age, the father forbears describing his temperament. Also, not being a phrenologist, he has omitted to take elaborate measurements of his cranium. For my lady readers I may add that he seems, at least by his father's account, to be a good-sized, chubby little fellow, fair and rosy in tint, with bright blue eyes, and a limited crop of golden hair of an exceptionally rich—I don't know how many carat gold—hue; also, last and not least, that he boasts of the name of Clifford. The early pages of the record do not, I must confess, yield any very striking observations. For the first few days Master Clifford appears to have been content to vegetate like other babies of a similar age. Although a bonny boy, he began life in the usual way—with a good cry; though we now know, on scientific authority, that this, being a purely reflex act consequent on the first action of the air on the organ of respiration, has not the deep significance which certain pessimistic philosophers have attributed to it. Science would probably explain in a similar way a number of odd facial movements which this baby went through on the second day of his earthly career, and which were highly suggestive of a cynical contempt for his new surroundings.

Yet, though content in this early stage to do little but perform the vegetal functions of life, the infant comes endowed with a nervous system and organs of sense, and these are very soon brought into active play. According to this record, the sense of touch is the first to manifest itself.* Even when only two hours old, at a period of life when there is certainly no sound for the ear and possibly no light for the eye, Clifford immediately clasped the parental finger which was brought into the hollow of its tiny hand. And this seems to agree with the doctrine laid down by evolutionists—a doctrine hinted at by Aristotle—that the special senses, sight, hearing, etc., are modifications of touch, and evolved by fine differentiations of the tactual surface.

The march of infantile intellect during the second, third, and fourth days appears in the case now considered to have been exceedingly rapid. On the second day there was observed by Clifford's papa a distinct movement of the head in response to sound. On this same day the previously futile attempts to bring the two eyes into harmonious action were crowned with a measure of success, and they were observed to converge for an instant on the father's face, if

* Taste, as involved in the necessary act of taking nourishment, is probably at first hardly differentiated from touch.

held invitingly near. By the fourth day the command of the eye was far greater, and now it was possible to notice the effect of an object in attracting the organ in a particular direction, if not too far from that of the point previously looked at. Not for some days later, however, could one see any capability of following a moving object with the eye. The powers of movement generally made rapid progress during these four days, since it is recorded that on the fourth day Clifford, having clasped his father's finger, made what was apparently an abortive effort to carry it to his mouth. The father judiciously abstains from doing more than hint at the possibility of this being a survival of a deeply-organized cannibal instinct. The fact that infants carry everything to their mouths seems to point either to the presence of some primitive omnivorous instinct, or what seems at least equally reasonable, to the fact that the lips are a part of the organ of touch, and indeed among the most highly endowed parts of the organ, which may have been used in conjunction with the hands in the earlier stages of the development of the race much more extensively than now.

For the first weeks the baby lives in a very confined world. Clifford, at least, was supremely indifferent to the existence of everything lying beyond certain narrow limits of space. Even his own papa appeared to cease to exist for him as soon as he moved a yard or two away. One is disposed to guess that, if at this time of life the infant were capable of forming the idea of an external world, he would attribute persistence to an exceedingly small number of objects. He appears to lead very much the life of a stationary hydra, which knows of nothing save what accidentally comes within the narrow sweep of its tentacles.

About the sixth week, however, these limits are broken through. The development of sensibility on the part of the eye and the ear and the growth of the power of movement tend greatly to expand the universe for our little spectator. The appearance of a power of recognizing the direction of sounds and moving the eyes and head in conformity therewith is one of the most considerable events of infancy, worthy to be ranked, perhaps, with the acquisition of the power of walking. For now the infant mind comes to learn that things may exist when not actually seen, and arrives at some vague idea of what happens when objects pass for a time outside the range of the senses altogether.

While the range of knowledge of external things is thus widening, its depth is rapidly increasing too. The attainment of the respectable figure of eight weeks by Clifford appears to mark a point in the intimate knowledge of things with-

in the sphere of his observation. The senses were now brought into lively action, the intervals between the exercise of the vegetal functions sleeping and feeding became longer, and there was a noticeable progress toward the calm attitude of contemplation which becomes the rational animal. Clifford now attentively regarded not only any foreign object, such as his mamma's dress, which happened to be within sight, but also the visible parts of his own organism. In the ninth week of his existence he was first surprised in the act of surveying his own hands. Why he should at this particular moment have woken up to the existence of objects which had all along lain within easy reach of the eye is a question which has evidently greatly exercised the father's ingenuity. He hints, but plainly in a half-hearted, skeptical way, at a possible dim recognition by the little contemplator of the fact that these objects belong to himself, forming, indeed, the outlying portion of the ego. He also asks whether the child, through a development of the sense of beauty, may have suddenly recognized something of that exquisite modeling of his tiny members on which his fond mother is wont to enlarge. But here the observer appears to be indulging in an unscientific vein of levity.

Psychologists are now agreed that our knowledge of the properties of material objects is largely obtained by means of touch and movement. This is borne out by the observations made on Clifford at this period of his existence. While viewing things about him, he actively manipulated them. The organs of sight and touch worked, indeed, in the closest connection. Thus our little visitor was no mere passive spectator of his new habitat; he actively took possession of his surroundings: like the Roman general, he at once saw and conquered. From the eighth to the tenth week his manual performances greatly improved in quality, and the power of combining, or, as the psychologists now say, coördinating impressions made on the eye with movements of the arms, was rapidly developed. "When," writes the father, "Clifford was seventy-six days old, I first saw distinctly the putting forth of the hand with the definite purpose of reaching an object. Previously to this I had watched him carefully to see how far he could direct the hand to an object held near him. I had tried him with a variety of attractive objects, such as my hand, scraps of colored paper, and so on. These he regarded very attentively, and this habit of attention had manifestly grown of late. Among the objects which attracted him was his mamma's dress, which had a dark ground with a small white-flower pattern. On this memorable day Clifford's hand came by accident in contact with one of the folds of his dress lying

over the breast. Immediately, it seemed to strike him for the first time that he could *reach* an object, and for a dozen times or more he repeated the movement of stretching out his hand, clutching the fold, and giving it a good pull, very much to his own satisfaction."

While on this subject of manual exploration, I had better perhaps say a word or two about the later developments of the power of directing the hands. Clifford was one hundred and thirty-three days (or nineteen weeks) old when he acquired the power of carrying an object (a biscuit) to his mouth. It should be added that the father had been somewhat restricted in this experiment by the authorized guardians of the infant. A thing which was noticeable in this feat was the rapid increase in the precision of the movement. The aiming, from being awkward, soon became exact. What was still more noticeable was that, when the biscuit was afterward held a little farther away, the boy distinctly leaned forward so as to reach it with his mouth. This was the first time he had been noticed to bend his body forward, though he had often been invited to do so by the father's holding out his arms to take him, and so on. The movement looked perfectly instinctive, and quite unsuggested by accidental experiences, such as that by which the movement of stretching out the arm was discovered.

The culmination of this power of reaching visible objects was noticed when he was just six months old. The father then held an object a few inches beyond the reach of his arm; the astute little fellow made no movement. But, as soon as the object was brought just within the sweep of his arm, he stretched forth his hand to seize it. The experiment was repeated and varied, new and unfamiliar objects being selected, and so on, and always with the same result. Clifford had now learned to interpret what Bishop Berkeley calls "visual language," so far as to recognize what amount of convergence of the two eyes answered to the *ultima Thule* of his tangible world.

Let us now go back to the eighth and following weeks. The growing habit of looking at, reaching, and manually investigating objects soon leads to the accumulation of a store of materials for the construction of those complex mental actions which we call perceptions. And often-repeated impressions, more and more clearly distinguished and classified, become the basis of definite acts of recognition. The first object that is clearly recognized by a conscious attention is the face of the mother. In the case of Clifford, the father's face was apparently recognized about the eighth week—at least, the youngster first greeted his parent with a smile about

this time—an event, I need hardly say, which is recorded in very large and easily legible handwriting. The occurrence gives rise to a number of odd reflections in the parental mind. His belief in the necessary coöperation of sight and touch in the early knowledge of material objects leads him to observe that Clifford's manual experience of his face, and more particularly of the bearded chin, has been extensive, an experience which, he adds, has left its recollection in his own mind, too, in the shape of a certain soreness. He then goes on to consider the meaning of the smile. "I can not," he writes, "be of any interest to him as a psychological student of his ways. No, it must be in the light of a bearded plaything that he regards my face." Further observation bears out this argument by going to show that this recognition is not individual but specific: that it is simply a recognition of one of a class of bearded people; for, when a perfect stranger also endowed with the entertaining appendage presents himself, Clifford wounds his father's heart by smiling at him in exactly the same way. Here the diary goes off into some abstruse speculations about the first mental images being what Mr. Galton calls generic images—speculations into which we need not follow the writer.

There is a yet higher intellectual power displayed about the same time in the germ of distinct anticipation. The moment when the baby mind first passes from the sight of his bottle to the imagination of the blisses of prehension and deglutition—a moment which appears to have been reached by Clifford in his tenth week—marks an epoch in his existence. It is plain that he can now not only perceive what is actually present to his senses, but shape representative images of what is absent. This is the moment at which, to quote from the parent's somewhat high-flown observations on this event, "mind rises above the limitations of the actual, and begins to shape for itself an ideal world of possibilities."

The above may perhaps serve as a sample of the observations made on the intellectual development of this privileged child. I will now pass on to quote a remark or two on his emotional development. I may add that the record of this phase of Clifford's early mental life is certainly the most curious part of the document, containing many odd speculations on the course of primitive human history.

The father remarks very early in the diary that the expression of pain or distress in general appears plainly to precede that of pleasure. Crying, of the conscious or really miserable sort, takes place long before smiling or even cooing. This, remarks our observer, probably points to

the fact that in the history of the race the need of making known pains and wants was the more urgent, and so was the one to be first satisfied. Coming now to the particular feelings which have to do with others, it is noteworthy that the earliest feeling to manifest itself is that of antagonism or anger. At least, remarks the father, this was true in the case of Clifford's sister, who, when bidden at the outset of life to do her duty in accepting the nutriment provided by nature, showed all the signs of passionate wrath. The first traceable germ of sympathy—the fellow-feeling which binds men together—appeared in Clifford's case in the eighth week in the shape of responsive cooing sounds when coaxed and comforted by the usual vocal appliances. The chronicler remarks on the fact of the much later appearance of scolding noises, and from this passes to speculations as to the period in human history when men began to exercise power and coercion over one another. There is, I may add, a touch of Rousseau-like sentiment in these remarks.

As to the emotions excited by physical objects, it is an exceedingly difficult thing, in the case referred to, to determine their precise nature. The feeling of wonder at what was new in the environment was a matter of common, every-day observation. Among the objects which first excited a special interest and a prolonged effort of attention were pictures of very unequal degrees of artistic value. Clifford got into the way of taking special note of one or two bits of gaudy coloring when only six weeks old. In these it seemed to be partly the brightness of coloring in the painting or frame, partly the reflections of objects in the glass covering which attracted him. Other things which appeared to give him repeated and endless enjoyment of a quiet sort were the play of sunlight on the wall of his room, the reflection of the shooting fire-flame sent back by the glass covering the pictures, the swaying of trees, and so on. He soon got to know the locality of some of his favorite works of art, and to look out expectantly, when taken into the right room, for his daily show.

Much of this attention was evidently pleasurable: the bright light and the movement stimulated the growing sense, and gave the first crude enjoyment of beauty. The effect of the piano, which, though it made him cry the first time he heard it, afterward quieted and delighted him, goes to prove the existence of such a rudimentary æsthetic sense. Yet this feeling of wonder was not always pleasurable. Novelty has its limit of agreeableness for the baby as for the adult mind, and too sudden a change in familiar surroundings is apt to be disconcerting and even distressing. Thus, when just twelve weeks old, Clifford was quite upset by his mother donning a

red jacket in place of the usual flower-spotted dress. He was just proceeding to take his breakfast when he noticed the change, at the discovery of which all thoughts of feasting deserted him, his lips quivered, and he only became reassured of his whereabouts after taking a good look at his mother's face.

Even when the new object is not thus a rupture of the familiar, its strangeness may affect the infantile mind sadly. Clifford was often remarked by his father drawing a deep sigh after a prolonged inspection of something particularly mysterious, as the face of a clock, or the play of the reflection of the fire-flame. Wonder has its two bifurcating lines of development: it may pass into glad excitement, into an impulse of joyous worship, showing itself in smiles and cooings, or into oppressive awe or fear. In Clifford's case it was noticeable that the same object would produce now the one, now the other effect, according to his condition.

Not only so—and here, says our chronicler, we come to the interesting point—a very few weeks would make all the difference in the effect of the same objects. For example, a not very alarming doll belonging to Clifford's sister, after having been a pleasant object of regard, suddenly acquired for him, when he was nearly five months old, a repulsive aspect. Instead of talking to it and making a sort of amiable deity of it as heretofore, he now shrieked when it was brought near. And there seems to have been nothing in his individual experience which could account for this sudden accession of fear. And, similarly, strangers who, as I have observed, once were impartially greeted with a hospitable smile, began about the same time (in his sixth month) to appear in a very disagreeable light.

These observations led Clifford's father to long speculations as to the inheritance of certain feelings. Thus he hints that the special interest taken by his child in reflections may be a survival of the primitive feeling respecting the second selves or ghosts of things which anthropologists, as Mr. E. B. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer, tell us was first developed in connection with the phenomena of reflected images, shadows, etc. Yet he evidently feels a difficulty here, since Clifford somewhat provokingly remains supremely indifferent to his own reflection in the glass. He goes on to ask whether the fear called forth by the doll and the face of strangers at a certain stage of the child's development is not clearly due to an instinct now fixed in the race by the countless experiences of peril in its early, pre-social, Ishmaelitic condition.

Among other feelings displayed by the young Clifford was that of amusement at what is grotesque and comical. When only four or five

months old he was accustomed to watch the antics of his sister, an elfish being given to flying about the room, screaming, and other disorderly proceedings, with all the signs of a sense of the comicality of the spectacle. So far as the father could judge, this sister served as a kind of jester to the baby monarch. He would take just that distant, good-natured interest in her foolings that Shakespeare's sovereigns took in the eccentric, unpredictable ways of their jesters.

I will not run the risk of wearying the reader by following the diary into the record of the early stages of the development of will. This is less rich and full than the other parts. After all, the "will" in this early stage of existence seems to be nothing but a sort of occult metaphysical "will to live" about which we have recently heard so much. What we mean by an orderly will is developed out of a number of instinctive impulses aided by recollection and intelligence. These instinctive impulses come into play in the first months of babyhood, and the chronicle of Clifford's achievements contains some curious facts on this head. To select but one, the observant father calls attention to the fact that, while the impulse to seize objects manifested itself, as we have seen, when he was eleven weeks old, the impulse to relinquish showed itself considerably later. Thus, after he had first succeeded in carrying the nipple of his bottle to his mouth, his action failed of its object through the want of an impulse on the part of the hand to relax the grasp. And the first deliberate act of throwing away an object of which he had become tired did not occur till some months later. This fact leads the chronicler to go off into a somewhat cynical vein of reflection on the grasping propensities of the race.

I will conclude this fragmentary sketch of Clifford's early mental development by remarking that when twenty-seven weeks old he began to articulate sounds quite spontaneously. Up to this time he had had some understanding of sounds, for he would turn to the well-known lithograph recently given us by the enterprising publishers of the "Graphic," when the words "cherry ripe" were spoken. But his own powers of vocal execution were of the scantiest. His vocabulary may be said to have been confined to vowel-sounds ranging from the broad *ā* to a cockney *ow*—that is to say, *ā-ōō*. But now he suddenly bethought himself to extend his range of articulation, and within twenty-four hours lit on the important additions "da! da!" and "ba! ba!" Here, then, we may take our leave of him, fairly on his way to become a rational animal, distinguished from all inferior creatures by the possession of a system of signs or a language.

I leave this transcript from the diary of a psychological observer to produce its own proper effect on the minds of my readers. They may not, perhaps, altogether share in the worthy parent's estimate of the importance of these researches. Some of them, particularly among the mothers, who have had their own field of inspection, may be disposed to regard certain of his observations as trite and commonplace. Others, again, of the cynical bachelor class, may think that they discover now and again traces of weak paternal sentiment, mingling with and adulterating the pure ore of scientific curiosity. And, finally, sober people may find some of the social

speculations put forward in the record far-fetched if not absurd. However this may be, I feel I have done my task in letting them know something of the nature of the new fashion in the domain of psychological inquiry. Whatever the *scientific* worth of the results so far obtained, nobody but a cynical contemner of all human tenderness will doubt the *ethical* importance of an occupation which is so well fitted to soften the sex which Nature has not taken the same pains to mollify that we have seen her take in the case of the other half of our race.

J. S. (Cornhill Magazine).

THE TWO PRISONERS.

I.

A QUEER visitor called on the city clerk of Nördlingen in the year 1654. A stranger, a fellow about twenty years of age, of large stature and seemingly of great strength, but of neglected and beggarly appearance, presented himself one morning at the office, planted himself without any sort of salutation in front of the clerk and stared at him in silence.

To the gruffly-put question, "What do you want?" he replied as gruffly, "A rope."

The city clerk informed him that he had applied at the wrong address, and that the rope-maker lived around the corner. The man replied that he had no need of a rope-maker, that it was the hangman he sought; he wished to be hanged. The clerk, to whom this reply caused no little trepidation, believed the stranger to be mad, and called a sturdy servant to his side before proceeding further.

The stranger then confessed himself a homeless tramp, called Jörg Muckenhuber by his companions, and, as his language was a patchwork of as many different dialects as his coat was of variegated rags, it was readily conceded, even in the absence of a passport, that his home was everywhere and nowhere.

He then briefly and composedly related that he had murdered a traveling peddler a few weeks since in the neighborhood of Nördlingen, and had also dispatched a foreign Jew on the road between Augsburg and Kaufbeuren. The murdered peddler and Jew banished sleep at night, and, as he had committed the former murder within Nördlingen territory, the council of this imperial city could not possibly refuse to hang him on the Nördlingen gallows.

The city clerk took him severely to task, contending that anybody might come with such a story; the city had erected its gallows for its own citizens and not for foreign vagabonds; but he nevertheless caused Muckenhuber to be securely confined, and submitted the matter to the council.

The council itself, *in corpore*, could not at first make up its mind whether the fellow was a fool or a desperate villain. But it was at that time the custom to put crazy people in the same place of confinement as thieves and murderers. Jörg Muckenhuber was for the present confined to the safe keeping of the tower, and the matter was therefore properly begun, whatever the nature of subsequent developments might be.

The torturer, pastor, and surgeon, who visited the prisoner in succession, and each sounded him after his own fashion, declared unanimously that the fellow, although extremely coarse and ill-conditioned, was nevertheless of perfectly sound mind, and that he stuck to his confession.

The case was, of course, soon the subject of much gossip throughout the city, and of contention among the good burghers as to the propriety of hanging a man merely upon his urgent request and confession, although no other proof could be furnished, for nowhere could a trace be found of the murder alleged to have been committed on the traveling peddler.

Even when Muckenhuber was brought out under a strong guard attended by a great concourse of people, to show the place where he had murdered the peddler and buried his body, no corroborating evidence of the act could be discovered, although the fellow succeeded in still further confusing and misleading the officers who had him in charge by his cunning statements and

subterfuges. Through thick and thin the prisoner stuck to his original statement: he had murdered a peddler within Nördlingen territory, and must therefore be hanged on a Nördlingen gallows.

Although the burghers of the little imperial city were at that time as much accustomed to highly seasoned criminal dramas as to their daily bread, yet the excitement over this unheard-of case increased from day to day; and in particular did they find it difficult to possess themselves in patience until the arrival of the anticipated answer from the magistrates of Augsburg and Kaufbeuren, to whom the Nördlingen court had sent the papers in the case, with the request that they would, in a kindly neighborly spirit, cause a searching investigation to be made into the alleged murder of a Jew between the two cities. In neither place, however, could the slightest trace be found of such a murder.

Although in the sharp procedure of the sixteenth century the confession of the accused stood higher than any other proof, his judges remained undecided, especially in view of the circumstance that Muckenhuber ever and again adduced new reasons to account for the absence of all corroborative evidence.

Recourse was therefore had to that severest of all touchstones—the torture. As confessions of guilt had so often been tortured out of people who insisted upon their innocence, why might not also a confession of innocence be tortured out of a man who insisted on his guilt?

The torture-chamber, however, only made matters worse, for when the thumb-screw was applied Muckenhuber stood sturdily by his old story, and when, in order to further arouse his conscience, the "Spanish boots" were laid on, he even proceeded to confess to a list of robberies, each of which in itself merited expiation on the gallows. The judge directing the torture had also intended administering to the accused a ride on the "sharp-backed donkey," but, lest the obstinate fellow should then in addition confess to the crime of arson, oft repeated, it was decided to stop after the application of the first two degrees of the *peine forte et dure*; and the triumphant Jörg was led back to his prison. The high council was, however, more at a loss than ever, for, while the shrewder burghers began to realize that Jörg Muckenhuber was making game of the imperial city, such a case of gallows-humor was nevertheless quite unprecedented, and no one could imagine a reason why this unkempt vagabond should offer his neck to the noose and his limbs to the rack. This was entirely too much even for the most hardened of jokers. Added to this, not only the alleged crime, but Muckenhuber himself had, as it were, sprung up from

the earth overnight, for as little could be ascertained of his origin as of his crimes. Some thought to settle the difficulty by roundly declaring that he was the devil himself in disguise amusing himself by leading all Nördlingen about by the nose, but this theory left the most difficult part of the question, the disposition to be made of this tramp, still unsolved.

In that day public opinion inclined pretty decidedly to the theory that it was better to hang three innocent persons than to allow a single guilty one to escape. And for that matter Jörg Muckenhuber was guilty in any case, for if he had committed those murders he merited the gallows, but if he had not he merited the gallows all the more for having made such game of the entire council of an imperial city. But, as it could not be agreed in which of the two ways he had merited the gallows, he was for the present allowed to remain quietly in his prison.

II.

THIS prison was anything but a cheerful place of sojourn. Muckenhuber's cell was situated half above, half beneath the earth, in a little tower surrounded on three sides by a ditch filled with water; of light there was none too much, though at noon of a sunny day enough twilight penetrated through a little window or slit in the wall to have enabled the occupant of the cell to distinguish a chair from a table, had there been any such articles of luxury present. The neighborhood was, however, all the better. Without, beneath the window, the frogs sang in many-voiced chorus. Adjoining the cell was another, whose occupant, an old woman, stoutly denied that she was a witch. Her so-called window also opened on the ditch, and, when the two neighbors spoke through their windows, they could converse very well, but without seeing each other, and the frogs only could overhear what they said.

This intercommunication had begun in a somewhat peculiar manner. The woman's loud praying was the first intimation Jörg had of her existence. Her prayer was not a gentle, humble entreaty, but impetuous, almost violent, as though it were a question of insisting upon justice rather than asking favors. Jörg had never learned to pray, either in a loud or a low voice, and at first her praying impressed him as being simply curious; but finally the circumstance that an old woman ventured to speak with such emphasis to the Almighty inspired Jörg with respect, and led him to suppose his neighbor must be of colossal size, and capable of subduing ten or more men.

He did not take upon himself to open communication with his neighbor, but waited till she should become aware of his presence and speak

to him. Even heroic women are fond of chatting, and thus it came about that the two companions in misfortune were soon on intimate terms without ever having seen each other. The ear had to perform a double function—to see and hear at the same time. At the outset Jörg responded to the friendly advances of his neighbor with many a defiant, mocking speech, but the old woman's replies were always so mild, and showed such superiority, that Jörg's audacity was soon tamed.

This at first despised communion with his unknown neighbor soon became a sweet necessity. Three things began to move his hard heart: the silence of his cell; the voice of Nature through the throats of the frogs beneath his window, which at times seemed to lure him back to the freedom of the woods; and, lastly, the voice from the compassionate human breast so near him.

And yet he stuck to his resolve to be hanged at Nördlingen.

After a few days Jörg was thoroughly informed as to the history and prospects of his neighbor, but he, nevertheless, maintained entire silence regarding his own.

The old woman, Maria Hollin, was the wealthy, childless widow of the proprietor of the Crown Tavern. To be accused of witchcraft in her sixtieth year was her fate. A rich witch was a rarity; nearly all the poor and ugly women had, however, been burned at Nördlingen in the course of the last five years and, as every witch had been compelled to name her accomplices, and as the zeal of the judges only increased with the number of executions, the turn of the beautiful, young, and wealthy women came at last also. Unhappy women were to be found there in abundance, but there was not another who was at the same time so unhappy and so heroic as Maria Hollin. She had been stretched on the rack eighty-five times, and had confessed nothing! Jörg's conviction, based on the tone of her prayers, that she could subdue ten men, was justified. The judges were in despair. To acquit a person who had been subjected to the torture eighty-five times was not to be thought of, and to condemn her without a confession was also quite out of the question.

Moreover, intelligence of the fortitude of Maria Hollin had reached the people, and had awakened much secret sympathy in her behalf, as well as gradually increasing dissatisfaction with the terrible witch-sentencing judges. Until now everything had in the main worked smoothly. Thirty-two women had been accused, tortured, convicted, and burned, without there having been a great ado about the matter. In extreme cases it had only been found necessary to allow one or

another of them to remain suspended to a rope with weights attached to her feet, until the judges had breakfasted; when they returned to the rack it was invariably to receive the frankest confession. And now the obstinacy of this woman had suddenly checked the majestic course of this most admirable criminal procedure! Although there was a large number of other suspected women in the prison, it was deemed inadvisable, in view of the growing dissatisfaction of the people, to begin new proceedings until the present case had been disposed of.

In addition to their other troubles, the judges now found themselves confronted with the scandalous case of Muckenhuber. The one they would have so gladly condemned, yet she would not confess her guilt; the other they would have so gladly acquitted, yet he would not confess his innocence! The city clerk expressed the opinion that the difficulty could be most satisfactorily disposed of if Jörg Muckenhuber were only a woman, too; by a happy mistake he might then be burned as Maria Hollin, and the latter set free as Muckenhuber, by which proceeding both would have their way, and the court stand justified.

But, worst of all, a diplomatic storm was threatening the council in the southeastern horizon, from the direction of Ratisbon. It chanced that Maria Hollin was not a mere nobody, but the daughter of an official of the city of Ulm, and her influential connection there, convinced of her innocence, had prevailed upon their magistrate to intervene in her behalf with the council of Nördlingen. But this action proved of no avail, the city clerk expressing the opinion that the reputation of the court was at stake, and that it would be highly dangerous to acquit a woman whom they had subjected to the torture eighty-five times without being able to fasten upon her any guilt whatever. The magistrate of Ulm was, however, persistent. At that time an important session of the Imperial Diet was being held at Ratisbon, and the emperor, Rudolph II, was present in person. The city of Ulm gave its envoy instructions to intercede in behalf of Maria Hollin with the envoy of Nördlingen, and, his intervention in this quarter proving fruitless at first, he threatened to invoke the imperial power against the administration of justice prevailing at Nördlingen.

Although Maria Hollin was not accurately informed as to the position of affairs, she was, nevertheless, aware that mighty friends were active in her cause, and this conviction served only to steel her courage. Her judges were, on the other hand, all the better informed as to how matters stood, and as they could not go on, and were unwilling to retreat, they did nothing, al-

lowed the procedure to languish, and all the accused to remain where they were, in prison. By the operation of a sort of parallelogram of these various forces, an involuntary court vacation was thus established at Nördlingen.

Maria Hollin's story made a profound impression on Jörg Muckenhuber. Before his judges he had until now imagined himself a hero, before this true heroine he could only regard himself as a wicked wretch. Out of pride and defiance he had concealed his true history from the former; before this woman he was mute for very shame; and yet as time progressed he found it impossible to resist the firm, sympathetic voice of his neighbor. At times it seemed to him a voice from heaven, for it was the voice of a true human being, and as such at that time as new to him as heaven itself.

Thus gradually tamed, he began to confess his true history to the old woman, and, although he well knew that judges of the Inquisition were in the habit of inciting fellow-prisoners to allure and betray each other, he was equally well assured that Maria Hollin would keep his confession as inviolate as would the frogs that listened in the ditch below. Only, he found it difficult to begin his confessions.

At first he asked her if she had never seen two savagely fighting dogs, with jaws so firmly interlocked that their grip grew firmer and firmer the more it was sought to separate them with blows. He and his judges were just such a couple of dogs. The advice of the city clerk, when on the very first day he suggested the application of the thumb-screw, was alone sound. He would probably have confessed at once, but, having once grappled with his judges, the torture had been of as little use as the blows given the dog when it had once taken its hold. But no, this was not the right way to begin.

After again considering the matter for a long time, Muckenhuber related to his neighbor that together with his parents he had, since his childhood, led the life of a shameless tramp, indulging in all the wild delights of a restless, worthless, wandering life, but also suffering its privations, dangers, and disgrace. He had never committed murder, robbery, or theft, but had only taken what he needed. Of such a life one soon grew weary. He was at enmity with his relations, his friends, and himself. He was tired of roaming about, and yet could not make up his mind to remain long anywhere. Life had lost its zest, and yet, to make away with himself, and have his body found in the forest or fished out of some ditch like a miserable beast that had perished, was not to his liking either.

Now, he had often heard death on the gallows praised as the most beautiful of deaths, and the

"best men" and heroes of whom he had heard his companions speak had ever been heroes who had attained the height of their glory on the highest round of the gallows-ladder. To be hanged was, in the vernacular of his companions, to celebrate one's marriage; the delinquent was the bridegroom, the gallows the bride, the assistant executioner was the clerk, and the hangman the priest who united the couple with the firmest of bonds, the rope; the dance in the air was the marriage-dance.

For the purpose of bringing a life which for him had lost all charm to a brilliant and honorable termination had Jörg come to Nördlingen, a city at that time celebrated for its summary administration of justice, to place himself at the disposal of the authorities.

For the rest, Jörg remarked that he would not have murdered any man, not even a Jew, if he had known beforehand how very particular the people were here. He finally concluded as he had begun: he had now grappled with the gentlemen of the council, and he meant to have his own way; had they applied the torture on the first day, they would have wrung the truth from him; even a flogging, although a sound one might have been necessary, would have answered the purpose. Now, he would stick to the two murders he had invented, though they should pull him to pieces with red-hot tongues. They were his own, his creations, his inviolate property, bought and paid for with his sufferings!

Jörg had thereupon to listen to a terrible sermon from Maria Hollin. To judge by her voice, he now imagined her standing in her dark cell like the angel with flaming sword in hand. For all that, this sermon affected him but little. He felt much more profoundly humiliated when, in the silence of the night, he compared her heroic courage and contempt of death with his own history; in such moments his obstinate defiance seemed to him but a vile counterfeit of her noble fortitude. When she appealed with unstinted severity to his conscience, he acknowledged her to be right in all things; only, he was unwilling to admit that others were in the right. When she condemned his course, it terrified him almost as much as if her words had been the condemnation of the day of judgment; but it was his purpose all the same to play some pranks on the authorities of Nördlingen, and be hanged on their gallows.

In the mean time months passed by. The two neighbors, who had never seen each other's face, became more and more to one another. Jörg had never loved a human being as he loved this woman, before whom he felt so much ashamed of himself, and who visited such scathing sermons upon him; and the old woman dis-

covered so many latent virtues in this wild child of nature that she sometimes almost reproached herself with finding so much that was good in this wicked fellow. To her profound consolation she, the wicked witch, succeeded in administering to this self-accuser before the court a little bit of Christianity, that is to say, as much thereof as could manage to squeeze itself through the little barred slits in their prison-walls. Jörg willingly accepted all the articles of the creed submitted to him, but also abided by that foremost article of his own creed, that the gallows of Nördlingen was his rightful destiny.

III.

JÖRG had grappled with the council, and the council with Jörg, but the council had also grappled with itself on Jörg's account. This body had divided itself into two parties, who were in such a state of conflict that the occasion of the conflict was quite forgotten in its bitterness. The one party, as already remarked, wanted to hang Jörg because he had committed murder; the other because he had not committed murder. The city clerk—very quietly, however, and standing quite alone—constituted a third, an intermediate party. He wanted to let Jörg escape, "for," said he to himself, "had the torture been resorted to on the first day we should have gotten at the truth; to-day it is too late; now, if we wait until the two parties are agreed on the grounds why Jörg should be hanged, he might, in the mean time, die of old age in the tower, to the disadvantage of the city, which would have to bear the expenses of his food and lodging." Basing his argument on his knowledge of men, the clerk further concluded that Jörg had probably after so many weeks become heartily weary of confinement and the jail-fare, and that the best solution of the difficulty would be to leave his prison-door open, by accident as it were, and afford him a welcome opportunity to escape. With the occasion of the controversy, the controversy itself would disappear; people would wonder how it was possible that such a good-for-nothing scamp could have created such a turmoil; the administration of justice would escape dishonor; and he, the clerk, would take upon himself the vindication of the negligent jailer.

He therefore often arranged that the door of Jörg's cell should remain unlocked. Jörg noticed the omission, but kept his ground, nevertheless; he wanted to be hanged on Nördlingen territory. But, when he, one day, informed his neighbor of the increasing negligence of his jailer, the matter assumed a new phase. With the mere thought of the open door (although not the door of her own cell), a mighty yearning for freedom awoke in Maria Hollin's breast. "If I could only get

out!" she exclaimed, "not that I wish to escape; I should only leave to return again. I should go to tell my friends at Ulm of the shameful wrong done me, and to return again with the proofs of my innocence. I do not even care for my liberty, I care only to save my honor and reputation—!" She did not quite finish her sentence, but Jörg understood her.

He had long been at work endeavoring to break through the wall that separated their cells, but had hitherto made but little progress, his only tool being a scrap of iron. Since this exclamation of his neighbor he had, however, worked incessantly and with the strength of a giant, and on the third night he found it would be possible to creep through the hole he had made in the darkest corner of his cell.

There was no time to be lost. On this night Jörg's door had again been left unsecured. Their leave-taking must be short. Maria Hollin crept through the opening into her neighbor's cell. Jörg sank to the earth, clasping the woman's knees, and crying, as if to express his entire obedience and gratitude in a single word—"Mother!" and she passed her hand caressingly over his features in the darkness, exclaiming, "My poor, unhappy son!"

The two friends who had never seen and were yet so much to each other then separated. The childless widow had then for the first time, and with the full feeling of a mother's heart, pronounced the words "My child," and the tramp who had never known his mother, for the first time, and with profound filial reverence, uttered the name "mother."

For the night Maria Hollin concealed herself in the house of faithful friends, to continue her flight to Ulm on the following morning. Jörg, however, crept into the witch's little chamber, and, when in the morning the jailer came to pass the slender prison meal through a narrow opening in the door, he covered himself with the cloak left behind by his former neighbor, and cowered in the farthest corner; and, when the jailer passed on to the door of his own cell, he rapidly glided through the hole in the wall, and received a second breakfast as Jörg Muckenhuber. With much dexterity he kept this up for almost an entire week, and would have enjoyed the fun greatly, had not the thought of the faithful neighbor he had lost saddened him.

A day came, however, on which not only the aperture but the entire door was opened, and in stepped the city clerk, accompanied by the jailer, and commanded Maria Hollin to follow him to the court-room. Jörg kept up his *rôle* as long as he could, and cowered, as if terrified, in the darkest corner, motioning the intruders back with mute gesture. But when the clerk ex-

claimed, "Woman, follow me without fear—I conduct you to liberty, and not to torture!" Muckenhuber threw the cloak aside, oblivious of his assumed character, and sprang defiantly forward, crying out to the alarmed clerk, in response to his cheering words: "No, you won't; for I mean to be hanged, and here in Nördlingen, too!"

The clerk's rage knew no bounds when he saw that the witch had escaped, and the tramp had remained behind. It was in reality to freedom that he had meant to conduct Maria Hollin, but to freedom under important conditions, and now she had vanished in the most unconditional manner; Jörg, on the contrary, who should have vanished unconditionally, was still there to distract the council as heretofore. "You scamp, there is no making away with you!" exclaimed the incensed clerk. Muckenhuber quietly replied, "That you make no attempt to do so is just what I complain of!"

In the case of Maria Hollin, matters now stood as follows: The aspect of affairs at Ratisbon was so threatening that the majority of the council hesitated, and began to array themselves against the three members of the body who had given the first impulse to the witchcraft tragedies, and had for the last five years conducted a perfect reign of terror. The rapidly increasing indignation of the people, who were awaking as from a feverish dream, encouraged this majority; and the witch-persecuting judges saw more and more clearly that their rule was drawing to a close, and that it was time to think of their own safety. They had therefore resolved to give Maria Hollin her freedom, under the condition, however, that she would subscribe and swear to a document of the following contents: She accepted her freedom as an act of grace, would hereafter neither complain of her judges, nor seek to avenge herself on them personally; she would leave the city within twenty-four hours, and would for ever observe the most complete silence concerning the entire procedure in her case. From a terrified old woman who saw the torture-chamber behind and the stake before her, it was believed it would be an easy matter to obtain on such easy terms the desired sworn statement. The alarm of the council was therefore great when they heard of her escape, for she would now be able to agitate the people and make any accusations she pleased from a safe distance.

The city clerk cut a sorry figure when he appeared before his brother officials, leading into the court-room, not the old woman, but Jörg Muckenhuber. The gentlemen of the council reproached each other in the most bitter terms, and with increasing loudness and violence, until

a perfect storm arose, when the deep bass of the city clerk, resounding over all this Babel of voices, suddenly, as with a charm, secured silence, and restored harmony. He exclaimed: "For all this evil, Muckenhuber, and he alone, is to blame. Hang him up unless he at once recalls his confession!" Jörg responded, "I recall nothing!" and when asked by the clerk for the second time, "and again nothing," and for the third time—

There, as though fallen from the skies, stood Maria Hollin in their midst, accompanied by two of the most respectable citizens of Nördlingen and Ulm. She fastened her gaze severely on Muckenhuber, and said to him, quietly but firmly: "Jörg, you will recall your false confession!" Struck as with a thunderbolt by this sudden apparition and voice, Jörg stood silent, and cast his eyes down. For a moment there was entire silence, then Jörg spoke: "No other power on earth could have made me recall my confession, but I can not lie in this woman's face; I do recall it!"

In the mean time the crowd without, uttering the wildest threats against the council, and demanding Maria Hollin's immediate release, grew more and more uproarious. The gentlemen of the council scented danger in delay. After a short, secret consultation, the clerk read to the old woman, in the most seductive tones he could command, the statement it was desired she should make under oath. But Maria Hollin replied that it was justice and not mercy she demanded; she had presented herself solely in order that her trial might be conducted to its termination with all formality; she would not swear to that statement.

The gentlemen of the council made long faces, and were disposed to try persuasion, though they well knew from experience that persuasion could accomplish little with this woman.

At this moment Maria Hollin suddenly observed that Muckenhuber was being heavily ironed for the sake of greater security in the prison to which he was about to be reconducted, and her heart was profoundly moved by the despairing gaze he fixed on her. After a brief interval of reflection, she addressed the judges as follows: "You have stooped to bargain with me, and are therefore no longer rightful judges, for judges may not bargain. Being no longer judges, you can no longer administer justice! Good: I, too, will now bargain. Give me the freedom of this bad boy; I will adopt him as my child, take him with me to Ulm, and endeavor to give him a better rearing than you can give him. During the eleven months I have spent in the tower my fortune has lain unproductive; in justice you should compensate me for the interest I have lost; give me this boy, I will accept him in lieu

of the interest due me, as an increase to my possessions vouchsafed me by God during the period of my suffering. With this condition I will subscribe and swear to your paper."

The threatening crowd had already penetrated to the hall leading to the court-room. The council would have no choice but to accept, even if the condition imposed by Maria Hollin had been much more onerous.

When she came to sign the paper she found with it a bill for her board and lodging during the eleven months of her imprisonment. This she, however, smilingly returned to the clerk, who, the furious crowd being already at the door, tore it to pieces with all possible expedition, scattering the fragments under the table.

Jörg, who had in the mean time been relieved of his chains, gazed about him as in a dream, passively submitting to all that took place.

Maria Hollin took him by the hand and led him to the door, where they were received by the entering crowd with jubilant shouts. To show that he was even now not quite at his wits' end, the clerk called out to the departing couple in semi-audible tones, "This gentle child of adoption will in his home at Ulm at last find the gallows to which he is justly entitled."

Maria Hollin heard what he said, and, turning

on the threshold, exclaimed in a loud tone of voice: "City clerk, you too should be imprisoned for eleven months, in order that you might learn to understand the human heart. You would then perhaps find that there are people who despise death and at the same time long for it, so desolate, so devoid of charm are their rude lives; and that, on the other hand, there are many who have partaken so plentifully of what is truly glorious in life that they have learned to love it, who are fearless of the death they do not seek. The former fear death because they have not learned how to live; for the latter it has fewer terrors, because they know well how to live. I mean to teach this, my son, so to live that he shall learn to despise in a true Christian sense the death of which he has already shown himself fearless in his own wild way."

She kept her word. In her house Jörg became a brave and honest man, whose services to his new home, the city of Ulm, were in the first decade of the Thirty Years' War of so important a nature that its people long held his name in honor. The witch-persecuting judges of Nördlingen were deposed from their offices, and the entire city government renewed and purified. Upon those five years of terror followed a better era, in which law and justice again held sway in the time-honored old imperial city.

From the German of Professor W. H. RIEHL, by CHAPMAN COLEMAN.

THE FORTUNES OF LITERATURE UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE value of literature, as an art of expression, unquestionably depends upon the social conditions under which it is practiced. However differently, in particular cases, the balance of indebtedness between the author and his age may be accounted, society does determine somewhat his mental characteristics, and still more the limits of his experience; his work is a reflex of the social life in which he shared. If it fortunately happens that the authors and the people of a country think and feel about the same objects in ways not so dissimilar as to make them unintelligible to each other, and thus possess an essential bond of union, literature becomes an expression of national life, a permanent embodiment of the national spirit. The literature of England answers most nearly to this idea of a national literature; and therefore M. Taine, as he himself says, chose to write of it, because it

best illustrates and supports his theory—that a nation's life—the character and circumstances of its people and the special social movements of its successive ages—determines, by a force akin to natural law, a specific literature. If he had chosen to write of American literature, how ill would it have served his purpose! Perhaps M. Taine would reply that we in America are not a literary people, that we have no national literature, and that what literature has flourished among us is of a leaf and fiber sprung from foreign soil; in such a reply, indeed, there would be much truth.

Certainly our literature has been, to a remarkable degree, remote from the national life. There has been but slight mutual obligation between our books and our politics or our society. Even among men of genius, who are usually more withdrawn than others from the influence peculiar to their time, and are either indifferent to them

or masters over them, our men of genius seem peculiarly isolated. Their temperaments, in so far as these were the result of past human experience working secretly through the subtle channels of hereditary descent, were born of a civilization far different from our own, a civilization religious, colonial, and local, not secular, self-sustaining, and national. These men fashioned the treasures of our literature by their own creative force and artistic instinct, with but slight obligation to their country either for the material of their work or for the knowledge of their craft. Engrossed with their own unshared powers and qualities, they stood aloof from the nation and its concerns. They set out on the eternal search for beauty and truth, guided, like all the greatest, by the elemental principles in human nature, like voyagers on strange seas, steering by the polestar, borne on by trade-wind or Gulf Stream; but their ships were unfreighted with a public hope. Or—since voyagers is too venturesome a name for them—say, rather, they joined the company of pure artists, who, illuminating the spirit of man rather than the spirit of their age, acknowledge the lordship of no country, but belong to the race—the men who gather within themselves, as into a star of intenser light, the scattered and obscure rays that are a lamp of beauty to the feet of every man. Amid that company how should they hear the axe ringing in the lonely wilderness of the Genesee, or catch the joy on the face of the adventurous explorer on hard-won mountain-peaks, with the promised land spread out westward before him? Some unreal Hiawatha-echo did penetrate even there; some prospect of an Astoria, with its natural marvel and human hardihood (less prized than the ruinous, legend-haunted Alhambra), was caught sight of; a spell of romance was woven about the Hudson, and a mysterious beauty evoked from the wintry life of Puritan dwellers by the shores of Massachusetts Bay; but to the America present before them it is scarcely too much to say our men of genius were wellnigh deaf and blind. There is something startling in this spectacle of the gifted and trained mind absorbed in its pursuit of imaginative delight, heedless of the humble muscle which was meanwhile building up a great nation; seldom, in literary history, has there been so complete a sundering of the changeless work of men's spirits from the work of men's hands which, however transmuted, still no less endures.

Our men of genius were isolated in yet another way. Undervived and solitary genius has frequently not only stimulated and delighted its contemporaries; it has gathered about itself a band of disciples, has kindled zeal, deepened conviction, hardened intellectual strength, so that

on its eclipse its battle with darkness went on in the victory of younger men—men not of genius, but of culture. Among us literature has had no such continuous tradition; where the torch fell, it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imitators, who came to nothing; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived, no poet has caught the music of Longfellow, no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. They are not connected with their countrymen even by the secondary tie of calling into being a body of literature with power to enter effectively into the nation's life, to shape the character and determine the expansion of its thought. We have not earned the right to claim these men as a national possession by any important contribution to the growth of their genius, nor have they given us that right by anything distinctively national in their work or their influence; ushered in by Donatello and Evangeline, they find a welcome at the hearthstone of every lover of the beautiful, but, except for the accident of birth, there is little reason why the welcome should be warmer in America than in England.

Men of culture, whose work makes up the larger portion of any literature, are much indebted to circumstance and opportunity. In America they have been, as has been seen, without a literature of virile power; they have also been without a society vigorous enough to stamp an image of itself in letters. In the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges, the wit, sense, and malice of a cultivated society expressed themselves with such intelligence that the age, although one of high political excitement and of great consequence to the institutions and civilization of England, is yet mainly known as a literary age. The society from which American men of culture took their bent was civilized in other ways than that at Twickenham, but it was so inferior to it in its sense of the value of literature to life, in active, keen intelligence, and in consummate mastery of the art of speech, that it was incapable of any similar literary expression. The lack of such a society as the wits of Queen Anne moved in sent our men of culture to attend in English drawing-rooms and at English dinner-tables. This resort to the Old World was natural, and indeed inevitable. The Revolution made us an independent nation, but in literature we remained a province. At the beginning of the century it was sneeringly yet truly said that the Americans let Europe make their fashions and their books for them, as if our women were without taste and our men without mind. We developed ancient English political ideas, and, with our ears intent upon the future, we put ourselves under the sway of the ideas to come, de-

mocracy and its unrevealed forces; in literature, on the contrary, we sought neither to disestablish nor to amend the English tradition. We kept not only the unchangeable standards of good literature, but so possessed were we by the social spirit and tastes of the mother-country that we kept also the subject and the style in which the peculiarities of a nation manifest themselves if at all. Thus Irving, our first great man of letters, deriving his culture from social life abroad, taking his style from Addison and Steele, and interesting his readers in sketches of English rural life or in foreign legend, came to leave (in Mr. Lowell's phrase) "a name either English or Yankee." So, too, Ticknor, Allston, and their successors were molded by the foreign influence; the foreign standard of education and literature became firmly established, and has not yet yielded its ground.

"You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,

With their salt on her tail your wild eagle is caught;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean."

What Mr. Lowell wrote of his generation has not ceased to be true of our time. To-day American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens. In these later years, however, our strongly marked national life has given rise to a domestic literature (if I may so term it) having to do with ourselves and our own concerns; it reflects, it is true, the ruder elements of our civilization—our rough life on the border, our vulgar life abroad, our homely middle-class life in the East—and it is usually embodied in fugitive and imperfect forms, but sometimes, as in the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in forms of exquisite finish. This literature, whatever its defects, is the product of our own soil, and unsheathes a green blade of hope. In England some of it has met with a sort of criticism—as if, being American, it were absolved from Old-World canons of excellence and free to indulge whatever extravagance, nonsense, or immodesty it pleases, if only a flavor of the soil be kept—that shows clearly enough that English taste is no longer definitive for us, and in this fact there is also a sign of promise. But, if we except this younger and less perfect literature, it would seem that the nation has contributed but little more to culture like Lowell's, adorned by dignities and graces that are the acquirements of laborious years, than to genius like Hawthorne's, aureoled by its own effluence. If humor be left out of the account, it is broadly true that whatever is characteristically American in our men of culture as a class has been overborne, checked, blighted,

deadened by the mastering spirit of the English tradition.

This state of things is, however, neither dishonorable nor disheartening. The existence of a powerful foreign influence has never proved innate and pervasive feebleness in the men who receive and assimilate it. It shows an unsatisfied craving, a need of human nature making itself imperatively known and seizing with avidity on what it requires; it shows, in a word, the incompleteness of native culture. Thus the young men of England in one age resorted to Italy, in another to France; that great age of Queen Anne was woven warp and woof, English sense, strength, and grossness with French taste, skill, manner, as well in the court as in the literary sets; in each age the foreign influence supplemented native culture, but did not displace it; transformed and refined, but did not destroy it. The uninterrupted, though lessening, ascendancy of the English tradition in American literature indicates not only that our civilization is of English descent, and that we rightly claim a share with Englishmen in the honor of their literary past, as is too often and too boastfully said; it indicates that our national life has not provided nutriment for intellect, that our men of culture have submitted to be Anglicized as their only resource for remedying this defect in our civilization—a defect, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Arnold, in the sense of the value of intelligence applied to literature.

This does not involve our being an illiterate people. On the contrary, we are, as a nation, anxious for literary fame. We are grateful to our men of letters. We honor their works among the noblest ornaments of the republic. The illustrious names in our literary annals are familiar in our households and ready on our lips. The grief that was felt at Irving's death, men of his generation say, was only less than the mourning over Washington. The loss of Bryant revealed undiminished admiration for the pursuit of literature. From what does this popular feeling spring? Is it rooted in a perception of the civilizing power of literature, in an adequate comprehension of the great offices that are discharged by literature, as a mode of refined amusement, as a treasury of knowledge about the things of the mind, as a bond of sympathy with humanity, as an open access to the fellowship of the great? Something of this conception there is; but the popular desire for literary fame springs, there is too much reason to fear, from a jealous national pride, and is rooted in the thin soil of national vanity. But, whatever its cause may be, this popular appreciation of success in literary pursuits encourages literature, and we are, besides, a reading people. Why, then, in spite of these

two favorable conditions for literary production, are we deficient in the sense of the value of applying intelligence to literature?

The answer is obvious. In the great work of furthering civilization—that multiform and complex result of many powers working toward the one final end of harmonizing the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life—in this great work where the nations are enlisted each in the service of some few of these many powers, and make progress each along those lines which are either indispensable or most expedient for itself, it has fallen to the lot of our people to be penetrated by the value of two great ideas, and we serve these with all our strength and with all our heart; the ideas, namely, of democracy, as a means of securing the well-being of great multitudes of men, and of the economy of labor, as a means of lessening human toil and increasing the share of material goods that the ordinary man will obtain. These two ideas, belief in the power of democracy to lift the masses into a life of larger freedom and more active intelligence, belief in the power of the utilization both of natural forces and of human ingenuity to increase the comfort of life, control our civilization, and subordinate to themselves all other ideas in which a civilizing power lies. We are not Greeks secure of our liberty and our bread and wine, interested in the things of the mind, in beauty, and wisdom; our interest, for better or worse, is to make sure the welfare of those engaged in the humble occupations of life. To this task we are irrevocably committed; in achieving it man can afford to lose much else that is also valuable.

Let us consider the influence of these two great ideas upon our literature successively. Democracy created the common schools for a public defense against popular ignorance. The common schools gave rise to a great reading class; they made us, indeed, a nation of readers. This great class is eager for information, teachable, sensible of the uses of books for amusement and instruction. It is endowed with the tastes and attached to the standards that naturally belong to a class accustomed by its democracy and Protestantism to rely above all things upon private judgment; that is, to trust decisions of which the validity is limited by a narrow experience. Curiosity is its most noticeable characteristic. It is curious to know what is going on in the world, to learn the manners and customs and the aspect of distant lands, and the events that take place in them, to understand mechanical processes and the scientific explanation of natural phenomena; and these interests, the variety and relative force of which may be measured with considerable accuracy by the contents

of "Harper's Monthly Magazine" (still more by the columns of our Sunday newspapers), are unduly stimulated by the multiplicity of books consequent on modern facilities for travel, the diversity of our industrial development, and the exhaustless variety of scientific experiment and enterprise. This great reading class is curious, too, but in a far less degree, to know biography and history; here its curiosity stops. It does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas. The same class in France, the readers among the French people, are interested in the ideas of speculative politics; our public is indifferent to them, for it has a complacent satisfaction with our institutions as they are, and is possessed by a conservative instinct. The ideas of rational religion, too, our public hears of, for the advocacy of them is loud-voiced and aggressive; but the public shrinks from them. It does not escape from them: they have lessened the vehemence with which hereditary ideas in religion are held, have increased tolerance, and have made men easy in holding vague notions and content with half-convictions; but they have discredited religious discussion, and have failed to enter into the national life with the disintegrating and destroying power of continental rationalism. The curiosity of our public enlarges mental horizons and multiplies mental activities; but it does not penetrate to the spirit, it does not vitalize thought, or result in wisdom. It is a curiosity about facts, about concrete things, the things of the world; it is not a curiosity about the things of the mind, about ideas.

The second obvious characteristic of our great reading class is its fondness for sensation, its desire for strong, pungent, and unusual effects—the analogue of the barbarian's delight in glaring colors. An acute observer of large experience has lately told us—and any news-stand will bear out his testimony—what is the imaginative literature on which our least cultivated reading class feeds—tales of romantic adventure on the high-seas, of ruffianism on the border, of impossible deeds, and ridiculous successes. But what is the case with the reading of the higher class, the class that is the best product of the common schools, that reads Dickens, Macaulay, Poe, and even, sometimes, Carlyle? Is not one reason why Dickens is more popular than Thackeray with this class his lack of temperance, which led him to caricature rather than portray, which led him at times to discolor and distort human nature? Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and

that in his hands discolor and distort history? Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing of the marvelous genius, too little acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class. Carlyle is a thinker, but he is among the first to be read by that small portion of the public which has a nascent and fitful interest in the things of the mind; and he is read by them and by others of larger culture because he wields a Thor-hammer, because when he celebrates the dignity of work he is thinking of the labors of Hercules, because when he adores heroism he has in mind Valhalla warriors, because even when he exalts the virtue of silence he raises a din of words. Here, too, I say nothing of the truth that is in him, but is not one great source of his power the fact that he uses the sensational manner, that he discolors and distorts truth? These great men of letters, in whose work imagination has so large a share, hold reality with a slackened grasp, and this commends them the more to readers of imperfect culture, which is, perhaps, most surely tested by such delight in illusion as characterizes our great reading class. The taste of our public, in imaginative literature, errs by departing from the real; it also errs by departing from the beautiful. To say this is to say that our public, discontented with reality and contented with ugliness, has no conception of pure art or the attempt to evolve the beautiful out of the real; it does not reject pure art (for the highest privilege of pure art is that it gets itself acknowledged wherever there is a spark of feeling or a ray of mind), but it does not require art to be pure. To sum up, the curiosity of our public leaves the mind too opaque to ideas, its fondness for sensation leaves the spirit too impatient of truth, too tolerant of what is gross and rude. There is little need to add that the patronage of such a public will not of itself give rise to any valuable speculative or imaginative literature.

The second great idea of which mention was made, the idea of economizing labor as a means of material progress, has developed the characteristic national virtues, resolution, enterprise, ingenuity, industry, and has wrought out vast and beneficent results. What is praiseworthy in its work is familiar to all. In respect to literature,

its most obvious influence has been to lessen the amount of intelligence in the service of literature. It has had the giving of the prizes that men are prone to think the great prizes of life—riches, power, and the social consideration that comes of these; it has drafted off the intelligence of the country in pursuit of them, and has discouraged literature as it has discredited other modes of human activity. In doing this, however, it has created wealth, and one great function of wealth is the encouragement of literature. How has wealth discharged this function in America? In other countries wealth creates a body of cultivated intelligence in the community, a class of men such as Mr. Arnold addressed upon equality, and which he described, "The large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, with an abundance among them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." In England this class has been built up mainly from the younger branches of the aristocracy, from the universities, and from the owners of hereditary wealth amassed in the commerce of the last two centuries. We, in America, are glad that we have no aristocracy; we are accustomed to sneer at the possessors of wealth inherited from the commerce of two or three generations ago—the blue blood; we have universities, scores and hundreds of them, but it will be as well not to inquire how they fulfill their function of forming a body of intelligence such as Mr. Arnold describes. What is the class that our wealth has produced—not the men engaged in useful employments, but the men relieved from engrossment with business, who have opportunities for the indulgence of liberal tastes? What is the nature of this class? It is a class of seekers after material comfort, a class that satisfies the senses with no ulterior end beyond securing gratification, devoted to luxury and the display of it, a sensual class. Abroad, its members have Paris for their Mecca; their home and national goal of pilgrimage is New York.

The wealth of to-day has not given us a body of cultivated intelligence; nevertheless there is such a body among us; there are individuals, many of them, with the characteristics of the English class. They have come from the wealth of past generations, from the families of the elder clergy, and from those self-made men who have acquired liberal tastes which are either the result of a university education or the equivalent of one. But they do not constitute a distinct and coherent class. They do not naturally gravitate toward a center like London or Paris, as the intellect of England and France gravitates. They are scattered throughout the country and among suburban towns. They have little social communication with one another. Their very ability limits

their culture, for in their isolation it tempts them to indulge idiosyncrasies of taste, to be excessive here and defective there, because they lack the companionship of other equally active minds to restrain their excess and repair their deficiencies. They have no means of knitting themselves into a society, of making themselves felt as a body of intelligence ought to make itself felt. Some years ago Mr. Arnold complained that the cultivated class in England was similarly made up of isolated members who formed "no powerful body of opinion," and were "not strong enough to set a standard up to which even the journeyman work of literature must be brought if it is to be vendible." He was comparing the English class with the French Academy. But the English class is not further removed from the French Academy in point of consistency, stability, dignity, and effective force, than our cultivated class is removed from that of England in the same respects.

Out of this deficiency results another—the lack of a body of right criticism. It is safe to assert that there are not a half-dozen organs of critical opinion in America for which a respectable author would care in the least. The habit of our critics is to give a synopsis of the work under review, to correct its errors of print or of statement, and to make it known to the world. This may be a very useful or even indispensable service, but it is not criticism. Criticism educates rather than informs. Were there among us an effective body of cultivated intelligence, it might recall and invigorate this misdirected and feeble criticism, for it is the natural office of such a body to receive impressions from the higher critics, to modify its standards of taste in consequence, and to apply these modified standards to current literature or to require their application by others. Without such a body criticism is seldom a mode of advancing excellence. There is no need to dwell upon this. Let any one compare secondary criticism abroad, its vigor of thought, its various culture, its range of information, its compass of reflection, its sense of how many different considerations limit any judgment, with secondary criticism in America, and the poverty of the latter will be only too plain. The worst mischief of all is, that the great reading class is left, without the restraints of higher criticism, to the mercy of its own narrow interest in ideas, and to its own false taste, and is abandoned to the license of the authors who know the trade of pleasing it too well. The people is teachable, but no teacher is found for it. Yet, in an age of stable democracy and of unstable religion, literature has a tenfold value for the people. Few realize how true it is that the time is at hand when the ideals of life must be enforced by literature, or not at all. The moral

health of the community depends, in a rapidly increasing degree, upon what it reads; for this reason there are few things which thoughtful Americans need to observe more closely than the drift of our literature toward permanently low standards.

These facts—that the main body of American literature adapts itself to the demands of an imperfectly educated public, that the cultivated class in America exerts no considerable influence upon the popular taste, and, furthermore, produces no separate literature markedly its own, and, thirdly, that American criticism is so inferior as scarcely to deserve attention—will determine, in the main, the immediate future of American literature as an expression of national life. If these conditions of development continue unchanged, America must be indebted, in the next generation, to the influence of foreign taste and foreign thought upon her men of letters, and to the origination power of whatever isolated men of genius may be born to her, or else she will produce no worthy literature. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these conditions of literary development are riveted upon the nation. There are several forces at work to counteract the present drift. Our great reading class has created public libraries, which have for one of their highest functions the amelioration of the popular taste. The able acquirers of wealth have endowed many academic and collegiate institutions, and the West, deeply sensible of the value of education, has provided for its higher branches perhaps too generously; these seats of learning, however rude and imperfect now, will become hearths of culture. The gross, indolent, newly enriched class, if its wealth continues in the same families, is likely to give place, in the next generation, to a class of rudimentary and, in some instances, even of liberal culture. Foreign influences will, as in the past, repair the defects of native standards. Men of genius, should they arise, will work their unforeseen changes. The idea of material progress, too, must yield somewhat its commanding position, as a larger body of men acquires the means of leisure for the higher occupations and enjoyments of the mind, and thus literature, relieved from the excessive competition of business pursuits, will enlist more servants. Something may be hoped, also, from the intelligent attempt, now being made in New England, to form a true literary taste in the children of the common schools; it is possible that such a taste may be bred into our people by means of the public school and public library—instruments equal in power to the Dionysiac Theatre, and vastly greater in their range of power. All these considerations blended together justify a larger hope than at first seemed

rational; but the revolution that these influences may bring about will be slow and difficult.

I have referred, with scarce intelligible brevity, to that great function of literature—the keeping alive the tradition of the ideal life. It is this function that literature in America has discharged most inadequately. Emerson and Hawthorne alone, the first in a wider, the second in a far narrower circle, have been spiritual teachers of their countrymen. This failure is a symptom of the chief danger in American social life; it seems to show that the idea of democracy will result, as its opponents have always predicted, in a debasement of the social ideal. Democracy has given to America political liberty, social equality, and a fair field for all who wish to win the prizes of life; but this is an imperfect gift. It is much to have secured these advantages; but, although they have contributed to the greater cleanliness, hopefulness, and industry of ordinary human life, there is something yet lacking. The main characteristic of the social life they have developed in this country is its homeliness; the main characteristic of the social life toward which civilization works is beauty. If democracy has exhausted its virtue in creating a homely life; if it tends to make men contented with less perfection than they are able to reach; if it results in undervaluing the best in man's nature—it is, to that extent, at war with civilization; at war with the attempt to reconcile the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life. Democracy holds the future in its fee, and will work out the destiny of the children of the masses, and decide what is to be the lot of him who is born into the world's struggle for life with only the capacities of the ordinary man; but, if, in doing this, it reduces the highest to the level of the commonplace, it is out of harmony with that natural law, hitherto approved by reason, which tends to preserve the most perfect types at the cost of the less perfect. In order to avoid such an issue, it is necessary for the people to learn that political freedom, social equality, and a fair field are not all the blessings at which society should aim; that, by themselves alone, they are not even the most valuable things in life, but are merely essential conditions of blessings which they make possible; it is necessary that the people should cultivate a sense of the value of other civilizing powers—beauty, literature, manners—of whatever goes to civilize the life of men's hearts and brains. The practical ideal of life, that which the ordinary man actually strives toward with hope, at least, of partial success, would then be modified, and the homeliness of social life in America might then give way to the beauty of a highly civilized life. The development in America of such a highly cultivated people as

were the Athenians is as little to be hoped for as the appearance of such a highly cultivated class as were Queen Anne's men of letters; but American civilization must realize something of the Athenian ideal if it is to produce a national literature worthy of respect. For, after all is said, the defects of American literature, as an expression of the nation's life, are due, when the last analysis is made, to the social ideal; its hopes for the future depend upon the probability of a radical change in that ideal.

The fortunes of literature in America may have a value for Englishmen beyond that of an example of the influence of democratic institutions upon an important department of human activity. The English type of civilization has already been modified by the American type in several respects, and may approach it still further, perhaps most nearly in this matter of popular literature. It is a significant fact that the peculiar literature of the American public has already stolen its unnoticed way to the mother-country, as is evinced by the comparatively great circulation in England of such popular magazines as Harper's and Scribner's monthlies. It may be that, as the provincial universities become established and extend their influence, and as the special education of women assumes more importance, the standards of culture will become more diverse and the principles of the ruling criticism will become less restraining; it is probable that the more general education of the people in the common schools will create a reading class endowed like our own, demanding a special literature on which the hold of the higher criticism will be slack almost to feebleness. It is not possible that there should be a decline in the vigor of the English genius; but perhaps, in the modification of old classes under the influence of modern life, the line of demarkation will be too sharply drawn between the middle class, of irresistible power in determining the national life, and the cultivated class in which the higher civilization survives. Two dissociated literatures may arise, one of the people, the other of real culture, but the former of vastly the greater power. It is enough to suggest such far-off contingencies for whatever consideration they may meet among men who remember that popular instruction is now, more and more, by books and not by sermons, by newspapers and magazines, not by prayer and praise. Meanwhile the great fact remains, that the English race on either side the ocean has hitherto, if the whole range of life be taken into account, best solved the problem of securing the welfare of the ordinary man; the further working out of that task in England and America is of vast consequence to mankind. It may be that the social ideal is

to be debased; but, if literature is worthy of its great office as a spiritual teacher, if it has regenerative force, a new ideal may arise, as I believe it will, the ideal that George Sand placed before the French peasant with faith in his final accomplishment of it, the ideal of the life of that "happiest of men, who, having the science of his labor and working with his own hands, earn-

ing welfare and liberty by the use of his intelligence, shall have time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God." The fortune of literature in America, in lending little effective aid toward this result, may yet be retrieved; the fortune of literature in England, let us hope, will need no retrieving.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY (*Fortnightly Magazine*).

MRS. LAMB'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. LAMB is certainly to be congratulated upon the successful completion of her arduous task. Nearly four years ago it became our pleasant duty to record in the "Journal" the appearance of her first volume, covering the period from the foundation of the city (*anno urbis condita*) to the eve of the Revolution. A second portly but compendious volume brings the narrative down to the present time, and Mrs. Lamb rounds off her work with a picturesque, descriptive sketch of the great metropolis as it appeared in 1880.*

In our notice of the earlier volume of this work, we said: "It is much more than a history; it is a teeming *omnium gatherum* into which have been collected, along with the customary historical data, a whole library of biographical sketches, all the legends and traditions that have clustered around the achievements of the pioneers, family histories, personal and social anecdotes, the characteristic gossip of the several periods, picturesque delineations of manners and customs, and a kaleidoscopic succession of *tableaux vivants*, in which we catch as in a mirror 'the very age and body of the time.' The wonder is that, amid such a variety and profusion of material, the author has not entangled herself in an inextricable labyrinth of words; but the thread is never wholly lost, the narrative moves continuously if not steadily forward, and the reader speedily discovers that the mass of apparently irrelevant matter which seems to impede the story really illuminates and vivifies it as nothing else could."† All this, *mutatis mutandis*, is precisely what rises in the mind to be said of the second volume of Mrs. Lamb's

work. There are the same opulence and profusion of materials, the same teeming variety of anecdotal and illustrative details, the same carefully outlined portraits of distinguished or conspicuous persons, and the same pictorial treatment of characteristic incidents, fashions, customs, and ceremonials. If anything, there is a more vivid sense of the superabundance of materials in this volume than even in its predecessor, and a keener interest in observing how the author confronts the difficulties of her task.

One of these difficulties, which may almost be said to have begun with the second volume, was that of deciding what area, so to speak, should be covered by her narrative. Prior to the Revolution, the history of New York had a certain completeness and homogeneity. The relations between the several colonies were not so close but that it is perfectly easy to trace the separate career of each, and to disentangle the various threads of interest where they seem to intermingle. Of course it is not possible for colonies, any more than for individuals, to maintain a position of absolute isolation; but New York, Philadelphia, Boston, were as clearly discriminated from each other in the pre-Revolutionary period as if they had belonged to different hemispheres. The difficulty, indeed, would have been to find a stream of history broad enough to comprise and blend their several currents; and in the earlier half of her work Mrs. Lamb seldom found it necessary to go outside the limits of the colony of which New York City was at once the heart and the head. With the outbreak of the joint War for Independence, however, the situation completely changed. What was going on in New York at any given moment became much more dependent upon the resolutions of a body of men sitting at Philadelphia, or the movements of a general in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, or the fortunes of war in South Carolina and Georgia, than upon the impulses and interests of her own

* History of the City of New York: its Origin, Rise, and Progress. By Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Copiously illustrated. Vol. II. Embracing the Century of National Independence, closing in 1880. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Large 4to, pp. 820.

† See "Appletons' Journal" for December, 1878.

inhabitants; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one of the most influential events in the history of the city occurred at Yorktown, Virginia. After independence had been achieved, and New York was become the metropolis of an empire instead of the headquarters of a province, the interlinkings of its destiny with that of other and distant localities grew increasingly complex; and, during the greater portion of the period covered by Mrs. Lamb's present volume, it has been impossible to say with precision of any given event whether it belonged to the local history of the city or to the general history of the country.

The difficulty to which we have referred as pertaining particularly to this later installment of the work was that of deciding how far beyond the immediate limits of the city the chain of events should be traced, or whether an arbitrary limit of any kind should be accepted. On the one hand, there was the danger that, in isolating New York too much, we should be made to lose sight of the dominant fact that it is the focus of the multiplied interests of a great nation—the central ganglion of a continental nervous system. On the other hand, there was the danger lest, in launching out upon the tidal movement of events, we should lose sight entirely of that little rill which, after all, has a course and significance of its own.

The method practically adopted by Mrs. Lamb is that of subordinating the particular to the general; and her second volume is really a very serviceable compend of the post-Revolutionary history of the United States. Her account of Federal legislation and of the various Revolutionary campaigns is more detailed than has previously been given in any except the two or three larger general histories, and the same may be said of her narrative of the War of 1812, and of the incidents which led to it. In many portions, indeed, it is difficult to perceive what relation the narrative bears to the history of New York City, until we remind ourselves of the fact that Mrs. Lamb has deliberately constructed her record upon the theory that, as she says in the introduction to her earlier volume, "New York is the central point in all American history."

That the adoption of this plan has involved a loss as well as a gain will very readily be perceived. There are few readers who would not be both interested and instructed by Mrs. Lamb's outline of the national history, dwelling as she generally does on the picturesque and personal side of events; but, after all, her space was limited, and the inclusion of one series of facts has, of course, involved the exclusion of another series which some will be apt to regard as even more pertinent. Of what we may call the political side of the city's history, for example, Mrs.

Lamb has substantially nothing to say; yet, from whatever point of view we regard it, it is difficult to deny the immense significance as well as the curious interest of this. Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., has truly remarked that the next great political problem which the race will be called upon to solve is that of the government of great cities under democratic institutions; and there is scarcely an aspect of this problem upon which the municipal history of New York would not throw light, if carefully recorded and interpreted. With an unprecedentedly rapid accumulation of wealth, and the absorption of the more influential part of the inhabitants in this accumulation; with a mixed population composed largely of aliens, yet enjoying all the opportunities afforded by universal suffrage—the involutions and consequences of these two circumstances furnish material for a record as significant as was ever penned; yet Mrs. Lamb's only reference to any of these topics is the casual remark that, of two hundred thousand immigrants coming into the port of New York, about fifty thousand usually become denizens—they can hardly be called citizens—of the metropolis. Still more significant of the limitations of the book in this respect is the fact that neither Tweed's, nor Sweeney's, nor Oakey Hall's name appears in the index; while the only reference to the transactions with which their names are associated is as follows: "One of the dark passages through which New York has recently passed, was in 1872, when the citizens of both political parties combined against the public plunderers who had for years controlled the city government. A committee of seventy was chosen, and the leaders of one of the most remarkable conspiracies ever aimed at municipal integrity brought to justice."

Aside from the implication here that the "dark passage" consisted in the combination of the citizens against the public plunderers, and the bringing of the latter to justice, it is difficult to avoid the feeling that far too little is made of "one of the most remarkable conspiracies ever aimed at municipal integrity," and one of the most significant episodes in the history of the city. We are convinced, indeed, that, with her keen sense of the picturesque and the striking, Mrs. Lamb would have bestowed far more attention upon the "Tweed régime," but for the pressure upon her space as the work drew to its close. The wellnigh universal mistake in the construction of works of such magnitude is that a disproportionate space is assigned to the earlier periods, involving hurry and a *diminuendo* scale toward the end; and Mrs. Lamb is not among those who have succeeded in avoiding this mistake. Three liberal (and highly interesting) chapters are devoted to an account of the War

of 1812, in which the part of New York City was, to say the least, not conspicuous; and, as a consequence, the entire period between 1835 and 1880—including the Civil War, the Draft Riots, the Tweed Ring frauds, etc.—has to be dealt with in a single chapter, which, after all, is rather descriptive than historical.

This is a criticism suggested by a survey of the work as a whole, but in the actual reading of the earlier portions one is seldom disposed to find fault with the introduction of those details for which Mrs. Lamb has such an insatiable appetite, and which she exhibits such patient industry in collecting. The opening scenes of the Revolutionary War are described with great zest and animation; and we get from her narrative a new sense of the extent to which, in places like New York, it was a sort of civil conflict between quondam friends and neighbors, and of the rough-and-ready justice dispensed to Tories and other suspected parties. The special difficulties encountered by New York in joining the confederation of the colonies and the special efforts made by the English ministry to detach her from the threatened coalition are extremely well described; and so, in the main, are the military incidents of the opening campaign around New York, which resulted in its becoming for upward of seven years substantially a British garrison town.

Regarding one of these incidents, however, we are constrained to qualify our commendation. With an amiable desire to excuse a fault in those who have already been grievously punished for it, Mrs. Lamb devotes nearly a page to exculpating the conduct of the detachment at Kip's Bay (near the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, on the East River), whose poltroonery came very near costing Washington half the army with which he was defending New York City. The facts of that affair—one of the most humiliating of the entire war—are, briefly, as follows: Hoping to effect a surprise which might enable them to cut the American army in two, and capture at least half of it, the British commander, on the morning of September 15, 1776, placed a numerous body of troops on a flotilla that had been secretly collected in Newtown Creek, and sent them across the river, under cover of five men-of-war, to effect a landing on Manhattan Island some distance above the unsuspecting city. Observing this movement, and knowing that the fate of Putnam's division in the city was sealed unless the landing could be delayed, the Americans sent two brigades in hot haste to support the detachment at Kip's Bay; but this support arrived on the ground only to find that the detachment, without waiting for either attack or defense, had fled from their intrenchments, leaving the British to land and advance unmolested.

"This was hardly cowardice," says Mrs. Lamb, because "it was well known that the city was not to be defended." Moreover, "had such a handful of troops opened fire upon the enemy, it would have been a mere exhibition of foolhardiness, as useless as unjustifiable," since "nothing was to be gained by it." The propositions that when it is generally known that a place is not to be defended to the last extremity, the troops at any given point are entitled to abandon it on the approach of the enemy without rendering themselves amenable to the charge of cowardice, and that it is an exhibition of foolhardiness to fire on troops who are assaulting works which you are stationed to defend, will be sufficiently novel to students of the science of war; but, aside from this, their inapplicableness in this particular case is but too dismally apparent. In the first place, the position of the American army was such that its safety was in a peculiar degree dependent upon the steadiness and tenacity of detachments placed in precisely such positions as that at Kip's Bay; and, in the second place, to have delayed the advance of the British for thirty minutes would have been worth more to Washington and Putnam than the lives of the entire detachment, even if they had all been "brave men and true." Moreover, the verdict of Washington himself is decisive. No great commander ever took a more lenient view of this sort of misbehavior on the part of his men; but when, at the end of a four-mile gallop from headquarters, he came upon his fleeing and demoralized troops, the outburst of his wrath is said to have been terrible to behold, and there can be no doubt that in the effort to arrest their panic he exposed his valuable life in a desperate and reckless manner.

But, indeed, it must be said that Mrs. Lamb's entire attitude toward war is characteristically amiable, not to say feminine. She evidently sees something like turpitude in the manoeuvres by which the British, during the period of inaction after Sir Henry Clinton's return to New York from Philadelphia, destroyed sundry outposts of the American army who had neglected the usual precautions against surprise. One would have supposed that she might have taken to heart the answer which in a previous chapter she represents General Philip Schuyler as making to General Burgoyne when the latter spoke regretfully of the destruction of the former's Saratoga property: "Don't speak of it," said Schuyler; "it was the fate of war." But it is quite evident throughout that Mrs. Lamb's idea of the duty of the British is that they should stand out fairly in the open and be beaten, and that she finds it difficult to reconcile herself to that sort of reprisals in which Americans were the sufferers.

The circumstances and ceremonies of the

Peace are very well told, and the fact that New York was for a year or so the capital of the young nation furnishes Mrs. Lamb with the opportunity for several of her most interesting and animated chapters. The social life of this period was particularly brilliant, and Mrs. Lamb deals with it *con amore*; but, though we had marked several passages for quotation just here, we must content ourselves with her account of the welcome extended to General Washington when he came to New York to be inaugurated as first President under the Constitution (in 1789). The theme is hackneyed, of course, but for that very reason the selected passage will serve all the better to illustrate the author's talent for lively and picturesque description—a marked and characteristic feature of her work:

"Thompson [the Secretary of the Senate] arrived at Mount Vernon on the 14th of April, and on the morning of the 16th Washington started for the seat of government. He wrote to Knox that his 'feelings were not unlike those of a culprit going to the place of execution'; and in his diary recorded his 'mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than he had words to express.' His journey, however, was like one continued triumphal procession. Cities, towns, and villages vied with each other in doing him honor. People gathered by the roadside and shouted as he rode by. Soldiers were paraded, triumphal arches were erected, and flowers were strewn along his pathway. At Gray's Ferry, over the Schuylkill, he was escorted through long avenues of laurels transplanted from the forests, bridged with arches of laurel-branches, and, as he passed under the last arch, a youth concealed in the foliage dropped upon his head a beautiful civic crown of laurel, at which tumultuous shouts arose from the immense multitude. At Trenton a magnificent triumphal arch, supported by thirteen pillars, had been erected by the ladies, and, as the hero passed under it on his white charger, thirteen lovely maidens carrying baskets scattered flowers plentifully before him, singing at the same time an ode composed for the occasion. At Elizabethtown Point he was received by a committee from Congress, of which Elias Boudinot was chairman, and by Chancellor Livingston, Secretary Jay, Secretary Knox, the Commissioners of the Treasury, the Mayor and Recorder of New York, and other dignitaries.

"An elegant barge constructed for the purpose of conveying him to the city was in waiting, commanded by Commodore Nicholson, in which he embarked, and as it moved from the shore other barges, fancifully decorated, fell into line. The glittering procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, when, as if by magic, dozens of boats gay with flags and streamers dropped into its wake. All the vessels and sloops in the bay were clad in holiday attire, and each saluted Washington as he passed. The Spanish man-of-war Galveston displayed every flag and signal known among

nations, as the presidential barge came abreast of her. Upon a sloop under full sail were some twenty-five gentlemen and ladies singing an ode of welcome, written for the occasion, to the tune of 'God save the King.' Another small vessel came up, distributing sheets of a second ode, which a dozen fine voices were engaged in singing. Bands of music on boats upon all sides, perpetual huzzas, and the roar of artillery filled the air, while over the whole exhilarating scene the sunshine fell from cloudless heavens.

"The ferry stairs at Murray's Wharf were carpeted, and the rails hung with crimson. Governor Clinton received the President as he landed upon the shore which had been recovered from a powerful enemy through his own valor and good conduct, at which moment popular enthusiasm was at its climax. The streets were lined with inhabitants as thick as they could stand, and the wildest and most prolonged cheers rent the air. Military companies were in waiting to conduct Washington to the mansion prepared for his reception, but it was with difficulty that a passage could be pressed through the joyous throng. Colonel Morgan Lewis, aided by Majors Morton and Van Horne, led the way, and the various regiments were followed by the officers of the militia, two and two, the committee of Congress, the President-elect with Governor Clinton, the President's suite, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of New York, the clergy, the foreign ministers, and an immense concourse of citizens.

"Every house on the route was decorated with flags and silken banners, garlands of flowers, and evergreens. Every window, to the highest story, was filled with fair women and brave men. Every inanimate object seemed alive with the waving of handkerchiefs and hats. From the skies, apparently, fell flowers like snow-flakes in a storm. And in every possible form of unique device and ingenious ornamentation the name of WASHINGTON was suspended from roof to roof, and upon fanciful arches constructed for the occasion. The multitude shouted until hoarse, and the bells and guns caught up the echoes, and with ceaseless clamor and deafening din proclaimed the universal gladness.

"Upon reaching his destination Washington was immediately waited upon and congratulated by the foreign ministers, and by political characters, military celebrities, public bodies, and private citizens of distinction. He then dined with Governor Clinton at the gubernatorial residence in Pearl Street. In the evening the entire city was brilliantly illuminated."

More animated still, though too long to quote, unfortunately, is the description of the inaugural ceremonies and festivities; and the accounts of the Federal celebration, in honor of the ratification by New York of the Federal Constitution, and of the festival to celebrate the completion of the Erie Canal (in 1825), may fairly be described as masterpieces of their kind. With faults of style that lie upon the surface, and with occasional crudities that are rather surprising in one who is evidently so painstaking a writer, Mrs.

Lamb has an unailing instinct for the picturesque, the salient, the characteristic; and, in her record of any given series of incidents or occurrences, she may be relied upon to direct attention to that which is best worth attention.

This faculty is not possessed in equal measure by many writers who on other grounds would be entitled to a higher rank, and it is owing to it chiefly that the "History of the City of New York" is readable throughout. Yet this is not the only, nor the highest, quality of an historian that Mrs. Lamb has manifested; and we should feel that we had done less than justice if we failed to bear cordial and unequivocal testimony to the tireless assiduity and patient industry with which she has sifted and arranged the bewildering

mass of her materials. The printed authorities to which she refers and which she quotes would alone have been sufficient to intimidate a less resolute inquirer; but these have only furnished what may be called the holiday portion of her task. From family archives and from the unpublished accumulations of the antiquarian and historical societies she has gleaned much that is fresh as well as interesting; and it is evident that many of her facts are the fruit of that direct questioning of living persons which to many students is the most discouraging and repellent of tasks. Upon the genealogies alone an incredible amount of labor must have been expended; and her volumes are a great storehouse of facts which no future historian or student of history is likely to neglect.

A DIALOGUE ON POETIC MORALITY.

"God sent a poet to reform his earth."

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

"AND, meanwhile, what have you written?" asked Baldwin, flicking the flies with his whip from off the horse's head, as they slowly ascended, in the autumn afternoon, the hill of Montetramito, which, with its ilex and myrtle-grown black rocks, and its crumbling mounds, where the bright-green spruce-pine clings to the washed-away scarlet sand, separates the green and fertile plain of Lucca from the marshes of the Pisan seashore. The two friends had met only an hour or so before at the foot of the Apennine pass, and would part in not much more again. "And what have you written?" repeated Baldwin.

"Nothing," answered the younger man, drearily, leaning back languidly in the rickety little carriage—"nothing, or rather too much; I don't know which. Is trash too much or too little? Anyhow, there's none of it remaining. I thrust all my manuscripts into my stove at Dresden, and the chimney took fire in consequence. That's the tragic history of all my poetical labors of the last two years." And Cyril, lying back in the carriage with his arms folded beneath his head, smiled half sadly, half whimsically, in the face of his friend.

But Baldwin did not laugh.

"Cyril," he answered, "do you remember on a birthday of yours—you were a tiny boy, brought up, like a girl, with curls and beautiful hands—one of your sisters dared you to throw your presents into the garden well, and you did it, before

a number of admiring little girls: you felt quite a hero or a little saint, didn't you? And then my little hero was suddenly collared by a big boy fresh from school, who was his friend Baldwin, and who pulled his ears soundly and told him to respect people's presents a little more. Do you remember that? Well; I now see that, with all your growing up, and writing, and philosophizing, and talking about duty and self-sacrifice, you are just the self-same womanish and uncontrolled *poseur*, the same romantic braggadocio that you were at seven. I have no patience with you!" And Baldwin whisked the whip angrily at the flies.

"Mere conceit—effeminate heroics again!" he went on. "Oh, no, we must do the very best! Be Shakespeare at least! Anything short of that would be derogatory to our kingly nature! No idea of selecting the good (because in whatever you do there must be talent), and trying to develop it; no idea of doing the best with what gifts you have! For you are not going to tell me that two years of your work was mere rubbish—contained nothing of value. But, in point of fact, you don't care sufficiently for your art to be satisfied to be the most you can; 'tis mere vanity with you."

Cyril became very red, but did not interrupt.

"I am sorry you think so ill of me," he said, sadly, "and I dare say I have given you good cause. I dare say I am all the things you say—vain, and womanish, and insolently dissatisfied

with myself, and idiotically heroic. But not in this case, I assure you. I will explain why I thought it right to do that. You see I know myself very well now. I know my dangers; I am not like you—I am easily swayed. Had those poems remained in existence, had I taken them to England, I am sure I should not have resisted the temptation of showing them to my old encouragers, of publishing them, probably; and then, after the success of my other book, and all their grand prophecies, the critics would have had to praise up this one too; and I should have been drifted back again into being a poet. Now, as I wrote you several times—only, of course, you thought it all humbug and affectation—such a poet as I could be I am determined I will not be. It was an act of self-defense—defense of whatever of good there may be in me."

Baldwin groaned. "Defense of fiddlesticks! Defense of your vanity!"

"I don't think so," replied Cyril, "and I don't think you understand me at all in this instance. There was no vanity in this matter. You know that since some time I have been asking myself what moral right a man has to consume his life writing verses, when there is so much evil to remove, and every drop of thought or feeling we have is needed to make the great river which is to wash out this Augean stable of a world. I tried to put the doubt behind me, and to believe in art for art's own sake, and such bosh. But the doubt pricked me. And, when suddenly my uncle left me all he had, I felt I must decide. As long as I was a mere penniless creature I might write poetry, because there seemed nothing else for me to do. But now it is different. This money and the power it gives are mine only as long as I live; after my death they may go to some blackguard: so, while I have them, I must give all my energies to doing with them all the good that I possibly can."

"In that case better give them over to people who know best what to do with them—societies or hospitals, or that sort of thing—and write your verses as before. For I don't think your thoughts will add much to the value of your money, Cyril. You've not a bit of practical head. Of course, you may, if you choose, look on idly while other people are using your money. But I don't think it is specially worth doing."

Cyril sighed, hesitated, and then burst out rapidly:

"But it is the only thing I *can* do—do you understand? I can't write poetry any more. Perhaps that may be the only thing for which I was ever fit, but I am fit for it no longer. I can not do what I have got to despise and detest. For I do despise and detest the sort of poetry

which I should write—mere ornamental uselessness, so much tapestry-work or inlaid upholstery. You believe in art for art's own sake—Goethianism—that sort of thing, I know. It is all very well for you, who have an active practical life with your Maremma-drainings and mine-diggings, a life in which art, beauty, and so forth, have only their due share, as repose and refreshment. It was all very well in former days also, when the people for whom artists worked had a deal of struggle and misery, and required some pure pleasure to make life endurable; but nowadays, and with the people for whom I should write, things are different. What is wanted nowadays is not art, but life. By whom, do you think, would all the beautiful, useful things I could write, all the fiddle-faddle about trees and streams and statues and love and aspiration (fine aspiration, which never takes a practical shape!) be read? By wretched, overworked creatures, into whose life they might bring a moment of sweetness, like a spray of apple-blossom or a bunch of sweet-peas into some black garret? Nothing of the kind. They would be read by a lot of intellectual Sybarites, shutting themselves out, with their abominable artistic religion, from all crude real life; they would be merely so much more hot-house scents or exotic music (*con sordino*), to make them snooze their lives away. Of course, it is something to be a poet like those of former days; something to be Tasso, and be read by that poor devil of a fever-stricken watchmaker whom we met down in the plain of Lucca; but to be a poet for the cultured world of to-day—oh, I would rather be a French cook, and invent indigestible dishes for epicures without any appetite remaining to them."

So saying, Cyril jumped out of the gig, and ran up the steep last ascent of the hill. He had persuaded himself of his moral rightness, and felt quite happy.

Suddenly the road made a sharp bend between the overhanging rocks, grown in all their fissures with dark ilex tufts and yellow broom and pale pink cyclamen; it turned, and widened into a flat grass-grown place, surrounded by cypresses on the top and ridge of the hill. Cyril ran to the edge and gave a cry of pleasure. Below was stretched a wide strip of Maremma swamp-land, marked green and brown—green where the grass was under water, brown where it was burned into cinders by the sun; with here and there a patch of shining pond or canal; and at the extremity of this, distinguishable from the grayish amber sky only by its superior and intense luminousness, the sea—not blue nor green, but gray, silvery, steel-like, as a mirror in the full sunshine. Baldwin stopped the gig beneath the cypresses.

"Look there," he said, pointing with his whip

to a dark greenish band, scarcely visible, which separated the land from the sea; "those are the pine-woods of Viareggio. It was into their sand and weeds that the sea washed Shelley's body. Do you think we should be any the better off if he had taken to practical work which he could not do, and declared that poetry was a sort of French cookery?"

Baldwin tied the reins to the stem of a cypress, and threw himself down on the warm sere grass on the brow of the hill, overlooking the tangle of olive and vine and fig-tree of the slopes below.

"In Shelley's time," answered Cyril, leaning his head and shoulders against one of the cypresses, and looking up into its dark branches, compact in the center, but delicate like feather and sparkling like jet where their extremities stood out against the pale-blue sky—"in Shelley's time things were rather different from what they are now. There was a religion of progress to preach and be stoned for; there was a cause of liberty to fight for—there were Bourbons and Lord Eldons, and there were Greece and Spain and Italy. There was Italy still when Mrs. Browning wrote: had she looked out of Casa Guidi windows now, on to the humdrum, shoulder-shrugging, penny-haggling, professorial, municipal-councilorish Italy of to-day she could scarcely have felt in the vein. The heroic has been done—"

"There are Servia and Montenegro, and there are Nihilists and Democrats," answered Baldwin.

"I know—but we can't sing about barbarous ruffians, nor about half-besotten, half-knavish regicides; we can't be democrats nowadays—at least I can't. Would you have a man sing parliamentary debates, or High Church squabbles, or disestablishment, or woman's rights, or anti-communism? sing the superb conquests of man over nature, etc., like your Italian friends, your steam-engine and mammoth poet Zanella? The wonders of science!—six or seven thousand dogs and cats being flayed, roasted, baked, disemboweled, artificially ulcerated, galvanized on ripped-up nerves, at Government expense, in all the laboratories of Christendom, in order to discover the soul-secreting apparatus, and how to cure old maids of liver-complaint! Thank you. My Muse aspires not thereunto. What then? Progress? But it is assured. Why, man, we can't even sing of despair, like the good people of the year '20, since we all know that (bating a few myriads of sufferers and a few centuries of agony) all is going to come quite right, to be quite comfortable in this best of all possible worlds. What then remains, again? Look around you. There remains the poetry of beauty—oh, yes, of pure beauty, to match the newest artistic chintzes;

the poetry of artistic nirvāna, of the blissful sleep of all manliness and energy, to the faint sound (heard through dreams) of paradisiac mysticism sung to golden lutes, or of imaginary amorous hysterics, or of symphonies in alliteration. And this when there is so much error, so much doubt, so much suffering, when all our forces are required to push away a corner of the load of evil still weighing on the world: this sort of thing I can not take to." And Cyril fiercely plucked out a tuft of lilac-flowered thyme and threw it into the precipice below, as if it had been the poetry of which he was speaking.

"Do you know, Baldwin," went on Cyril, "you have destroyed successively all my gods; you have shown me that my Holy Grails, in whose service one after another I felt happy and peaceful to live, like another Parzival, are not the sacred life-giving cup brought down by angels, but mere ordinary vessels of brittle earth or stinking pewter, mere more or less useful, but by no means holy things; ordinary pots and pans, barbers' basins like Mambrino's helmet, or blue-china teapots (worst degradation of all) like the Cimabue Browns'. I believed in the religion of Nature, and you showed me that Nature was sometimes good and sometimes bad; that she produced the very foulness, physical and moral, which she herself chastised men for; you showed me whole races destined inevitably to moral perversion, and then punished for it. So I gave up Nature. Then I took up the fashionable religion of science, and you showed me that it was the religion of a sort of Moloch, since it accustomed us to acquiesce in all the evil which is part and parcel of Nature, since it made us passive investigators into wrong when we ought to be judges. After the positive, I threw myself into the mystic—into the religion of all manner of mysterious connections and redemptions; you showed me that the connections did not exist, and that all attempted sanctification of things through mysticism was an abomination, since it could not alter evil, and taught us to think it might be good. O my poor Holy Grails! Then I took up the religion of love; and you proceeded to expound to me that if love was restricted to a few worthy individuals, it meant neglect of the world at large; and that, if it meant love of the world at large, it meant love of a great many utterly unworthy and beastly people. You deprived me of humanitarianism, of positivism, of mysticism; and then you did not even let me rest peaceably in pessimism, telling me that to say that all was for the worst was as unjust as to say that all was for the best. With a few of your curt sentences you showed me that all these religions of mine were mere idolatries, and that to rest in them for the sake of peace was to be

utterly base. You left me nothing but a vague religion of duty, of good; but you gave me no means of seeing where my duty lay, of distinguishing good from evil. You are a very useful rooter up of error, Baldwin; but you leave one's soul as dry and barren and useless as sea shingle. You have taken away all the falsehoods from my life, but you have not replaced them by truths."

Baldwin listened quietly.

"Would you like to have the falsehoods back, Cyril?" he asked. "Would you now like to be the holy knight, adoring and defending the pewter basin or blue-china teapot of humanitarianism, or positivism, or mysticism, or æstheticism? And what becomes of the only religion which I told you was the true one—the religion of good, of right? Do you think it worthless now?"

"I think it is the religion of the Unknown God. Where shall I find him?"

"In yourself, if you will look, Cyril."

Cyril was silent for a moment. "What is right?" he said. "In the abstract (oh, and it is so easy to find out in the abstract, compared to the concrete!)—in the abstract, right is to improve things in the world, to make it better for man and beast; never to steal justice, and always to give mercy; to do all we can which can increase happiness, and refrain from doing all which can diminish it. That is the only definition I can see. But how vague!—and who is to tell me what I am to do? And when I see a faint glimmer of certainty, when I perceive what seems to me the right which I must do, who again interferes? My friend Baldwin, who, after preaching to me that the only true religion is the religion of diminishing evil and increasing good for the sake of so doing, coolly writes to me, in half a dozen letters, that the sole duty of the artist is to produce good art, and that good art is art which has no aim beyond its own perfection. Why, it is a return to my old æsthetic fetish-worship, when I thought abstract ideas of beauty would set the world right, as Amphion's harp set the stones building themselves. . . . Am I justified in saying that you merely upset my beliefs, without helping me to build up any; yes, even when I am striving after that religion of right doing which you nominally call yours—?"

"You always rush to extremes, Cyril. If you would listen to, or read, my words without letting your mind whirl off while so doing—"

"I listen to you far too much, Baldwin," interrupted Cyril, who would not break the thread of his own ideas; "and first I want to read you a sonnet."

Baldwin burst out laughing. "A sonnet! one of those burned at Dresden—or written in

commemoration of your decision to write no more?"

"It is not by me at all, so there's an end to your amusement. I want you to hear it because it embodies, and very nobly, what I have felt. I have never even seen the author, and know nothing about her, except that she is a woman."

"A woman!" and Baldwin's tone was disagreeably expressive.

"I know; you don't believe in women poets or women artists."

"Not much so far, excepting Sappho and Mrs. Browning, certainly. But, come, let's hear the sonnet. I do abominate women's verses, I confess; but there are such multitudes of poetesses that Nature may sometimes blunder in their production, and make one of them of the stuff intended for a poet."

"Well, then, listen," and Cyril drew a notebook from his pocket, and read as follows:

"God sent a poet to reform his earth,
But when he came and found it cold and poor,
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous boor
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,
He thought, 'Myself can make one better worth
The living in than this—full of old love,
Music and light and love, where saints adore,
And angels, all within mine own soul's girth.'
But when at last he came to die, his soul
Saw earth (flying past to heaven) with new love,
And all the unused passion in him cried:
'O God, your heaven I know and weary of;
Give me this world to work in and make whole.'
God spoke: 'Therein, fool, thou hast lived and died.'"

Cyril paused for a moment. "Do you understand, Baldwin, how that expresses my state of feeling?" he then asked.

"I do," answered the other, "and I understand that both you and the author of the sonnet seem not to have understood in what manner God intended that poets should improve the earth. And here I return to my former remark, that when I said that the only true religion was the religion not of Nature, nor of mankind, nor of science, nor of art, but the religion of good, and that the creation of perfect beauty is the highest aim of the artist, I was not contradicting myself, but merely stating two parts—a general and a particular—of the same proposition. I don't know what your definition of right living may be; mine, the more I think over the subject, has come to be this: The destruction of the greatest possible amount of evil and the creation of the greatest possible amount of good in the world. And this is possible only by the greatest amount of the best and most complete activity, and the greatest amount of the best activity is

possible only when everything is seen in its right light, in order that everything may be used in its right place. I have always preached to you that life must be activity; but activity defeats itself if misapplied; it becomes a mere Danaides's work of filling bottomless casks—pour and pour and pour in as much as you will, the cask will always be empty. Now, in this world there are two things to be done, and two distinct sets of people to do them: the one work is the destruction of evil, the other the creation of good. Mind, I say the *creation* of good, for I consider that to do good—that is to say, to act rightly—is not necessarily the same as to *create* good. Every one who does his allotted work is doing good; but the man who tends the sick, or defends the oppressed, or discovers new truths, is not creating good, but destroying evil—destroying evil in one of a hundred shapes, as sickness, or injustice, or falsehood. But he merely removes, he does not give; he leaves men as poor or as rich as they would have been had not disease, or injustice, or error, stolen away some of their life. The man who creates good is the one who not merely removes pain, but adds pleasure to our lives. Through him we are absolutely the richer. And this creator of good, as distinguished from destroyer of evil, is, above all other men, the artist. The scientific thinker may add pleasure to our lives, but in reality this truth of his is valuable, not for the pleasure it gives, but for the pain it removes. Science is warfare; we may consider it as a kind of sport, but in reality it is a hunting down of the most dangerous kind of wild animal—falsehood. A great many other things may give pleasure to our lives—all our healthy activities, upper or lower, must; but the lower ones are already fully exercised, and, if anything, require restraint; so that French cooks and erotic poets ought rather to be exterminated as productive of evil than encouraged as creative of good. And moral satisfaction and love give us the best pleasures of all; but these are pleasures which are not due to any special class created on purpose for their production. Oh, I don't say that any artist can give you the pleasure you have in knowing yourself to be acting rightly, or in sympathizing and receiving sympathy; but the artist is the instrument, the machine constructed to produce the only pleasures which can come near these. Every one of us can destroy evil and create pleasure, in a sort of incidental, amateurish way, within our own immediate circle; but as the men of thought and of action are the professional destroyers of evil, so the artists are the professional creators of good—they work not for those immediately around them, but for the world at large. So your artist is your typical professional creator of

pleasure; he is fitted out, as other men are not, to do this work; he is made of infinitely finer stuff than other men, not as a whole man, but as an artist: he has much more delicate hearing, much keener sight, much defter fingers, much farther-reaching voice than other men; he is specially prepared to receive and transmit impressions which would be as wasted on other creatures as the image in the camera on unprepared, ordinary paper. Now, what I maintain is simply this, that, if, according to my definition, the object of destroying as much evil and creating as much good can be attained only by the greatest activity rightly applied, it is evident that a man endowed to be an artist—that is to say, a creator of good for the whole world—is simply failing in his duty by becoming a practical worker; that is to say, an amateur destroyer of evil. What shall we say of this artist? We shall say that in order to indulge in the moral luxury, the moral amusement, of removing an imperceptible amount of pain, he has defrauded the world of the immense and long-lasting pleasure placed in his charge to give; we shall say that, in order to feel himself a little virtuous, this man has simply acted like a cheat and a thief."

Baldwin had spoken rapidly and earnestly, with a sort of uniform or only gradually rising warmth, very different from the hesitating, fluctuating sort of passion of his companion. There was a short silence; Cyril was still seated under the tall, straight cypress, whose fallen fruit, like carved balls of wood, strewed the sere grass, and whose compact, hairy trunk gave out a resinous scent, more precious and strange than that of the fir: he felt that he was momentarily crushed, but had a vague sense that there lurked somewhere reasons, and very potent ones, which prevented his friend being completely victorious; and Baldwin was patiently waiting for him to muster his ideas into order before continuing the discussion. A slight breeze from the overclouded sea sent a shiver across the olives into the ravine below, turning their feathery tops into a silver ripple, as of a breaking wave; the last belated cicalas, invisible in the thick, plummy branches of the cypresses, sawed slowly and languidly in the languid late afternoon; and from the farms hidden in the olive-yards of the slope came faint sounds of calling voices and barking dogs—just sound enough to make the stillness more complete. "All that is very true," said Cyril at last, "and yet—I don't know how to express it—I feel that there is still remaining to me all my reason for doubt and dissatisfaction. You say that artistic work is morally justifiable to the artist, since he is giving pleasure to others. From this point of view you are perfectly right. But what I feel is, that the pleasure which the artist thus gives is

not morally valuable to those who enjoy it. Do you follow? I mean that the artist may be nobly and generously employed, and yet, by some fatal contradiction, the men and women who receive his gifts are merely selfishly gratified. He might not perhaps be better employed than in giving pleasure, but they might surely be better employed than in merely receiving it; and thus the selfishness of the enjoyment of the gift seems to diminish the moral value of giving it. When an artist gives to other men an hour of mere enjoyment, I don't know whether he ought to be quite proud or not."

Baldwin merely laughed. "It is droll to see what sort of hyper-moral scruples some people indulge in nowadays. So, your sense of the necessity of doing good is so keen that you actually feel wretched at the notion of your neighbors being simply happy, and no more, for an hour. You are not sure whether, by thus taking them away for a moment from the struggle with evil, letting them breathe and rest in the middle of the battle, you may not be making them sin and be sinning yourself! Why, my dear Cyril, if you condemn humanity to uninterrupted struggle with evil, you create evil instead of destroying it; if mankind could be persuaded to give up all of what you would call useless and selfish pleasure, it would very soon become so utterly worn out and disheartened as to be quite powerless to resist evil. If this is the system on which poets would reform the world, it is very fortunate that they don't think of it till they are flying to heaven."

"I can't make it out. You seem to be in the right, Baldwin, and yet I still seem to be justified in sticking to my ideas," said Cyril. "Do you see," he went on, "you have always preached to me that the highest aim of the artist is the perfection of his own work; you have always told me that art can not be as much as it should if any extra-artistic purpose be given to it. And while listening to you I have felt persuaded that all this was perfectly true. But then, an hour later, I have met the same idea—the eternal phrase of art for art's own sake—in the mouths and the books of men I completely despised; men who seemed to lose sight of all the earnestness and duty of life; who had even what seemed to me very base ideas about art itself, and at all events debased it by associating it with effeminate, selfish, sensual mysticism. So that the idea of art for art's own sake has come to have a disgusting meaning to me."

Baldwin had risen from the grass, and untied the horse from the trunk of the cypress.

"There is a storm gathering," he said, pointing to the gray masses of cloud, half-dissolved, which were gathering everywhere; "if we can get

to one of the villages on the coast without being half-drowned while crossing the swamps, we shall be lucky. Get in, and we can discuss art for art's own sake, and anything else you please, on the way."

In a minute the gig was rattling down the hill, among the great blasted gray olives, and the vines with reddening foliage, and the farmhouses with their fig and orange-trees, their great tawny pumpkins lying in heaps on the threshing-floor, and their autumn tapestry of strung-together maize hanging massy and golden from the eaves to the ground.

Baldwin resumed the subject where they had left it: "My own experience is, that the men who go in for art for art's own sake do so mainly from a morbid shrinking from all the practical and moral objects which other folks are apt to set up as the aim of art; in reality, they do not want art, nor the legitimate pleasures of art; they want the sterile pleasure of perceiving mere ingenuity and dexterity of handling; they hanker vaguely after imaginary sensuous stimulation, spiced with all manner of mystical rubbish, after some ineffable half-nauseous pleasure in strange mixtures of beauty and nastiness; they enjoy, above all things, dabbling and dipping alternately in virtue and vice, as in the steam and iced water of a Turkish bath. . . . In short, these creatures want art not for its own sake, but for the sake of excitement which the respectabilities of society do not permit their obtaining, except in imaginative form. As to art, real art, they treat it much worse than the most determined utilitarian; the utilitarians turn art into a drudge; these æsthetic folk make her into a pander and a prostitute. My reason for restricting art to artistic aims is simply my principle that, if things are to be fully useful, they must be restricted to their real use, according to the idea of Goethe's Duke of Ferrara:

"Nicht alles dienet uns auf gleicher Weise:
Wer viel gebrauchen will, gebrauche jedes
Nach seiner Art: so ist er wohl bedient."

I want art in general not to meddle with the work of any of our other energies, for the same reason that I want each art in particular not to meddle with the work of any other art. Sculpture can not do the same as painting, nor painting the same as music, nor music the same as poetry; and, by attempting anything beyond its legitimate sphere, each sacrifices what it, and no other, can do. So, also, art in general has a definite function in our lives; and, if it attempts to perform the work of philosophy, or practical benevolence, or science, or moralizing, or anything not itself, it will merely fail in that, and neglect what it could do."

"Oh, yes," continued Baldwin, after a minute,

as they passed into the twilight of a wood of old olives, gray, silvery, mysterious, rising tier above tier on either side of the road, a faint flicker of yellow light between their feathery branches—"oh, yes, I don't doubt that, were I a writer, and were I to expound my life-and-art philosophy to the world, the world would tax me with great narrowness! Things are always too narrow for people when they are kept in their place—kept within duty and reason. Of course, there is an infinite grandeur in chaos—in a general wandering among the unknown, in a universal straining and hankering after the impossible: it is grand to see the arts writhing and shivering to atoms, like caged vipers, in their impotence to do what they want. Only it would be simpler to let those do it who can, and my system is the only one which can work. Despair is fine, and nirvāna is fine, but successful and useful activity is a good deal finer. Wherefore I shall always say, 'Each in his place and to his work'; and you, therefore, my dear Cyril, to yours, which is poetry."

"I think your philosophy is quite right, Baldwin, only somehow I can't get it to suit my moral condition," answered Cyril. "I do feel quite persuaded that sculptors must not try to be painters, nor musicians try to be poets, nor any of them try to be anything beyond what they are. It is all quite rational, and right, and moral, but still I am not satisfied about poetry. You see a poet is not quite in the same case as any other sort of artist. The musician, inasmuch as musician, knows only of notes, has power only over sounds; and the painter similarly as to form and colors; if either be something more, it is inasmuch as he is mere man, not an artist. But a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, knows, sees, feels a great many things which have a practical and moral meaning—just because he is a poet, he knows there is something beyond poetry; he knows that there are in the world such things as justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness—he knows all this, which the mere musician, the mere painter, does not—and, knowing it, perceiving, feeling, understanding it, with more intensity than other men, is he to sweep it all out of his sight? is he to say to justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness, 'I know you, but my work lies not with you?' Is he to do this? O Baldwin, if he be a man, and an honest one, he surely can not—he can not set aside these ideas and devote himself to his art for its own sake."

Baldwin listened attentively to the passionate words of his companion, and, twitching at a sprig of olive as a branch swept across their heads in their rapid movement through the wood, he answered quietly:

"He will not set aside the ideas of justice and injustice, of good and evil, of purity and

impurity, Cyril. He will make use of them even as the musician uses his sounds, or the painter uses his colors. Such ideas are at least one half of the poet's material, of the stuff out of which he creates—the half which belongs exclusively to him, which he does not share with any other artist; the half which gives poetry a character in many respects different from that of painting or music. I have always laughed at the Ruskinian idea of morality or immorality in architecture, or painting, or music, and said that their morality and immorality were beauty and ugliness. I have done so because moral ideas don't enter into the arts of line, or color, or sound, but only into the subjects to which their visible and audible works are (usually arbitrarily) attached. But with poetry the case is different; and, if the poet has got a keener perception (or ought to have) of right and wrong than other men, it is because a sense of moral right and wrong is required in his art, as a sense of color is required in painting. I have said 'art for art's own sake,' but I should have been more precise in saying 'art for beauty's sake.' Now, in poetry, one half of beauty and ugliness is purely ethical, and, if the poet who deals with this half, the half which comprises human emotion and action, has no sense of right and wrong, he will fail as signally as some very dexterous draughtsman who should have no sense of physical beauty and ugliness, and spend his time making wonderful drawings of all manner of diseased growths. Of course, you may be a poet who does *not* deal with the human element, who writes only about trees and rivers, and in this case your notions of right and wrong are as unnecessary to you as an artist as they would be to a landscape-painter. You use them in your life, but not in your art. But, as soon as a poet deals with human beings and their feelings and doings, he must have a correct sense of what in such feelings and doings is right and what is wrong. And, if he have not this sense, he will not be in the same case as the painter or musician who is deficient in the sense of pictorial or musical right and wrong. The wise folk who have examined into our visual and acoustic nerves seem to think, what to me seems extremely probable, that the impression of æsthetic repulsion which we get from badly combined lines or colors or sounds is a sort of admonition that such combinations are more or less destructive to our nerves of sight or of hearing; so, similarly, the quite abstract aversion which we feel to an immoral effect in literature seems to me to be the admonition (while we are still Platonically viewing the matter, and have not yet come personally into contact with it) that our moral sense—what I may call our nerves of right and wrong—is being disintegrated by this purely intellectual con-

tact with evil. And, moreover, our nerves of sight and wrong are somehow much less well protected than our visual or acoustic nerves: they seem to be more on the surface of our nature, and they are much more easily injured: it takes a good deal of bad painting and bad music to deprave a man's eye or ear, and more than we can well conceive to make him blind or deaf; but it takes less than we think of base literature to injure a man's moral perception, to make him see and hear moral things completely wrong. You see, the good, simple, physical senses look after themselves—are in a way isolated; but the moral sense is a very complex matter, and interfered with in every possible manner by the reason, the imagination, the bodily senses—so that injuring it through any of these is extremely easy. And the people whom bad painting or bad music had made half-blind or half-deaf would be less dangerous to themselves and to others than those who had been made half-immoral by poetry."

"But at that rate," said Cyril, "we should never be permitted to write except about moral action, if the morally right is the same for the poet as the pictorially right for the painter. Baldwin, I think, I fear that all these are mere extemporized arguments for the purpose of making me satisfied with poetry, which I never shall be again, I feel persuaded."

"Not at all," answered Baldwin. "I mean that the moral right or wrong of poetry is not exactly what you mean. If we were bound never to write except about good people, there would be an end to half the literature of the world."

"That is exactly what I saw, and what showed me the hollowness of your theory, Baldwin."

"Because you mistook my theory. There could be no human action or interest if literature were to avoid all representation of evil: no more tragedy, at any rate, and no more novels. But, you must remember that the impression given by a play or a poem is not the same as that given by a picture or statue. The picture or statue is all we see; if it be ugly, the impression is ugly. But in a work of literature we see not only the actors and their actions, but the manner in which they are regarded by the author; and in this manner of regarding them lies the morality or immorality. You may have as many villains as you please, and the impression may still be moral; and you may have as many saints as you please, and the impression may still be immoral."

The road had suddenly emerged out of the olive-woods covering the lowest hill-ranges, and in a few minutes they were driving through a perfect desert. The road, a narrow white ribbon, stretched across a great flat tract of country: field after field of Indian-corn, stripped of its

leaves and looking like regiments of spindles; and of yellowish-green grass, half under water; on either side a ditch full of water-lilies, widening into sedge-fringed canals, in which the hay of coarse, long grass was stacked in boats for sheer want of dry soil, or expanding into shallow patches of water scarcely covering the grass and reflecting, against the green of the meadow below, the boldly-peaked marble mountains of Carrara, bare, intensely ribbed, veined, and the blue sky and rainy black clouds. Green, brown fields, tufts of reed, hill and sky reflected in the inundated grass—nothing more, not a house, or shed, or tree for miles around—in front only the stormy horizon where it touched the sea.

"This is beautiful," cried Cyril; "I should like to come and live here. It is much lovelier and more peaceful than all the woods and valleys in creation."

Baldwin laughed. "It might be a good beginning for final nirvāna," he said; "these are the sea-swamps, the *padule*, where the serene Republic of Lucca sent its political offenders. You were locked up in a tower, the door bricked up, with food enough to last till your keeper came back once a fortnight; the malaria did the rest."

"It is like some of our modern literature," answered Cyril, with a shudder; "Maremma poetry—we have that sort of thing, too."

"By-the-way," went on Baldwin, "I don't think we quite came to the end of our discussion about what a poet ought to do with his moral instincts, if he has any."

"I know," answered Cyril, "and I have meanwhile returned to my previous conclusion, that, now that all great singable strifes are at an end, poetry can not satisfy the moral cravings of a man."

"You think so?" asked Baldwin, looking rather contemptuously at his companion—"you think so? Well, therein lies your mistake. I think, on the contrary, that poetry requires more moral sense and energy than most men can or will give to it. Do you know what a poet has to deal with, at least a poet who does not confine himself to mere description of inanimate things? He has to deal with the passions and actions of mankind—that is to say, with a hundred problems of right and wrong. Of course, men who have deliberately made up their mind on any question of right or wrong are not shaken by anything in a book; nay, they probably scarcely remark it. But, if you remember that in the inner life of every man there must be moments of doubt and hesitation, there must be problems vaguely knocking about, you will understand that for every man there is the danger that in such a moment of doubt his eyes may fall upon a sentence in a book—a sentence to other men trivial

—which will settle that doubt for ever, rightly or wrongly. There are few of us so strong that the moment does not come when we would ask, as a good Catholic does of a confessor, what is right and what is wrong, and take the answer, which is one of the two that have been struggling within himself, as definitive; and to us, who do not go to confession, a book, any book casually taken up, may be this terribly powerful spiritual director. People used to exaggerate the influence of books, because they imagined that they could alter already-settled opinions; nowadays I deliberately think that they underrate this influence, because they forget how it may settle fluctuating opinion. The power of literature is in this way very great."

"It has been, formerly—yes, I grant it," answered Cyril; "but it is no longer what it was; in our cut-and-dry days it is necessarily smaller."

"On the contrary, much greater now than perhaps almost at any other time. These are not cut-and-dry days, Cyril, but the very reverse; you must not let yourself be deceived by a certain superficial regularity, by railway journeys and newspapers, and a general civilization of hand-books and classes. In reality there is more room for indirect moral perversion or enervation in our days than there has been for a good while; for the upsetting of ideas, the infiltration of effete or foreign modes of thought and feeling, is much greater in this quiet nineteenth century than it was, for instance, in the Renaissance or the eighteenth century. With all their skepticism, the people of those days had a great fund of tradition about everything; they were floating about a good deal, I admit, but they were fully persuaded of the existence of certain very solid moral rocks, to which they might always tie their boat when it grew over-rough; rocks of religion or deistic mysticism, or of social *convenances*, which we have now discovered to be by no means granite, but some sort of sea deposit, of hardened sand, whose formation we understand and no longer rely upon. The most arrant skeptics of the past had always one great safety, that they were in a groove; they saw, understood, sympathized with only their own civilization. What they thought right they had never seen questioned—they never imagined that any one could regard as wrong; hence the most liberal thinkers of former days always strike us, with their blindness to all but their own civilization, as such Philistines. Things have changed since then; they began to change already, as soon as men began to look at other civilizations; and the suggestive first-fruit of this early ethnographic eclecticism may be seen in Diderot's very beastly books: he found that South-Sea Islanders had not, on the subject of incest, the same views as Christian

folk; whereupon it struck him that those views might be due to prejudice. It was not the development of the natural sciences, but rather of the historic and ethnographic, which upset people's ideas; it was the discovery of how our institutions, moral and social (hitherto regarded as come straight from heaven), had formed themselves, and how they were subject to variation. Speaking of poets, look at a pure man, I believe a very pure man, Shelley, if you want to understand the necessity of poets having a greater solidity of moral judgment than the mere Joneses and Browns who stick to their shop, and are not troubled with theories. Add to the influence of scientific doubt, of the doubt created by books on the origin of ideas and institutions (showing of what moonshine they are often made), the utterly confusing effect of our modern literary eclecticism, our comprehension and sympathy with so many and hostile states of civilization, our jumbling together of antique and mediæval, of barbarous and overripe and effete civilizations, our intellectual and moral absorption of incompatible past stages of thought and feeling, with the follies and vices inherent in each—sum up all this, and you will see that, with our science and our culture, our self-swamping with other folks' ideas, we are infinitely less morally steady than the good skeptics of the days of Voltaire, who always believed in the supremacy of their own century, their own country, their own institutions, their own conventionalities; who were in danger only from their own follies and uncertainties, while we are in danger from the follies and uncertainties of every past century from which we have inherited. And you will see, if you look, that that skeptical eighteenth century, which was very much more credulous and conservative than ours, was very little divided and upset in its ideas; certain things were universally admitted, and certain others universally rejected; in that day there was always the master of the ceremonies—Propriety. He knew exactly what could be permitted: in the dining-room, drunkards yelling filthy jests; in the drawing-room, polite gentlemen stalking or tripping through their minuets. It is different nowadays."

Cyril nodded. "I understand what you mean," he said, "but I don't see the application yet."

"Well," answered Baldwin, "I will show you one instance of the application. Have you ever thought over the question of—how shall I call it?—the ethics of the indecent?"

Cyril stared. "No; it never struck me that there were any. I don't write indecent things, it doesn't amuse me, I feel not the smallest desire to do so; if anything, I feel rather sick at such things; that is all."

"That is all for you, but not all for other peo-

ple. You don't feel attracted to write on some subjects; well, other people not only feel attracted, but imagine it is their duty even if they are not."

"They are pigs; I have nothing to do with them." And Cyril looked as if he had settled the matter.

"But they are not pigs—at least, not all of them; or they are not entirely pigs, by any means," insisted Baldwin. "You are not going to tell me that a man like Walt Whitman is a mere pig. Still, there are things of his which to you are simply piggish. Either Whitman is a beast or you are a prude."

"That depends upon difference of nature," said Cyril, quickly, vaguely desirous of putting an end to a discussion which brought forward an anomaly.

"That is merely repeating what I said," replied Baldwin. "But in reality I think it is *not* a difference of nature. I think it depends on a difference of reasoned opinion—in short, upon a sophistication of ideas on the part of Whitman. I think it depends, in him and the really pure men who uphold his abominations, upon a simple logical misconception; a confusion of the fact that certain phenomena have been inevitable with the supposition that those same certain phenomena are therefore desirable—a confusion between what has been, and could not help being, and what may be and ought to be. It is the attempt to solve a moral problem by an historical test."

"I don't understand in the least, Baldwin."

"Why, thus: our modern familiarity with the intellectual work of all times and races has made people perceive that in past days indecency was always part and parcel of literature, and that to try to weed it out is to completely alter the character of at least a good half of the literature of the past. Hence, some of us moderns, shaken as we are in all our conventional ideas, have argued that this so-called indecency is a legitimate portion of all literature, and that the sooner it is reintroduced into that of the present the better, if our literature is to be really vital and honest. Now, these people do not perceive that the literature of the past contained indecencies, merely because, being infinitely less self-conscious, less responsible than now, the literature of the past contained fragments of every portion of the civilization which produced it. For, besides what I might call absolute indecency, in the sense of pruriency, the literature of the past is full of filth, pure and simple, like some Eastern town; a sure proof this, that, if certain subjects which we taboo were not tabooed then, it was not from any conscious notion of their legitimacy, but from a general habit of making literature, like the

street of some Oriental or mediæval town, the scene of every sort of human action, important or trifling, noble or vile; regarding it as the place for which the finest works were painted or carved, and into which all the slops were emptied. Hence, in our wanderings through the literature of the past, our feet are for ever stumbling into pools of filth, while our eyes are seeking for the splendid traceries, the gorgeous colors above; our stomachs are turned by stench even while we are peeping in at some wonderful rose-garden or fruit-orchard. I think you might almost count on your fingers the books, up to the year 1650, in which you are sure of encountering no beastliness—choice gardens or bowers of the soul, or sacred chapels, kept carefully tidy and pure—viz., Milton, Spenser, the 'Vita Nuova,' Petrarch, Tasso—things, you see, mainly sacred or spiritualistic—sort of churches where only devotion of some sort goes on; but, if we go out to where there is real life, life complete and thoughtless—Shakespeare, Rabelais, Molière, Ariosto, Cervantes, Aristophanes, Horace—the evil odors meet us again at every step. Well, nowadays, this has all been misunderstood. People have imagined that an inevitable nuisance of the past ought also to be a deliberately chosen nuisance of the present: a line of argument which appears to me to be similar to that of a man who, because the people of Lisbon used, in the days of my grandfather, to practice a very primitive system of sewerage, should recommend that the inhabitants of modern London should habitually empty their slops on to the heads of passers-by. I am crude? Well, it is by calling nasty things by beautiful names that we are able to endure their existence. I think that people who should attempt such literary revivals ought to be fined, as the more practical revivers of old traditions certainly would be."

Cyril paused a moment. "I think that this sort of offenders, like Whitman, are not evil-doers, but merely snobs—they offend not good morals, but good taste."

"That's just such an artistic and well-bred distinction as I should expect from you," answered Baldwin, rather contemptuously. "I wonder what the words 'good taste' signify to your mind? Everything and nothing. They are offenders against good taste, you say. Well, let us see how. If I hang a bright-green curtain close to a bright-blue wall-paper, you will say it is bad taste; if I set Gray's 'Elegy' to one of Strauss's waltzes, that is bad taste also; and if I display all my grand furniture and plate (supposing I had it) to my poor neighbor, whose chintz chair is all torn, and who breakfasts out of a cup without a handle, that also is bad taste. Each for a good reason, and a different one; in each

case I am inflicting an injury, too slight and inadvertent to be sin, against something—the green curtain and blue paper combination pains your eye; the Gray's 'Elegy' and Strauss's waltz combination annoys your common-sense; the contrast between my riches and your poverty inflicts a wound on your feelings: you see that all sins against taste are merely a hurting of something in somebody. So that, if writing indecent poems is an offense against good taste, it means that it also inflicts some such injury. That injury is simply, as the world has vaguely felt all along, an injury to your neighbor's morals."

"But," put in Cyril, "such a man as Whitman has no immoral intention, nor is he immoral in the sense that Ariosto and Byron are sometimes immoral. The man is not a libertine, but a realist. He wishes people to live clean lives; all he says is, that everything which is legitimate, innocent, necessary in life is also legitimate and innocent in literature. And although I should rather select other subjects to write about, and would rather he did so likewise, I can not deny that there is logic in saying that there can be no harm in speaking of that which there is no harm in doing."

"Yes," said Baldwin, "that is just the argument of such men. And the answer is simply, that there are things that are intended to be done and *not* to be spoken about. What you call logic is no logic at all, but a mere appeal to ignorance. It so happens that the case is exactly reversed—that there are a great many things which there is not the smallest immorality in speaking about, and which it would be the most glaring immorality to do. No one shrinks from talking about murder or treachery; nay, even in the very domain of sexual relations, there need not be the smallest immorality, nothing at all perverting, in a play which like the whole Orestes trilogy, or 'Othello,' or 'Faust,' turns upon adultery or seduction; no one also has the slightest instinct of immorality in talking about the most fearful wholesale massacres. Yet the world at large, ever since it has had any ideas of good and evil, has had an instinct of immorality in talking of that without which not one of us would exist, that which society sanctions and the Church blesses. And this exactly because this is as natural as murder—of which we speak freely—is the contrary. For, exactly because certain instincts are so essential and indispensable, Nature has made them so powerful and excitable; there is no fear of their being too dormant, but there is fear of their being too active, and the consequences of their excess are so hideously dangerous to Nature itself, so destructive of all the higher powers, of all the institutions of humanity; the over-activity of the impulses to which we owe our

birth is so ruinous of all that for which we are born, social, domestic, and intellectual good, nay, to physical existence itself, that Nature even has found it necessary to restrain them by a counter-instinct—purity, chastity—such as has not been given us to counteract the other physical instincts, as that of eating, which can at most injure an individual glutton, but not affect the general social order. Hence, the slightest artificial stimulus is a danger to mankind, and the giving thereof a crime; for the experience of all times tells us what modern psychology is beginning to explain—viz., the strange connection between the imagination and the senses, the hitherto mysterious power of awakening physical desires, of almost reproducing sensation, possessed by the mind, even as the mention of dainty food is said to make the mouth water, and the description of a surgical operation to make the nerves wince. So that the old intuition, now called conventionalism, which connects indecency with immorality, is entirely justified. Crime may be spoken of just because it is crime, and our nature recoils therefrom; indeed, I think that nowadays, when our destructive instinct (except in small boys and professors of physiology) is becoming effete, there has ceased to be any very demoralizing influence in talking even of horrors. But the immorality of indecency is quite unlike the immorality of—how shall I distinguish?—of ordinary immorality. In the case of the latter the mischief lies in the sophistication of the reason or the perversion of the sympathies; as, for instance, in Machiavel's 'Prince,' or any of a hundred French novels. In the former case, that of indecency, the immorality lies in the risk of inducing a mood which may lead to excess—that is, to evil. And, as a rule, I think this inducing of a mood is the commonest source of moral danger, whether the mood be a sensual or a destructive one."

"I don't see how you make that out; although I now understand what at first seemed to me mere inexplicable instincts—founded on nothing."

"Some things are inexplicable, perhaps, but be sure instincts are not founded on nothing. Misconceptions are mere false conceptions; but a good half of what people call social convention is based upon a perfectly correct conception, only mankind has forgotten what that conception was. Well, I should place the various sorts of demoralization of which literature is capable in this order: No. 1, and least dangerous, sophistication of judgment; No. 2, and more dangerous, perversion of sympathy; No. 3, and most dangerous, inducement of questionable frame of mind. And I place them thus because it seems to me that this is the order of facility, and consequently universality; I mean that fewest people can be

found who depend sufficiently on their deliberate ideas, and most effort is required to sophisticate them; whereas least effort is required, and most effect produced, in the matter of inducing a mood; the perversion of sympathy is half-way. Of course, if we could imagine (as once or twice has actually been the case) that the moral ideas of a whole people were sophisticated, that would be the worst, because the least remediable; but, in the first place, people act but little from ideas, or few persons do, and it is difficult to alter people's ideas; and, in the second place, the sophistication of conscience of single individuals is kept in check by the steadfastness of the mass of mankind, and, consequently, as in such men as Diderot, reduced to mere talk, without corresponding action. But a mood is easily induced without the reason even perceiving it, and the more necessary the mood is to Nature, the more easily it will be aroused—the more natural an evil, the less danger of it; the more an evil is the mere excess of the necessary, the more dangerous there is of it."

"It is curious how you marshal ideas into their right places," said Cyril. "There remains one thing to be said about the ethics of impropriety. The people who go in for writing upon subjects which thirty years ago would have distinctly been forbidden do not all of them write as Whitman does: they are not all what I should call openly beastly. They do their best, on the contrary, to spiritualize the merely animal."

"That is just the most mischievous thing they could possibly do," interrupted Baldwin. "I know the sort of poets you mean. They are the folk who say that things are pure or impure, holy or foul, according as we view them. They are not the brutal, straightforward, naturalistic school; they are the mystico-sensual. Of the two, they are infinitely the worse. For the straightforward, naturalistic pigs generally turn your stomach before they have had a chance of doing you any harm; but these persuade themselves and you that, while you are just gloating over sensual images, you are improving your soul. They call brute desire passion, and love lust, and prostitution marriage, and the body the soul. Oh! I know them; they are the worst pests we have in literature."

"But I don't think they are intentionally immoral, Baldwin."

"Do you think any writer ever was intentionally immoral, Cyril?"

"Well, I mean that these men really intend doing good. They think that if only some subjects be treated seriously, without any sniggering or grimacing, there ceases to be any harm in them. They say that they wish to rescue from the mire, where prudery has thrown it, that

which is clean in itself: they wish to show that the whole of Nature is holy; they wish to purify by sanctifying."

Baldwin listened with a smile of contempt. "Of course such words seem very fine," he said; "but a thing is either holy or is not holy; all the incense of poetry and all the hocus-pocus words of mysticism can not alter its nature by a tittle. And woe betide us if we once think that any such ceremony of sanctification can take place; woe betide us if we disguise the foul as the innocent, or the merely indifferent as the holy! There is in Nature a great deal which is foul: in that which men are pleased to call unnatural, because Nature herself chastises it after having produced it; there is in Nature an infinite amount of abominable necessity and abominable possibility, which we have reason and conscience to separate from that which within Nature itself is innocent or holy. Mind, I say innocent *or* holy; for innocence and holiness are very different things. All our appetites, within due limits, are innocent, but they are not, therefore, holy; and that is just what mystico-sensual poetry fails to perceive, and in giving innocence the rank of holiness it makes it sinful. Do you know what is the really holy? It is that of which the world possesses too little, and can never possess too much: it is justice, charity, heroism, self-command, truthfulness, lovingness, beauty, genius—these things are holy. Place them, if you will, on a poetic altar, that all men may see them, and know them, and love them, and seek after them life-long without ever wearying. But do not enshrine in poetic splendors the merely innocent; that which bestows no merit on its possessor, that which we share with every scoundrel and every animal, that which is so universal that it must for ever be kept in check, and which, unless thus checked by that in ourselves which is truly holy, will degrade us lower than beasts. For in so doing—in thus attempting to glorify that in which there is nothing glorious—you make men think that self-indulgence is sanctity; you let them consume their lives in mere acquiescence with their lusts and laziness, while all around is raging the great battle between good and evil. Worst of all, in giving them this worship of a mystic Ashtaroth or Belial, you hide from them the knowledge of the true God, of the really and exclusively holy, of good, truth, beauty, to know and receive which into our soul we must struggle life-long with the world and with ourselves—yes, struggle for the sake of the really holy with that mere innocence which is for ever threatening to become guilt."

Baldwin paused; then resumed after a moment: "I believe that mankind as it exists, with whatever noble qualities it possesses, has been gradually evolved out of a very inferior sort of

mankind or brutekind, and will, I hope, be evolved into a very superior sort of mankind. And I believe, as science teaches us, that this has been so far effected, and will be further effected henceforward, by an increased activity of those nobler portions of us which have been developed as it were by their own activity; I believe, in short, that we can improve only by becoming more and more different from the original brutes that we were. I have said this to explain to you my feelings toward a young poet of my acquaintance, who is very sincerely smitten with the desire to improve mankind, and has deliberately determined to devote a very fine talent to the glorification of what he calls pure passion, pure in the sense that it can be studied in its greatest purity from the brute creation."

Cyril made a grimace of disgust.

"No, indeed," continued Baldwin, "that poet is not one of the æsthetic-sensual lot you seem to think. He is pure, conscientious, philanthropic; but he is eminently unreasoning. He is painfully impressed by the want of seriousness and holiness with which mankind regards marriage, and his ambition is to set mankind right on this subject, even as another poet-philanthropist tried to improve family relations in his 'Laon and Cythna.' Now, if you were required to use your poetical talents in order to raise the general view of marriage, in order to show the sanctity of the love of a man and a woman, how would you proceed?"

"I have often thought about that," answered Cyril; "but it has been done over and over again, and I think with most deliberate solemnity and beauty by Schiller and Goethe in the 'Song of the Bell' and in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' Well, I think that poetry can do good work in this line only if the poet see where the real holiness of such love lies; in the love not of the male and the female, but of the man and the woman. For there is nowhere, I think, greater room for moral beauty and dignity than in the choosing by a man of the one creature from whom only death can separate him; of the one friend, not of a phase of his life, but of his whole life; of the one soul which will grow and mature always by the side of his, and, having blossomed and borne fruit of good, will gently fade and droop together with his. But this is not the most holy part of the choice, for he is choosing also the mother of his children, the woman who is to give half their nature, half their training, to what children must mean to every honest man—the one chance he possesses of living as he would have wished to live, of being what he should wish to have been; his one chance of redeeming his errors, of fulfilling his hopes, of realizing in a measure his own ideals. And to

me such a choice and love in the sense of such a choice become not merely coldly deliberate, but passionately instinctive, are holy with the holiness that, as you say, is the only real one; holy in all it implies of recognized beauty and goodness, of trust and hope, of all the excellence of which it is at least the supposed forerunner; and its holiness is that upon which all other holiness, all the truthfulness and justice, and beauty and goodness of mankind, depend. This is how I view the sanctity of the love between man and woman; how all the greatest poets, from Homer to Schiller, and from Schiller to Mrs. Browning, have viewed it; and it is the only possible view that I can conceive."

Baldwin nodded. "That is how I also see the question. But my young poet is not satisfied with this—he wishes to make men believe in the holiness of that which is no more holy, and far oftener tends to be unholy, than eating or drinking; and, in order to make mankind adore, he lavishes all his artistic powers on the construction of an æsthetical temple wherein to enshrine, on the preparation of poetic incense with which to surround, this species of holiness, carefully separated from any extraneous holiness, such as family affection, intellectual appreciation, moral sympathy; left in its complete, unmixed simplicity of brute appetite and physical longing and physical rapture; and the temple which he constructs out of all that is beautiful in the world is a harlot's chamber; and the incense which he cunningly distills out of all the sights and sounds of Nature are filthy narcotics, which leave the moral eyes dim, and the moral nerves tremulous, and the moral muscle unstrung. In his desire to moralize he demoralizes; in his desire to sanctify one item of life, he casts aside, he overlooks, forgets, all that which in life is already possessed of holiness. Thus my young poet, in wishing to improve mankind, to raise it, undoes, for the time being, that weary work of the hundreds of centuries which have slowly changed lust into love, the male and female into a man and a woman, the life of the body into the life of the soul; poetry, one of the highest human products, has, as it were, undone the work of evolution; poetry, which is essentially a thing of the self-conscious intellect, has taken us back to the time when creatures with two legs and no tail could not speak, but only whine, and yell, and sob—a mode of converse, by-the-way, more than sufficient for the intercourse of what he is pleased to call the typical Bride and Bridegroom."

They had got out of the strange expanse of brown and green swamp, and, after traversing a strip of meager, redeemed land, with stunted trees and yellowish vines, had reached the long, narrow line of pine-woods which met the beach.

They passed slowly through the midst of the woods, brushing the rain-drops off the short, bright-green pines, their wheels creaking over the slippery, fallen needles imbedded in the sand; while the setting sun fell in hazy yellow beams through the brushwood, making the crisp tree-tufts sparkle like green spun-glass, and their scaly trunks flush rosy; and the stormy sea roared on the sands close by.

"I think your young poet ought to be birched," remarked Cyril; "and if anything could add to my aversion, not for poetry, but for the poetic profession, this would, which you have just told me. You see how right I was in saying that I would have more moral satisfaction in being a French cook than in being a poet."

"By no means," answered Baldwin. "In the first place, my young poet ought not to be birched; he ought to be made to reflect, to ask himself seriously and simply, in plain prose, what ideal of life he has been setting before his readers. He ought to be shown that a poet, inasmuch as he is the artist whose material is human feeling and action, is not as free an artist as the mere painter or sculptor or composer; he ought to be made to understand that nowadays, when the old rules of conduct, religious and social, are for ever being questioned, every man who writes of human conduct is required, is bound, to have sound ideas on the subject—that because nowadays, for better or for worse, poetry is no longer the irresponsible, uncontrolled, helter-skelter performance of former times, but a very self-conscious, wide-awake, deliberate matter, it can do both much more harm and much more good than it could do before."

They were slowly driving along the beach, among the stunted pine-shoots and the rough grass and yellow bindweed half buried in the sand, and the heaps of sea-blackened branches, and bits of wood and uncouth, floating rubbish which the waves had deposited, with a sort of ironical regularity, in a neat band upon the shore; down here on the coast the storm had already broken, and the last thin rain was still falling, dimpling the gray sand. The sun was just going to emerge from amid the thick, blue-black storm-clouds, to descend into a clear space, like molten amber, above the black, white-crested, roaring sea; it descended slowly, an immense pale, luminous globe, gilding the borders of the piled-up clouds above it, gilding the sheen of the waves and the wet sand of the shore; and, as it descended, the clouds gathered above it into a vast canopy, a tawny-orange diadem or reef of peaked vapors encircling the liquid topaz in which the sun moved; tawnier became this garland, larger the free sky, redder the black storm-masses above; till at last the reddening rays of the sun

enlarged and divided into immense beams of rosy light, cutting away the dark and leaving uncovered a rent of purest blue. At last the yellow globe touched the black line of the horizon, gilding the waters, then sank behind it and disappeared. The wreath of vapors glowed golden, the pall of heaped-up storm-clouds flushed purple, and bright-yellow veinings, like filaments of gold, streaked the pale amber where the sun had disappeared. The amber grew orange, the tawny purple, the purple a lurid red, as of masses of flame-lit smoke; all around, the sky blackened, until at last there remained only one pile of livid purple clouds hanging over a streak of yellow sky, and gradually dying away into black, with but here and there a death-like, rosy patch, mirrored deadlier red in the wet sand of the beach. The two friends remained silent, like men listening to the last bars, rolling out in broad succession of massy, gradually-resolving chords, of some great requiem mass—silent even for a while after all was over. Then Cyril asked, pointing to a row of houses glimmering white along the dark lines of coast, below the great marble crags of Carrara, rising dim in the twilight—

"Is that the place where my friends will pick me up?"

"Yes," answered Baldwin, "that's the place. You will be picked up there, if you choose."

"I must, you know." And Cyril looked astonished, as if for the first time it struck him that there might be no *must* in the matter. "I must—at least I suppose I ought to—go back to England with them."

"You know that best," replied Baldwin, shortly. "But before we get there I want to finish what we were saying about the moral value of poetry, if you don't mind. I gave you the instance of Whitman and the mystico-sensual school merely because it is one of the most evident; but it is only one of many I could give you of the truth of what I said, that if a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, has—what the painter, or sculptor, or musician, inasmuch as they are such, have not—a keener sense of moral right and wrong than other men, it is because his art requires it. Consider what it is deliberately to treat of human character and emotion and action; consider what a strange chaos, an often inextricable confusion of clean and foul, of healthy and pestilent, you get among, in penetrating into the life of the human soul; consider that the poet must pick his way through all this, amid very loathsome dangers which he often can not foresee; and not alone, but carrying in his moral arms the soul of his reader—of each of his thousands of readers—a soul which, if he see not clearly his way, if he miss his footing, or tread in the soft, sinking soil (soft with filthy bogs), may

be bespattered and soiled, perhaps for ever—may be sucked into the swamp pool or poisoned by the swamp air; and that he must thus carry, not one soul, but thousands of souls, unknown to him—souls in many cases weak, sometimes already predisposed to some loathsome moral malady, and which, by a certain amount of contact with what to the poet himself might be innocuous, may be condemned to life-long disease. I do not think that the poet's object is to moralize mankind; but I think that the materials with which he must work are such that, while practicing his art, he may unconsciously do more mischief than all the professed moralists in Christendom can consciously do good. The poet is the artist, remember, who deliberately chooses as material for his art the feelings and actions of man; he is the artist who plays his melodies, not on catgut strings or metal stops, but upon human passions; and whose playing touches not a mere mechanism of fibers and membranes like the ear, but the human soul, which in its turn feels and acts; he is the artist who, if he blunders, does not merely fatigue a nerve or paralyze for a moment a physical sense, but injures the whole texture of our sympathies and deafens our conscience. And I ask you, does such an artist, playing on such an instrument, not require moral

feeling far stronger and keener than that of any other man, who, if he mistake evil for good, injures only himself and the few around him? You have been doubting, Cyril, whether poetry is sufficient work for a man who feels the difference between good and evil; you might more worthily doubt whether any man knows good from evil with instinct sure enough to suffice him as a poet. You thought poetry morally below you: are you certain that you are morally up to its level?"

Cyril looked vaguely about him; at the black sea breaking on the twilight sands, at the dark outline of pine-wood against the pale sky, at the distant village lights—vaguely, and as if he saw nothing of it all. The damp sea-breeze blew in their faces, the waves moaned sullenly, the pines creaked in the wind; the moon, hidden behind clouds, slowly silvered into light their looser, outer folds, then emerged, spreading a broad white sheen on the sands and the water.

"Are you still too good for poetry?" asked Baldwin, "or has poetry become too good for you?"

"I don't know," answered Cyril, in the tone of a man before whose mental eyes things are taking a new shape. "I don't know—perhaps."

VERNON LEE (*Contemporary Review*).

ONE YEAR IN A GERMAN COOKERY-SCHOOL.

IT was the last day of April, at half-past ten in the evening. Bedtime had come; and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saying, "God bless you, my child!" and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age, and, according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a cookery-school, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a baroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker. It does not signify how or where she has been born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden. Of course,

I do not mean to say that all girls, even in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are *forced* to undergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the good sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that, whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself or not, and even if her position in the world allows her to keep as many servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work which she requires of them. There is only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have mentioned in her father's house and from her mother; while the former leaves her home to learn the same details of domestic service in a strange house.

My luggage was prepared, and everything was finished. I had nothing to do but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my

head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice pictures that bothered my poor brain that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen-fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station; another kiss, another shaking of the hand, and the train started, carrying me toward unknown people and unknown work.

The same afternoon I arrived at the station at S—, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped, when a very venerable-looking, tall old clergyman, with long, white curly hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fräulein H— was in there. I said yes, and, shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K—, from Bellstädt, my foster-father for the coming year.* He told me to follow him to his carriage, which was waiting outside the station. Although I was not otherwise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and, while Mr. K— went to inquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their sympathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me, in his homely Thuringian dialect, not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said, "my dear Fräulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; every one was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh, how much more unhappy they were when they had to leave this station! And, Fräulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy: *you* do not look as if you were going to be the first to leave this place without regret!"

I blessed that simple, sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstädt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid;

* *Pflege-Vater* is the name given to the head of the house where the German girl is sent to learn her household duties, and indicates that for the time he has become her guardian.

and we enjoyed a delicious drive through the fascinating valleys of the Thuringian Forest, till at last our carriage, after having passed a small but pretty village, stopped before the front door of a two-storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden-trees. A rather small but neatly-kept garden, with a beautiful, green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, was to be seen at the right side of the house; while another bigger one, full of fruit-trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices of girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use toward elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand; and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me by the hand and asked my Christian name, telling me at the same time that all girls in her house were called by their Christian names. After this, we went to my room, where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comfortable, but without luxury. She—"Aunt Mary," as we all had to call her—told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection, to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves of dark and useful stuff; besides twelve large, dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen-work, twelve white ones for housework, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sundays, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your companions."

After dinner, where two of the "Pensionärinnen," as we were called, had served, Mr. K— read out of the Bible, gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early! At five, Aunt Mary came to call us; we took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's hair. This—probably because of our German nationality, but assuredly not (as the author of "German Home-Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as children—was very long and strong; and therefore would have taken too much time to comb it out ourselves.

From half-past five in the morning our day was divided in the following manner: The new-

ly-arrived and still stupid girls began with easy work, two and two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps, and to mend the linen; two worked in the garden, and had to feed the animals; but, except during the first month, they were only expected to attend to the poultry. Two had to arrange the dinner, tea and coffee table, and to wash the dishes we used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to milk the cows, and on a wash- or ironing-day to take part also in that labor. According to this plan we changed our work every week.

I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say; while four under-ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months; and each of the newly-arrived girls was given to the special guardianship of one of these. It would be too detailed if I were to describe every day of my training. I began the first week by cleaning the rooms and the lamps. This, by-the-way, is a very unpleasant duty. We were not allowed to complain of any work; and I am glad and proud to say we never did, for we knew "it must be!" The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be harder; for our backs, quite unaccustomed to bend all day, digging earth, planting flowers, and weeding borders, ached badly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat, coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock, one serves at the meals and washes the dishes, accompanying that monotonous work by cheerful songs. But then, last but not least, that fourth week—oh! I shiver, only thinking of it! I see myself again, standing in the kitchen, peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poultry; while my six-months-experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how—to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen-day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes, when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me that I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her; she took one pigeon, touched its head and—turned it round. "You see that it is simple," she said then; "do it, now."

She gave me a white pigeon, with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it, and oh! everything seemed to turn round with me; I felt as if I could not move one limb. I was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far away in the land where

the pepper grows; but suddenly, Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying, "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming Heaven knows about what?—One, two, three," she counted, with a voice that permitted no disobedience, and one, two, three, and my right hand was holding the poor pigeon's head that I myself in my bitter duty had twirled off. Tears were streaming out of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the dimmest day of my life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons of the world pursued me in my dreams, calling out for revenge on me for their dead sister.

The following weeks brought hard work. To remain in the hot kitchen day after day was not easy. To wash the greasy crockery was no joke. And then, when we had to stand and wash from morning to night at the sheets, table-napkins, and all the body-linen, then afterward to iron, mangle it, and all that, I assure you that was not just a pleasure for spoiled young ladies. It is the custom in Germany to wash table-linen and sheets as seldom as possible. Indeed, it is even a sign of wealth when one washes these things but four times a year, because it shows that lots of them are possessed by the family. Whether the custom is a nice one or not, there can be no doubt about the work it causes.

As soon as this great wash began, we gave up all but the most important house and kitchen work; and you might have seen us standing—all eight of us—round a huge tub, rubbing with soap in hot water the sheets and napkins. Certainly it was severe labor, and my hands bled fast the first evening. But while standing and washing, even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl, the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after, and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinsed out the linen in the clear-flowing water. I dare say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would soon be at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots of water that we extravagant girls sent at him!

So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed to be too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of

the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend, and in Mr. K—— we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard; but still there was one which I always did with showers of tears. That, as you can guess, was—killing poultry: ducks, geese, pigeons. I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine!

After six months' hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew!

Perhaps, dear reader, you have had enough of our German cookery-school, and I see many a young lady comfortably leaning back in her arm-chair, saying: "Nothing in the world would induce *me* to lead such a dull, hard life! Thank God that I am not a German girl!" Fiddlesticks! Noah's ark! My proud young lady, it is not quite so dull as it seems, and I am sure that, after having read what follows of my story, you will understand my saying that the year in the cookery-school was one of the happiest I ever spent.

I said that the place I lived in was a village. It was a dear old place, and I should like to tell you a little more about it. It was situated, as I said before, in the Thuringian Forest, and was full of all the charm a place possesses that is far away from railroads. The village was surrounded by splendid old fir-woods, and pleasantly animated by a small, swiftly-running, sun-bright river. The population was made up of middle-sized folk, neither especially good nor yet bad looking, but dressed in a very pretty, bright costume. The men wore light-blue trousers and a wide blue blouse; the women short red petticoats, colored apron, a black-velvet bodice, and white short sleeves. Their hair, plaited in about eight tresses, was coiled about the head, with a red or blue handkerchief twisted over it.

The village contained about twenty-four houses, all (except the squire's and the parson's) with a straw-thatched roof, and on nearly every third roof a stork was nested. Those dear storks; what a pleasure they are to every German heart! It seems as if they belonged to the family, and no greater joy is ever seen on any face, be it young or old, than on the day when the stork, after a long absence, comes home to his old nest, first of all looking into it, and then, convinced that everything is in order, beginning to clatter with his bill, giving greeting to all his friends who are standing about beneath, waving their pocket-handkerchiefs in welcome. We have a sort of divine adoration for our storks; a stork's nest on a roof is called the greatest sign of luck. No one

ever thinks of killing a stork, and, if this happens, the crime is punished with from seven to ten years of imprisonment.

Never in my life but once have I heard of a stork being willfully killed. It happened in this village, and often, indeed, have I heard the event talked about. The story is so sad and strange that I should like to tell it here. It took place as follows: A young man out of mere boyish wantonness shot the hen-stork some days before they began their long and troublesome journey to Africa. Winter was gone; the stork's nest was again without snow, and the warm sun and mild spring air made people look forward to the arrival of the storks. At last they came. All the nests, except the one which through human cruelty had lost its mistress, were soon full of eggs, which the hen-birds were busy hatching. One day, a stork, which was flying alone toward the village, came to the nest upon the parsonage-roof. The female stork, unmindful of approaching danger, was sitting silently in her nest alone, when the strange bird swooped passionately down, and began a furious fight with her. She defended her nest, her eggs, herself, as bravely as she could, but at last her strength failed, and the stranger stork succeeded in hacking the eggs to pieces and throwing them out of the nest. Then, but not till then, he seemed satisfied with what he had done, and with a savage rattling in his throat he flew away. The villagers, meanwhile, stood watching this horrible scene without being able to help the injured mother-bird. This story shows curiously that the feelings and passions both of men and animals are very much alike. The poor stork, pining for his mate who had been murdered, sees another in her full maternal happiness. Mad jealousy comes over him, and, being himself unhappy, he wants to make others unhappy too. The wretched bird, it may be added, was never seen again after the tragedy. Most probably he put a speedy end to his own miserable life.

We had not much society in our village. There was only the squire's family, consisting of a father, mother, three grown-up sons, and four young men who were being taught farming. The Sundays were our usual days for meeting. Sometimes we were all invited to the squire's house, or else they used to call on us. The greatest pleasure for us girls was of course to go there, for then we had no work to do, and could enjoy our holiday. And oh, how well we knew how to do that! The old people left us to ourselves, giving us full leave to do whatever we liked. The dining-room was at our disposal; and, by-the-by, this noble old room is worth while making acquaintance with. It was in the old part of the house, built about two hundred years ago. The walls and ceiling were paneled with

wood, admirably carved. An old-fashioned chandelier, that with the brightness of its lights had served at many happy and sad family occurrences, hung in the middle of the room, while the walls were decorated with magnificent horns of stags and deer, shot long ago by ancestors of the house. To this room we went; a cupboard containing an old hand-organ was opened, and, while one played this oft-used and obedient instrument, the rest of us danced vales and galops. Sometimes we had games or acted plays, and, when tired of all these, it was pleasant to sit or walk about arm-in-arm, under the moon-lighted oak-tree that from generation to generation had secretly hearkened to the ever-old and ever-new whispering of young and hopeful love.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real poetical love in a cooking-school, where you expected that sentimentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet, if

you will promise not to tell about it, I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself secretly to the squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love-story which began there ended so happily. I know of one young man, who once under the oak-tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away irrevocably.

Again the last day of April arrived; my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it.

But the day appeared, and again the carriage was waiting at the door; and, embracing them all, with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good-natured, smiling face, "I told you that *you* would not be the first to leave the place without regret!"

E. H. (*Cornhill Magazine*).

AT HOME IN FIJI.

THERE are no performances in which it would seem to be more unlikely that women should compete with men than in geographical exploration or in daring adventures among strange peoples or in remote lands; yet it is precisely in this apparently incongruous field that the recent achievements of women have been most conspicuous, and their powers most clearly demonstrated. Sir Samuel Baker has often declared that the success of his African expeditions was largely due to the fortitude and sagacity of his wife; but this may have been the kindly illusion of affection, and there are other instances in which women have either taken the lead or made their ventures alone. The arduous achievements of Miss Bird in the Sandwich Islands, in Japan, and in our own Rocky Mountains, have astonished and charmed an immense circle of readers. For nearly all that is now known of the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates we are indebted to Lady Anne Blunt, whose Byronic ancestry explains at once her romantic appetite for adventure and the audacious courage with which she seeks it. And it is only a month or two since we extracted some of the more striking passages from the record of Lady Florence Dixie's sportsmanlike experiences amid the wilds of Patagonia.

A high rank among this adventurous sisterhood must henceforth be assigned to Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, whose name must not be con-

founded with the similar one which her lion-hunting brother has made famous. A few years ago this lady published the record of her experiences in a journey "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." Since then she has traveled over the whole of Ceylon; has spent three years in the Fiji Islands and other islands of the Pacific; has visited Australia and New Zealand; extended her travels to Japan and the Celestial Empire; and made the journey home by way of America. A portion of the observations and experiences accumulated during these teeming five years is recorded in a work just issued from the press of Blackwood, and entitled "At Home in Fiji";* and no more instructive and readable book of travels has lately been offered to the public. The author does not appear to be actuated by the feverish appetite for perilous adventure which seems to spur and animate Lady Blunt and Lady Dixie; nor does she exhibit the self-reliant courage and indomitable fortitude of Miss Bird. There is a certain tone of startled apprehensiveness and a magnifying of small discomforts, which, in spite of the examples we have cited to the contrary, we are inclined to regard as characteristically feminine. Yet there is no lack

* At Home in Fiji. By C. F. Gordon Cumming, author of "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." With Map and Illustrations. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons, 1881.

either of courage to dare or of patience to endure, and there can be no doubt that Miss Cumming went tranquilly into dangers from which men would have shrunk simply because of a wider knowledge of what they involved. In the matter of literary skill Miss Cumming is greatly inferior to Miss Bird; yet even here there are a feminine reticence and lightness of touch that lend a charm which we miss in Miss Bird's luminously direct and sometimes trenchant phraseology. In reading Miss Bird's books we almost forget the sex of the writer, or recall it with an effort; but one could hardly read a page of Miss Cumming's narrative without being convinced that the author is a lady, and the ever-present consciousness of this imparts a piquancy and zest to trifling incidents which could hardly be obtained in any other way. In one feature of her equipment, moreover, Miss Cumming possesses an advantage over all her rivals. She sketches and paints with indefatigable industry, and, if we may judge from the photographic reproductions, with no little skill. The seven autotypes with which the volumes are embellished would be valuable and interesting even if unaccompanied by the text which they illustrate so attractively.

Miss Cumming's visit to Fiji was due to one of those apparent accidents of which life is so largely made up, especially the life of those who stand ready to avail themselves of opportunities. Shortly after the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain—an event which occurred in the autumn of 1874—a relative of Miss Cumming's, the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, was appointed first Governor of Fiji; and he at once invited her to accompany Lady Gordon to her remote home. The invitation was accepted with alacrity, as a cruise in the South Pacific had been one of the dreams of her life; and in March, 1875, the large and somewhat hastily collected party composing the Governor's family and staff left England. The voyage was made by way of the Suez Canal and Red Sea to Sydney, in New South Wales, where the ladies of the party remained for six months in order to give the gentlemen time to prepare acceptable quarters for them in Fiji; and it was not until the middle of September that they were actually landed at Levuka, on the Isle of Ovalau, the temporary capital of the new colony.

The author confesses with some *naïveté* how vague was her knowledge of Fiji prior to her visit, and, as the knowledge of the average reader is likely to be at least equally vague, it may be well for us to reproduce the items of general information with which she introduces her narrative. The Fijian group, then, lies in the South Pacific, about ten degrees south of the equator, thirty degrees east of the north coast of Australia,

and twenty degrees north of New Zealand; and embraces about two hundred and fifty islands, of which seventy or eighty are inhabited. Some of these islands are of considerable size, the largest, Viti Levu or Great Fiji, being about ninety miles long by fifty broad. The next in size, Vanua Levu, the Great Land, is upward of one hundred miles long by twenty-five broad; Taviuni and Kandavu are each twenty-five miles long; while Bau, the native capital, is scarcely a mile in length. Each of the principal islands forms a center, round which cluster from twenty to thirty minor isles, forming totally distinct groups, whose people are almost unknown to one another. The surface of most of the islands is extremely rugged and mountainous, traces of violent volcanic action being everywhere apparent; and the climate is, for the tropics, unusually genial and healthy. At the time of the cession they were inhabited by about fifteen hundred whites and one hundred and fifty thousand natives; but the very first blessing brought by British rule was a plague of the measles, which swept through the islands with the virulence that characterizes such diseases in the tropics, and in less than a year carried off just one third of the population. Most of those that remained (as well as of those that had been swept away) had adopted Christianity; and the new-comers, who supposed that they were venturing among untamed savages, were astonished to find that fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches bore testimony to the march of events since 1835, when a few brave missionaries flung themselves into the midst of a nation of ferocious cannibals.

As the guest and companion of Lady Gordon, Miss Cumming naturally spent most of her time at the Government House, in Levuka; but she availed herself of every opportunity for visiting other sections, accompanied the Rev. Mr. Langham, chief of the Wesleyan Mission, on many of his professional circuits, entered into friendly relations with the people everywhere, and unquestionably saw and learned more of Fiji than any other member of the party of which she was a member. The record of her observations and experiences took the shape of familiar and gossip letters written to various members of the home circle. In making her book she has simply arranged these letters in chronological sequence; and, though the narrative thus gains considerably in vividness and realism, things that one would naturally expect to find in juxtaposition are widely separated, and the reader of it gets an impression of scrappiness and incompleteness which a more skillful use of the material at hand would have obviated. In detaching for our own sketch some of the more interesting passages, we shall make no attempt at consecutiveness in the order

of either occurrence or arrangement, but shall aim simply to convey an idea of Fiji and the Fijians, and to indicate by specimens what the reader will find in Miss Cumming's entertaining volumes.

In the first place it may be observed that her descriptions do not convey a very dignified idea of the capital which formed her home during her stay in Fiji. It was simply a single street consisting of a strip of rocky, muddy, or shingly sea-beach, with houses on only one side. Various attempts had been made to build a low sea-wall, but this was invariably washed away by the first high tide, and it was a mystery that the houses themselves escaped. "One thing," she observes, "that would strike you as peculiar is to see a whole town without one chimney. There is a house which apparently has a couple, but these are only ventilators. You would also be impressed by our magnificent lighthouses—two wooden pyramids which, seen at a certain angle to one another, mark the passage through the coral reef. These are, I think, the only representatives of lighthouses in this most dangerous group. But at present the colony is too poor to build any, and Mother England is too stingy to allow us any." But, whatever else was lacking, churches were abundant. Besides the Wesleyan native chapels, there were a large Wesleyan church for the white population, a Roman Catholic Church, and an Episcopal one. The number of churches, in fact, is one of the noteworthy features of the islands. "Every village," we are told elsewhere, "on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

Perhaps the most startling among the early experiences of the new arrivals was that Fiji, though teeming with a tropical luxuriance and variety of products, was one of the most expensive places to live in in the world. Most of the officials had been sent out on ridiculously small salaries, because they had been assured before leaving England that living would cost them nothing and they could save all their pay; but they found that living in London was economical in comparison. Small, one-storied bungalows rented for about twenty dollars a week, and were difficult to obtain even at that; there were no hotels or lodging-houses; and food could scarcely

be obtained at all. Though the sea swarmed with fish, none could be bought; vegetables were unknown articles of diet; meat and poultry were dearer than in England; milk was a shilling a quart, and eggs three shillings a dozen. Even the supply of fruit was very scant, consisting only of indifferent bananas, pineapples, and oranges. But, perhaps the worst difficulty was with household servants, the natives being either hopelessly stupid or utterly indisposed to learn the new ways of strangers. "Day after day you must show them exactly how everything is to be done, and may be certain that each time it will be wrong, and that the moment your back is turned they will proceed to twist up a bit of tobacco in a banana-leaf, and deliberately smoke their cigarette before touching the work you have given them. Probably they will follow you to ask where the matches are, and the only answer to any remonstrance is '*matua*' (by-and-by), a universal principle which is the bane of Fijian life." To get any cook at all was next to an impossibility, and those finally obtained demanded (and received) the modest sum of five dollars a week, and then refused to wash even the smallest articles of household linen.

Nearly every island is surrounded with a barrier-reef of coral, which supplies them with natural breakwaters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which they can commonly pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect can not live within the influence of fresh water, and thus an entrance is secured to these havens of rest. The coral reef at Levuka afforded the author an endless resource of amusement and profit, and she devotes several enthusiastic pages to its description:

"The rich blue of the harbor is separated from the purplish indigo of the great ocean by a submarine rainbow of indescribable loveliness. This is caused by the coral reef, which produces a gleaming ray as if from a hidden prism. The patches of coral, sea-weed, and sometimes white sand, lying at irregular depths, beneath a shallow covering of the most crystalline emerald-green water, produce every shade of aqua-marine, mauve, sienna, and orange, all marvelously blended. The shades are continually varying with the ebb and flow of the tide, which at high water covers the reef to the depth of several feet, while at low tide patches here and there stand high and dry, or are covered by only a few inches of water; treacherous ground, however, on which to land, as the sharp coral spikes break under the feet, cutting the thickest leather, and perhaps landing you in a hole several feet in depth, with still sharper coral down below. The highest edge of the reef lies

toward the ocean, and a line of dazzling white surf marks where the great green breakers wage their ceaseless warfare on the barrier; but the passage through the reef is marked by a break in the white line, and a broad roadway of deep blue connecting the inner waters with the great deep; and this, again, passes in gradual gradations of color from the intense blue of the harbor to the glittering green of the shallow water on the inner side of the reef. Altogether it is most fascinating. The scene is loveliest at noon, when the sun is right overhead, and lights up the colors beneath the water on the coral covens. . . .

"The first essential is to go in a boat which draws very little water, and which has no new paint to be considered. Then, when the tide is low, and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral-beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oars would disturb the clear surface of the water, beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches, which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges and heaps of brain and mushroom corals. These living shrubs assume every shade of color: some are delicate pink or blue; others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But, vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away, as the living creatures melt away and die, when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we know in England are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

"Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it—the clear translucent water, which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet coral-ines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds. There are great red fish, and purple-green fish, and some of bright gold, with bars or spots of black; but loveliest of all are the shoals of minute fish, some of the most vivid green, others of a blue that is quite dazzling. Some have markings so brilliant that I can only compare them to peacocks' feathers. These all congregate in families, and a happy life they surely must have. Some of the loveliest of these are so tiny that you can keep a dozen in a tumbler; others are about the length of your finger. Besides these myriads of minute fish, there are all manner of living creatures which peep out from their homes beneath the ledges and crevices of the coral—vigilant crabs of all sizes and colors, and sea-anemones in endless variety, and wonderful specimens of Echini."

Two months after her arrival, on the 21st of November, occurred the curious "Balolo Festival"—or Feast of Worms—which is connected with an extraordinary fact in natural history, peculiar, it is believed, to these islands. The festival is thus described:

"The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Some are fully a yard long; others about an inch. It has a jointed body and many legs, and lives in the deep sea. Only on two days in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first day is in October, which is hence called 'Little Balolo,' when only a few appear. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them. They make their calculations by the position of certain stars. After this no more are seen until the high tide of the full moon, which occurs between the 20th and 25th of November, which hence takes the name of 'Great Balolo,' when they rise to the surface in countless myriads, always before daybreak. In the Samoan Isles the day occurs about a fortnight earlier. At certain well-known points near the reef, the whole sea, to the depth of several inches, is simply alive with these red, green, and brown creatures, which form one writhing mass, and are pursued by shoals of fish of all sizes, which come to share the feast with the human beings. The latter are in a state of the wildest excitement, for it is the merriest day of the year, and is looked forward to from one November to the next by all the young folk.

"About midnight they go out in their canoes, and anxiously await the appearance of the first few worms, and great is the struggle to obtain these, which herald the approach of untold myriads. For several hours there is the merriest sport and laughter, every one bailing up the worms and trying who can most quickly fill his canoe, either by fair sport or by stealing from his neighbor. All is noise, scrambling, and excitement, the lads and lasses each carrying wicker baskets with which they capture the worms without carrying too much salt water on board. As the day dawns, these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths, and by the moment of sunrise not one remains on the surface; nor will another be seen for a twelvemonth, when, true to its festival, the balolo will certainly return. Never has it been known to fail, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, white or brown. Nor is there any record of any one having seen one rise to the surface on any save the two appointed days, which are known as the 'Little Balolo' and 'Great Balolo.'

"Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens dug on the beach, and have a great feast—a regular whitebait dinner, in fact. So now you know the true meaning of the 'Diet of Worms.' So great is the quantity taken, that the supply generally lasts for several days, being warmed up when required; and basketfuls are sent to friends

at a distance, just as we in Scotland send a box of grouse. Such is our prejudice against all manner of worms that few Europeans appreciate this dainty, which nevertheless is really not nasty, especially when eaten like potted meat, with bread and butter. It is rather like spinach, with a flavor of the sea—perhaps I should compare it with the laver of the Scilly Isles."

One of the remarkable peculiarities of Fiji is the strange lack of animal life. There are literally no indigenous four-footed creatures except rats and flying-foxes, and even the native rat has died out since foreign rats arrived in ships. The pigs, which now in some places run wild in the jungle, were originally introduced by the Tongans, who also brought cats, ducks, and fowls. Prior to the arrival of the Governor's party, the natives had never seen a horse, and their astonishment at the spectacle of a man on horseback knew no bounds. Happily, serpents also are almost unknown, and the few that exist are not venomous. In walking through the densest undergrowth, nothing more alarming is encountered than a few innocent lizards or an occasional land-crab. Centipedes and scorpions are known to exist, but are very rarely seen. The worst plagues are flies, mosquitoes, and cockroaches. The latter infest every house, and are in their turn devoured by large spiders. The ants, too, are energetic friends of the housekeeper, and organize burial parties for cockroaches as fast as they are killed. "Every morning," says our author, "we see solemn funerals moving across the veranda to the garden, and these are parties of about one hundred of the tiniest ants dragging away the corpse of a large cockroach." Contrary to the usual idea of tropical countries, vegetation, though luxuriant, is neither varied nor especially beautiful. Says our author:

"In one respect we were greatly disappointed in this place (Levuka): *there are scarcely any flowers*. This strikes us all the more, as we have come direct here from Australia, where we left the whole country literally aflame with blossom. You can not fancy anything more lovely. And here in the tropics, where people always vainly imagine that flowers are so abundant, we have fewer than in any place I have yet been to. Scarcely any house has even a flower-bed round the windows; and the very best garden in the place would, except for the beauty of its crotons and other shrubs, scarcely be dignified with the name in England; and yet infinite care is expended on it, and a handful of roses or other blossoms of any sort is the greatest boon its owner can bestow on us. As to wild flowers, I have walked day after day till I was weary, without finding as many flowers as would fill a small vase.

"The ferns, however, are exceedingly lovely. Innumerable species grow in richest profusion in every damp ravine, and great tufts of birds'-nest and other

ferns cling to the mossy boughs of the gray old trees. Every here and there you come on a rocky stream or shady pool round which they cluster in such luxuriance and variety that it makes you long to transport the whole fairy-like dell to some place where all fern-lovers might revel in its beauty. And this is only the undergrowth; for the cool shade overhead is produced by the interwoven fronds of great tree-ferns—their exquisite crown of green supported by a slender stem from twenty to thirty feet high, up which twine delicate creepers of all sorts, which steal in and out among the great fronds, and so weave a canopy of exquisite beauty. Loveliest of all are the delicate climbing-ferns, the tender leaves of which—some richly *fringed* with seed—hang mid-air in long, hair-like trails, or else, drooping in festoons, climb from tree to tree, forming a perfect network of loveliness. It is a most fairy-like foliage, and the people show their reverence for its beauty by calling it *Wa Kolo*, or God's fern.

"I ought to mention that, though there are no flowers within reach, there are several flowering trees with unattainable and, happily, not very tempting blossoms. They are all alike remarkable for having a most insignificant calyx, and being almost entirely composed of a great bunch of silky stamens which fall in showers on the ground below. The most attractive of these is the *kaveka*, or Malay apple, which bears tufts of crimson blossoms especially attractive to certain lovely scarlet and green parrots with purple heads, and which in due season bears a very juicy though insipid crimson or white fruit. These parrots are few and far between; and I miss the flocks of bright wings which so delighted me in my glimpse of Australian bush."

A more pleasant feature of the vegetation is the total absence of the thorny plants with which tropical jungles usually bristle. In Ceylon our author complains that she was perpetually being torn by cruel thorns, every shrub seeming armed with sharp needles; but the only thorny tree she observed in Fiji was the wild citron, and even that was not indigenous. On the other hand, Fiji has traps for the unwary quite peculiar to itself:

"The commonest of these is the tree-nettle, which really is a large forest-tree. Beautiful but treacherous are its large, glossy leaves, veined with red or white, most attractive to the eye, but anguish to the touch; days will pass ere the pain of that burning sting subsides. However, forewarned is forearmed, and you are in no danger of accidentally touching these large, showy trees, as you so often do the insignificant but obtrusive little nettle of our own woods. There are, however, several other trees which are so intensely poisonous that it is dangerous even to touch them accidentally. One of these is the *kankaro*, or itch-plant, from which exudes a milky juice causing agony, especially if the tiniest drop come near the eye. Instances have occurred when a man has ignorantly selected this wood, either

as timber from which to fashion his canoe, or a spar suitable for his mast; and, incautiously sitting on the wood while carpentering, has discovered, when too late, that the subtle poison had entered by every pore, and that his whole body was rapidly breaking out in angry spots, causing an irritation utterly unbearable, and lasting for months, sometimes years.

"There are several splendid trees which are quite new to me, being peculiar to the South Seas. Such are the *ivi*, or Tahitian chestnut, and the *udelo*, with large, glossy leaves, like the India-rubber tree. Both these are valuable, as affording cool, deep shade. There is also the *vutu*, with its blossoms like tufts of silk fringe; the *tavola*, or native almond-tree; and the *ndawa*, whose young leaves are bright crimson, and give a gleam of color to the general expanse of green. Then there is the *mbaka*, which grows like the sacred banyan of India, beginning its life as a humble parasite, and in old age presenting an intricate network of white stems, pillars, and roots. The commonest scrub-foliage is a hybiscus, with bluish-gray leaf and a pale, primrose-colored blossom, with a dark claret heart: it is a pretty flower on the tree, but dies when gathered."

The Fijians are described by our author as a fine race, stalwart and well formed, offering a complete contrast to the hideous blacks of whom she saw a few in Australia. They are intelligent in appearance and friendly in manner, and their scrupulous honesty is a theme to which she recurs over and over again. In the matter of dress, the amount worn in heathen days does not appear to have been oppressive. "A thick fringe of colored grass, or hybiscus fiber, from three to four inches in length, was the full dress of a young lady in the mountains; indeed, it is so to this day among the tribes who have not yet adopted Christianity, or who, since the scourge of the measles, have returned to heathenism. Most Christians, men and women alike, now wear a cloth reaching from the waist to the knee, and over this such decoration as fancy prompts—whether gay fringe of colored grass, delicate creeping ferns, or bright golden croton-leaves, cunningly fastened so as to overlap one another and form a close, short petticoat—and a very becoming dress it is, especially when worn by a group of pretty girls, perhaps standing beneath the shadow of a plantain-tree, or holding one of its broad leaves above their heads, to shield them from the burning rays of the sun, the rich tones of their brown figures standing out in strong relief against the vivid blue of the sky." On ceremonial or festive occasions the dress and ornamentation are more elaborate. Then—

"White native cloth is worn as a girdle, and hangs behind in large folds; wreaths of long hanging grass are worn round the arms and legs as well as on the body. Some even powder their hair black, or else wear huge wigs of heathen days, and crowns

of scarlet parrots' feathers. Most have their faces painted with every variety of color, in stripes, circles, and spots. Some are all scarlet, with black spectacles, or *vice versa*; some, of a very gaudy turn of mind, half blue and half scarlet. Some are painted half plain and half spotted, or striped like clowns. In short, fancy has free scope in devising grotesque patterns of every sort. Many are entirely blackened down to the waist, or perhaps have one side of the face and one shoulder dyed dark-red; but the commonest and ugliest freak of all is to paint only the nose bright scarlet, and the rest of the face dead black, and very hideous is the result. The paint-box on these occasions is very simple: red ochre supplies one shade, and the seeds of the vermilion-tree supply another. The nearest wood-fire yields black in abundance; while a dark-brown fungus is found on the bark of certain trees, and finds immense favor with many who can not understand how infinitely more beautiful is the rich brown of their own silky skin, with its gloss of coconut-oil. The gaudy blue is a recent addition to their stock—from English laundries; and an unusually vivid scarlet likewise tells occasionally of dealings with British traders.

"On great festivals the family jewels are all displayed. They consist of necklaces of whales' teeth rudely fastened together with sinnet, or else most carefully cut into long, curved strips like miniature tusks, highly polished, and strung together in the form of a great collar, which is worn with the curved points turning outward like a frill. The average length of each tooth is about six inches; but some necklaces, which are treasured as heirlooms, are nearly double this size, and all the teeth are beautifully regular. Their effect when worn by a chief in full dress is singularly picturesque, though scarcely so becoming as the large, curved boar's tooth, which sometimes forms an almost double circle, and is worn suspended from the neck, the white ivory gleaming against the rich brown skin. . . . But, alas, for the vulgarizing influence of white men! Already the majority of the islanders have sold their own admirable ornaments, and wear instead trashy English necklaces, with perhaps a circular tin looking-glass attached, or an old cotton-reel in the ear instead of a rudely carved ear-ring. In the more frequented districts this lamentable change thrusts itself more forcibly on the attention, as almost all the fine old clubs and beautifully carved spears have been bought up, and miserable sticks and nondescript articles—including old European battle-axes—take their place."

The elaborate head-dresses which used to distinguish the islanders have been mostly done away with; but they were once a favorite mode of ornamentation, and are thus described:

"Each great chief had his own hair-dresser, who sometimes devoted several hours a day to his master's adornment, and displayed quite as much ingenuity in his designs as the potters or cloth-painters do in their work. The general aim was to produce

a spherical mass about three feet in circumference; but a very successful hair-dresser has been known to bring this up to five feet! This mass was composed of twists of curls or tufts—oftenest of thousands of spiral curls, seven or eight inches long, shaped like a cone, with the base turned to the outside, and each individual hair turned inward. Others encouraged a tuft to grow so stiffly as to resemble a plume of feathers. Many had a bunch of 'love-locks,' small, long curls hanging on one side; others a few long, very fine plaits hanging from behind the ear, or from one temple; or half the head was curled and half frizzled; it was also dyed according to taste. And some dandies liked to have their heads partly colored, black, sienna, and red; in short, there was no limit to the strange varieties thus produced—far more diverse than the most fanciful devices of any fashionable lady in Europe."

Prior to the advent of the missionaries in 1835, and for many years afterward, the Fijians were the most ferocious cannibals known to mankind; and Miss Cumming listened to many stories, and found many traces, of the revolting practice. Among her collections were several forks of carved wood which had been used exclusively for human flesh, this being the only meat that might not be touched with the fingers, because it was supposed to produce a skin-disease. One young chief, misunderstanding a question which she asked as to the different ways of cooking human flesh and pork, assured her with effusion that "there's no comparison between them—human flesh is so much the best." And on another occasion "a horrible old ex-cannibal" crept close to her traveling companion (Mr. Langham), and stroked him down the thigh, licking his lips, and exclaiming with delight, "Oh, but you are nice and fat!" How frail a barrier has as yet been erected against the custom is shown by the fact that, in a war which occurred during her visit, the mountain tribes relapsed at once into cannibalism, eating the slain, and killing prisoners for the purpose.

On one of her journeys she met with a ghastly reminder of the extent to which the practice was anciently carried. A row of smallish stones, extending about two hundred yards, was pointed out to her as a genuine "cannibal's register," representing the number of human bodies actually eaten by two chiefs—one stone for each body. There were eight hundred and seventy-two of them, and at least thirty had been removed! As might be conjectured, too, the hideous custom was marked by every conceivable aggravation of cruelty and outrage. One favorite phase of cold-blooded revenge and insult offered to enemies in war was to collect the bones of the bodies eaten and reduce them to powder. Then, when peace was restored, and the tribes next feasted together, this nice ingredient was

added to some favorite pudding. Afterward, should war again break out, it was the height of triumph to taunt the late guests with having eaten the dishonored bones of their kindred!

With the exception, perhaps, of the conversion of the Sandwich-Islanders, which strikingly resembles it, missionary effort has never achieved a more signal triumph than in the transformation it has brought about in the condition and practices of the natives of Fiji. We have already mentioned the fact that at the time of Miss Cumming's visit, in 1875, nine hundred churches and fourteen hundred schools were in successful operation; but even this fact, impressive as it is, fails to convey an adequate idea of the change that has been wrought. Substantially the whole population has been brought to accept Christianity, and the fidelity with which they follow its teachings and practice its precepts should put to shame the older Christian communities whence the missionaries set forth on their errand of enlightenment. Alone in their remote island homes, isolated from the rest of the world, these gentle people have acquired the virtues of civilization without its accompanying vices; and, in view of the probable consequences, one is tempted to regret the step which must inevitably increase their contact with the sort of "Christians" whom the older civilizations send forth on missions so different from that they have hitherto known.

At any rate, it is matter for congratulation that the most vivid picture we are likely to have of Fiji and the Fijians was drawn at a time when the missionary work was fairly complete, and when the other deteriorating influences had hardly begun to operate. Some of the most interesting passages in Miss Cumming's book describe her missionary journeys with Mr. Langham; and many of those picturesque incidents connected with the work of conversion that are rapidly becoming traditional, and will speedily die out of memory, are here placed on record. We should be glad to linger over these, but lessening space warns us to proceed, and with a few glances at the existing customs and manners of the people we must bring our article to a close.

Among the characteristic native amusements which have retained their ancient vogue, and which are resorted to on every occasion of merry-making or festivity, the first place is to be assigned to the *méke*, which is a quaint national dance with accompaniment of singing. Says our author, bringing together the results of her observations of the various *mékes* at which she was present:

"Some of the old *mékes* are not considered desirable, as, for example, that dance of death which accompanied the carrying of dead bodies to the tem-

ple, preparatory to cooking them, and others of heathen or immoral association. The schools are therefore encouraged to select new subjects. So they gave us a dance and pantomime all about the capture of Jerusalem, and very curious it was. . . . The town then divided into two companies. One acted as orchestra, sitting on the ground—some clapping hands, some striking the ground with short, resonant bamboos—all singing. The other company danced—the quaintest, wildest dances you can conceive, with much pantomime and most graceful action. Every action and posture one sees in a good ballet are found here; and such pretty grouping with fans, spears, or clubs! Many of the figures are very intricate, and the rapidity of movement and flexibility of the whole body are something marvelous; it seems as if every muscle was in action, and all the postures are graceful. The dance gets wilder and more excited as it goes on, generally ending with an unearthly yell, in which all the spectators join. . . .

"Here in the mountains each company carried spears, clubs, or fans, all of which played their part in the various dances—most of which are so old that the meaning of the songs and pantomime are alike forgotten by the actors. In one long piece of by-play all the men of the village appeared dressed alike, their heads being plastered with lime, looking just like powdered footmen (only that they were brown, and naked to the waist). It was so very solemn that we thought some terrible tragedy was being recounted; but we were told it was only a story about an empty basket!

"In one very old dance, a queer, fluttering creature, with a huge fan in each hand, to represent wings, kept dancing round and round a covey of cowering children, whom he bowled over, two at a time. Then, as they lay prone, he fanned them to life again, and so drove them along to join the orchestra. This is supposed to be a bird of prey providing for her young, and of a species unknown in Fiji.

"Somewhat similar is a dance in which half the men are armed with spears, the other half carry large palm-leaf fans, adorned with streamers of blue and white native cloth. After an intricate dance, in which extraordinary feats of agility are displayed, these two companies form into separate lines and have a sham fight. Again and again the whole regiment of spearmen fall flat on the ground, as if all slain simultaneously, and the others, bending over them, fan them assiduously till life is restored, and they once more spring to their feet. This is a particularly pretty dance; no carefully studied ballet could be more effective.

"Another, which is particularly characteristic, is a club-dance, in which half the men present are armed with war-clubs of very varied and curious forms, while the others carry long and beautifully carved spears. Sometimes each man carries a spear in one hand and a club in the other; and often, I regret to say, a number of common muskets replace the old clubs, and look strangely out of keeping with the barbaric surroundings. These war parties always

advance slowly, attitudinizing and swinging from side to side. Gradually they become more animated, brandish their spears and clubs, go through all manner of evolutions, keeping such perfect time that each line of warriors seems to move like one man—every hand and foot moving in unison. The speed and action go on increasing till each individual dancer seems to be performing the closing movements of a Highland fling or a sailor's hornpipe, but with far more varied postures. At some of the larger gatherings, from two to three hundred dancers will join in the *miké*, and, as they are generally the picked men of the district, the scene is the more effective.

"Each district has certain dances peculiar to itself, and the people of one neither can nor will join in the *miké* of another. Thus the people of aristocratic Bau positively sneered when asked whether they could not perform some of the dances of their neighbors at Rewa, which monopolizes the most graceful *miké* of all, namely, one which represents the breaking of the waves on a coral-reef—a poetic idea admirably rendered. Years ago I remember the delight with which we hailed an exquisite statuette in Sir Noel Paton's studio, representing the curling of a wave, by a beautiful female figure, supposed to be floating thereon; but I never dreamed that we should find the same idea so perfectly carried out by a race whom we have been wont to think of only as ruthless savages. The idea to be conveyed is that of the tide gradually rising on the reef, till at length there remains only a little coral isle, round which the angry breakers rage, flinging their white foam on every side. At first the dancers form in long lines and approach silently, to represent the quiet advance of the waves. After a while the lines break up into smaller companies, which advance with outspread hands and bodies bent forward, to represent rippling wavelets, the tiniest waves being represented by children. Quicker and quicker they come on, now advancing, now retreating, yet like true waves, steadily progressing, and gradually closing on every side of the imaginary islet, round which they play or battle, after the manner of breakers, springing high in mid-air, and flinging their arms far above their heads to represent the action of spray. As they leap and toss their heads, the soft white *masi* or native cloth (which for greater effect they wear as a turban with long streamers, and also wind round the waist, thence it floats in scarf-like ends) trembles and flutters in the breeze. The whole effect is most artistic, and the orchestra do their part by imitating the roar of the surf on the reef—a sound which to them has been a never-ceasing lullaby from the hour of their birth.

"Another *miké* peculiar to this district represents a number of flying-foxes in the act of robbing a garden of ripe bananas. Perhaps a couple of hundred foxes will assemble, to say nothing of a couple of little foxes. A tree bearing the coveted fruit is fastened to a strong pole in the center of the ground; and it says much for the native sense of humor that, instead of hanging up a bunch of real bananas, they must needs devise an artificial bunch with a square

gin-bottle filled with oil hanging from the tip, to represent the great purple blossom. In the first figure of the dance, scouts are sent out to see that the coast is clear, and they flutter round the imaginary garden with outstretched arms, imitating the cry of the flying-fox. Soon the whole flock approach, chattering noisily over the prospect of the feast, circling and fluttering round and round after the manner of all bats. Then one proceeds to climb the tree, and hangs himself up by the legs, head downward, with outstretched arms, flapping his wings, and crying just like a flying-fox. A second soon follows, and disputes his position. They squeal, and scratch, and bite one another, and a battle of the bats ensues, in which the first-comer is routed. After a while some one shoots the intruder, who falls helplessly from the tree. All this time the rest of the flock have been dancing and fluttering around, the peculiar movements of bats being admirably rendered, even to the rushing sound of the wings, which is given by a jerk of the body, which causes all the scarfs to swing simultaneously; and these, being made of dried leaves of the *pandanus*, or screw-pine, which are long and narrow as a grass, rustle on the slightest movement, and their combined noise produces a rushing sound, greatly resembling that of the black-winged army. As an illustration of a comic dance, I may mention a pantomime representing a pig-hunt. He is supposed to be concealed in the long grass, and the hunters, round whose neck hang large boars' tusks, very suggestive of danger from such a hidden foe, advance cautiously in search of him. At last he is found, captured alive, and dragged in triumph to the village, amid the acclamations of the spectators."

Perhaps the most curious, and certainly the most poetical of the *mékés* is one which is thus described in the private journal of Sir Arthur Gordon:

"Nai kalukalu, the Stars. This was a very curious *méké*. Two circular inclosures of bamboo, about five feet high, were erected, within which two parties of dancers began to whirl round, waving white *masi* fans over their heads. Gradually, one by one, they came out of the door of their inclosure opposite each other. This was the rising of the stars. They met, danced the usual sort of dance, and, at one part of it, threw away their fans. This was to represent the shooting-stars."

Traces of the same gay fancifulness and sometimes poetic imagination are seen in the names given to children:

"Some of the brides and bridegrooms [a wedding was something which our author never missed] retained their old original names, which, literally translated, are characteristic: those of the women being such as Spray of the Coral Reef, Queen of Parrot's Land, Queen of Strangers, Smooth Water, Wife of the Morning Star, Paradise, Mother of her Grandchildren, Ten Whales' Teeth (i. e., very precious). Some were cruelly ill-named from their birth. To

any one who has suffered from the sting of a Fijian nettle such a name as Lady Nettle seems rather a cruel one to bestow on a little innocent. Nor can Waning Moon, Drinker of Blood, or Mother of Cockroaches, be considered flattering, though Mother of Pigeons sounds more kindly. Earthen Vessel is more complimentary than might at first sight appear, when we consider the preciousness of the water therein stored; while Waited For, Smooth Water, Sacred Cavern, One who Quiets, are all more or less pleasant. The men's names are equally fanciful. Such are The Stone God, Great Shark, Bad Earth, Bad Stranger, New Child, More Dead Man's Flesh, Abode of Treachery, Not Quite Cooked, Die out of Doors, Empty, Fire in the Bush, Spark of Fire, Day, Night, The Great Fowl, Quick as Lightning, Laggard, Imp, Eats like a God, King of Gluttons, Ill Cooked, Dead Man, Revenge, Carpenter, and so *ad infinitum*.

"Where Christian names have been adopted at baptism they are almost invariably Scriptural names Fijianized, I had almost said Italianized. Such are Taiviti for David, Lydronia or Litia for Lydia, Mirama for Miriam, Naboo for Nebuchadnezzar, Setavenie for Stephen, Zacheusa, Bartolomeo, Luki, Joeli, Amosi, Clementi, Solomoni, Jacopi, Josephi, Isaia, and Epeli, the latter representing Abel. In short, in any large assembly you could scarcely fail to find namesakes of all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, with their mothers and wives, the Scriptures having been ransacked from beginning to end to afford sufficient variety. Some few modern names are heard, such as Alisi and Arietta, and occasionally the name of some revered white man has been adopted, the prefix of Mr. being especially insisted on!"

This conveys some impression in regard to the Fijian language, which is said by our author to be liquid and full of vowels, sounding when spoken remarkably like Italian. There are very few guttural or hissing sounds, and there are many words in which every other letter is a vowel. It is a remarkably rich language, and is said to be capable of expressing minute shades of ideas. Thus there are three words for the possessive pronouns, varying with the nature of the noun following, as *my* food, *my* drink, or *my* canoe. Personal pronouns are equally varied; there are no less than six words answering to our *we*. There are seven words to express different conditions of weariness, six to express seeing, a dozen for dirty, fourteen for to cut, and sixteen for to strike. There are separate expressions for washing clothes, house, dishes, feet, hands, body, face, or head; also for such varied movement as that of a caterpillar, a lizard, or a serpent, or for the different manners in which it is possible to clap hands ceremonially.

As it was never written down, except by the missionaries, there is of course no literature, but there was a copious folk-lore, consisting of le-

gends and fables which were known throughout the isles. Some few of these fables were gathered by our author, and it is surprising to find Fijian versions of several of Uncle Remus's best stories. Here, for example, is a very slight variation from the latter's famous story of the race between the rabbit and the tortoise:

"'The crane and the crab,' say the Fijians, 'quarreled as to their powers of racing. The crab said he would go the fastest, and that the crane might fly across from point to point, while he went round by the shore. The crane flew off, and the crab staid quietly in his hole, trusting to the multitude of his brethren to deceive the crane. The crane flew to the first point, put down his ear, and heard a buzzing noise. "That slave is here before me," said he, and flew on to the next point. Here the same thing happened, until at last, on reaching a point above Serna, the crane fell exhausted, and was drowned in the sea.'"

At the time this was told, another native who was present capped it with an almost exactly similar story—only in this case the competition was between a crane and a butterfly:

"'The butterfly,' he said, 'challenged the crane to fly to Tonga, tempting him to do so by asking him if he was fond of shrimps. The butterfly kept resting on the crane's back, without the crane knowing it, and whenever the bird looked round and said to himself, "That *kaisi* (low-born) fellow is gone; I can rest and fly slowly now, without fear of his overtaking me," the butterfly would leave his back and fly a little way ahead, saying, "Here I am, cousin," until the poor bird died exhausted; and the butterfly, who had no longer his back to rest on, perished also.'"

Still more startling is it to find a Fijian version of Charles Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig." It was told to Miss Cumming in the mountains of Viti Levu, as follows:

"The legend tells how, many years ago, there had been a fight at Nandronga, and the dead bodies of the slain were laid under the overhanging eaves of a house until the living had time to bury them. The house accidentally took fire and was burned down, and the bodies were of course roasted. The chief ordered that they should be removed, and the men who lifted them burned their fingers: they instinctively put their hands to their mouths, licked, and liked the flavor. They called to their friends, who followed suit; and thus the people of the isles discovered how excellent a thing is roast flesh—a fact which they had previously had no chance of testing, as, with the exception of a small rat, no animal of any sort existed on any of the isles, until the men of Tonga imported pigs. Thus it was that cannibalism originated in the isles."

It would appear, however, that the Fijians discovered a more economical plan than the Chi-

nese, and substituted heated stones for burning houses. Their present mode of roasting is to dig pits, line them with firewood, and arrange on this a layer of stones; when these are heated, the animals to be roasted are laid on them, with several hot stones inside each to secure cooking throughout. Then comes a covering of leaves and earth, and the process completes itself. Another process, which the author describes herself as watching with interest, was that of the girls preparing *mandrai*, which is bread made of bananas and bread-fruit:

"A Fijian baker's oven is simply a pit lined with plantain-leaves and filled with bananas or bread-fruit, on which the girls tread to compress them into a pulpy mass; this they then cover with a thick layer of green leaves and stones, and leave it to ferment, a process which begins about the third day. The indescribable stench which poisons the air for half a mile round on the day when these dreadful pits are opened is simply intolerable—at least to the uneducated nose of us, the *papalangi* (i. e., foreigners); but the Fijian inhales it with delight, therein scenting the bread and puddings in which he most delights. These puddings are sometimes made on a gigantic scale, on the occasion of any great gathering of the tribes. One has been described to me as measuring twenty feet in circumference; and on the same occasion—namely, the marriage of old King Tanoa's daughter to Ngavindi, the chief of the fisherman tribe—there was one dish of green leaves prepared, ten feet long by five wide, on which were piled turtles and pigs roasted whole; there was also a wall of cooked fish, five feet in height and sixty feet long. The puddings are generally made of *taro*, cooked and pounded, and made into small lumps, which are baked, and afterward heaped in one great pit lined with banana-leaves, and mixed up with sugar-cane juice and pounded cocoanut. I have been told about one great feast for which nineteen gigantic puddings were prepared, the two largest being respectively nineteen and twenty-one feet in circumference."

One of the characteristic native customs which forms an invariable part of the ceremonial on nearly all public occasions, and especially when chiefs are inaugurated, is the brewing of *yangona*. Miss Cumming witnessed the process shortly after her arrival, and thus describes it:

"Picture to yourself the deep shade of the house, its brown smoke-thatched rafters and dark thatched-roof, with a film of blue smoke rising from the fireplace at the far end, which is simply a square in the floor edged with stones, round which, on mats, lie the boatmen, and a group of natives with flowers coquettishly stuck in their hair, and very slight drapery of native cloth, and fringes of bright croton-leaves. A great wooden bowl, with four legs, is brought in. It is beautifully polished from long use, and has a purple bloom like that on a grape. A

rope is fastened to it, and the end of this is thrown toward the chief. The yangona-root is then brought in, scraped and cleaned, cut up into small pieces, and distributed to a select circle of young men to chew. The operation is not *quite* so nasty as might be supposed, as they repeatedly rinse their mouths with fresh water during the process, which occupies some time; while all the company sit round most solemnly, and some sing quaint *mékés* (i. e., choruses), very wild and characteristic.

"When the chewing process is complete, each man produces a lump of finely-chewed white fiber. This is then deposited in the large wooden bowl, and one of the number is told off to pour water on the yangona, and wring it out through a piece of hybiscus-fiber, which is like a piece of fine netting. A turbid, yellowish liquid is thus produced, in taste resembling rhubarb and magnesia, flavored with sal-volatile. It is handed round in cups made of the shell of large cocoanuts, the chief being the first to drink while all the onlookers join in a very peculiar, measured hand-clapping. When he has finished, they shout some exclamation in chorus, and clap hands in a different manner. Then all the others drink in regular order of precedence.

"Though no one pretends to like the taste of yangona, its after-effects are said to be so pleasantly stimulating that a considerable number of white men drink it habitually, and even insist on having it prepared by chewing, which is a custom imported from Tonga, and one which has never been adopted in the interior of Fiji, where the old manner of grating the root is preferred. It certainly sounds less nasty, but *connoisseurs* declare with one voice that grated yangona is not comparable to that which has been chewed! The gentlemen all say that sometimes, when they have had a very long day of hard walking, they are thankful to the native who brings them this, the only stimulant which he has to offer; and that its effect is like sal-volatile. Confirmed drinkers acquire a craving for it. Its action is peculiar, inasmuch as drunkenness from this cause does not affect the brain, but paralyzes the muscles, so that a man lies helpless on the ground, perfectly aware of all that is going on. This is a condition not unknown to the British sailor in Fiji."

Several other peculiar and characteristic customs are described in the following passage:

"In every village there is invariably one large house called the *bure*, where all the young men sleep. It would be contrary to all notions of propriety that

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they should occupy the same house as the women, even their nearest relations. In fact, brothers and sisters, or brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and various other near kinsfolk, are forbidden even to speak to one another, or to eat from the same dish. For a man to eat food left by a woman would be highly *infra dig.*; and to unroll a mat belonging to a woman, or to lie down upon it, would be the height of impropriety. The laws of affinity in regard to marriage are very curious. First-cousins, who are children of brother and sister, may intermarry, but the children of two men who are full brothers may on no account do so; indeed, may hardly speak to one another. No word exists to express uncle. All brothers are alike called father by the nephews, but the nephew has various rights greater than those of the son. In the matter of succession it is the brother, not the son, who succeeds as head of the family, and *he* is succeeded by *his* brother; finally, the succession reverts to the eldest son of the eldest brother. This order is, however, liable to modification by the rank of the mother, or the personal influence of the nephew, who enjoys most singular privileges. He is called *vatu*, and in certain districts is allowed the extraordinary prerogative of claiming anything he wishes which belongs to his uncle or the uncle's vassals, especially the uncle on the mother's side. If the nephew is a *vatu levu*—i. e., the son of a high-born woman by a high chief—there is practically no limit to the exactions to which he may subject his unfortunate uncle. He may appropriate his new canoe, his best garments, his valuable curtains, mats, club, necklace—whatever he covets; and the uncle has no redress—the action is *vaka viti* (custom of Fiji), and that argument is unanswerable. I have even heard of a nephew of a chief of Rewa who, having quarreled with his uncle, exercised this right to the extent of seizing his store of gunpowder, and employing it against him."

Some of the most graphic, and unquestionably the best-written, chapters in the work are those in the second volume, in which the author describes the incidents of a six months' stay in New Zealand; but these we can only refer to. Of the book as a whole it may be said that, in spite of the scrappiness which the form of letters inevitably produces, it is entitled to a high place in the class of books which Dr. Johnson assured Boswell that he enjoyed most of all—those, namely, that "tell us of unknown lands, strange people, and curious customs."

FRENCH FAMILY LIFE AND MANNERS.*

I.

EVERY one knows that in France marriage, which is the basis of family life, is arranged on principles of expediency. At the same time, foreigners are wont to judge of these matters with too little discrimination. When a young Frenchman has sown his wild oats—for "*il faut que jeunesse se passe*" has been elevated to a moral principle—is close on thirty, and in a position to set up a house, his parents, his friends, and often the young man himself, begin to look round for a suitable alliance. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that he is only marrying a dowry. This is, no doubt, a *sine qua non*; yet a man is generally content if his wife's income amounts to half his own. As a rule, her fortune is kept separate (*régime dotal*), though sometimes, especially in the north, no such division is recognized. In these arrangements, by which the wife's share is invariably secured to her, we see the spirit and character of French marriage. As a rule, the law protects both the mother and the children in every way against neglect, desertion, extravagant habits, or a fondness for speculation on the part of the husband—a protection which a bride sometimes resents as implying a want of confidence, a wife as a troublesome restraint. But not the question of fortune alone is taken into consideration. Equal importance is attached to health, to age—the bride must be generally ten years younger than the bridegroom—to character, about which the most careful inquiries are made, to the habits of life, and, above all, to the circle of society to which each belongs. A Frenchman prefers not to marry above his own rank of life, and very seldom marries below it. It is not too much to say that the *mésalliances* which are the result of passion never occur. I never remember to have heard of a young man of wealth and good position marrying his sister's governess, or of a girl of good family eloping with her brother's tutor—events which are common enough in countries of Germanic race, not to mention greater aberrations, such as sometimes come to light in England. In the mother's eyes, the really important thing is that her daughter's future husband should know the world (to use the regular euphemism), that he may not begin to do so after his marriage; for on one point everybody is agreed, that "*il faut que jeunesse se passe*."

After the *fiancés* have made acquaintance with each other, the bridegroom visits the bride every evening in the presence of her relations, "*pour faire sa cour*." The use of the confidential "*tu*" is of course not to be thought of during this one month's probation; they are hardly allowed to shake hands. Love is expected to follow marriage, and it usually does. Most French marriages turn out happily, often more happily than our love-matches. Unity of interests, especially after the birth of children, brings husband and wife nearer together, and gives them the same wishes and aims; habit does the rest, and friendship, at least, seldom fails to grow up between them. In the middle class infidelity is very rare, and a warm affection, which falls little short of love, generally characterizes family life. But this is not the case in the highest ranks of society, where it is not uncommon to find husband and wife living in complete independence of each other; still less in the working classes, where concubinage is the rule, though it is often legalized by a late marriage. It is rare for married men to frequent restaurants and *cafés*, as in Germany; and it is only, as a rule, in the highest and lowest classes that they go habitually to the club or the *marchand de vin*. The description given by Gustave Droz of family life in his popular book, "*Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé*," is, on the whole, very true to life. That such a book should have reached its seventieth edition certainly gives a curious idea of the delicacy of the French *bourgeoisie*. A German would rather have courtesans introduced than see the veil thus drawn aside from the mysteries of marriage.* Yet, taken as it stands, Droz's book gives a vivid picture of French married life, and of the cheerfulness and harmony which usually prevail in it. It is, however, characteristic that, with all her affection for her husband, a Frenchwoman is generally fonder of her children than of him.

It is a well-known fact that in France the number of children is limited. French morality, taking its principles as it does from the conclusions of the understanding, not from the impulses of the heart, forbids more children to be brought into the world than can be conveniently provided

* From "France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century." By Karl Hillebrand. Translated from the German.

* Not that the German middle class display an excess of delicacy, as any one knows who has had the pleasure of traveling with newly-married couples on the Rhine steamers, or has read the matrimonial advertisements of a German newspaper—rather a strong form of "*mariage de raison*."

for and educated. The children, generally two or three in number, become the sole care and the sole interest of their parents, whose tenderness goes far beyond the limits of prudent affection. The custom of sending children out to nurse in the country, which used to be the invariable practice, has almost entirely ceased in the upper and upper middle classes, and it is for the most part confined to the lower orders, small tradesmen, artisans, etc. For it is considered wrong, on moral grounds, to take an unmarried nurse into the house, and a married one can not be obtained except for comparatively high wages. Only the children of the educated middle class can therefore be kept at home. There they become the universal subject of conversation; they soon begin to have their meals with their parents, who always attend to them first. Every wish is granted, every whim satisfied, every word and every movement held up to admiration. In short, they are systematically spoiled, and the unpleasant task of accustoming them to discipline and order is reserved for their future teachers. At ten years of age a boy has to go to the *collège*, a girl somewhat later to the *pension*, in both cases as boarders (*internes*). In the last ten or twenty years, however, it has become much less common to send girls of good position to a boarding-school. It is easy to imagine what a struggle this separation costs the parents; still it requires less courage to make the sacrifice once for all than to show the firmness and severity which day after day are required to curb the self-will of the children. At school, it is said, a boy's character is formed; yet it usually happens that the *collège* and *pension* are just the places where a child's imagination, hitherto so anxiously guarded, may be corrupted in a few weeks. Nothing shows more clearly how entirely French morality is a matter of calculation than the almost pedantic way in which children, especially girls, are kept in ignorance of natural facts. They are never allowed to stir out of the house alone; a careful watch is kept on what they read; and not only what is actually immoral, but anything that is likely to occupy or foster the imagination, good and bad alike, is put out of their way. It is extraordinary what a preponderance the understanding obtains with girls by this systematic deadening of the imagination, especially now when they are educated at home so much more than formerly. Nor is there any danger of a girl of good position forgetting herself, as happens in England, or of engaging in some absurd attachment, as is so often the case in Germany.

The affection of the parents and their noble feeling of responsibility to their offspring aid this wholesome dread of making a "*sot marriage*." A Frenchman is very unwilling to be separated

from his children, nor can he easily be induced to let his daughter marry any one, however rich, who lives out of the country. And certainly no respectable French family would allow their child to go out alone into the world to gain her bread, as long as there was a crust in the house to share with her. It is always an object to keep even a married daughter, if not at home—for the prudent Frenchman has learned by experience that this arrangement is not always successful—at any rate in the same town. The sons, too, are expected, if possible, to remain in their native place, to succeed to their father's business, as tradesman, doctor, or lawyer. Emigration is out of the question. Nor are they prepared to gain their independence by founding a business for themselves. The father, in his turn, is not easily drawn into speculation likely to endanger his children's fortune. He looks upon his savings as their property, and the law by limiting the freedom of testation teaches him to do so. He is scrupulously faithful and conscientious in the management of his trust, and in protecting the interests of his children. This may at bottom be only another form of egoism, if we may consider the individuality of the parents to live on in the children; and, even if we take the opposite view, it is an selfishness which does not agree with the German idea of personal independence. Still, whether one approves or not of the principle of the French family life of to-day, it is certain that Guizot is right when he says: "The sentiments and duties of the family have an immense influence in the present day. . . . Parents have never lived on such affectionate and intimate terms with their children, have never given so much thought to their education or their future. True it is that selfishness, depravity, and worldly frivolity are but too common; . . . yet, if we take society as a whole, if, in other words, we consider the millions who, living unnoticed, yet constitute France, we find how strong are the domestic affections and virtues which make the children's education an object of eager and untiring care on the part of the parents."

It may easily be imagined what an event it is when the sons first go to school. Once there, a boy finds plenty of stimulus for his imagination, which has till now been unnaturally restrained. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that, in any other respect, school-life neutralizes the influence of early education, or that it impairs family affection. The Thursday visit of the parents to their sons is a happy event for all; the return home for the holidays a festival; the parting, when they are over, a heart-rending scene. We may apply to the whole nation the remark which the historian Monod makes about French soldiers, when he says that they

do not know what a deep, pure love is, though they think of their family with reverence and affection. This domestic love is, unfortunately, very liable to degenerate into blind fondness, and the evils of the early education may be traced through the whole of after-life. Hence the dread of taking any responsibility, and the habit of shirking unpleasant duties; hence, that want of moral courage, of a high sense of duty, and of true manliness, which is so injurious to all public life in France. Enlightened self-love is, in fact, the basis of the whole education. It is not the brutal selfishness of a man who subordinates his neighbor's every interest to his own, regardless alike of the feelings and welfare of others, but a prudent, refined egoism, accompanied with polite expressions, and sparing others only to be spared itself. Two things above all are impressed on French boys and girls—first, that not to be or to have, but seem to be or seem to have, is the all-important question; secondly, that they must always beware of entering into any engagement or involving themselves in anything which does not affect their own interests. And, curious to say, the Frenchman has no notion that there can be any other moral ideal than that drawn from considerations of prudence and expediency.* As it is the understanding, therefore, not conscience, which supplies the ruling principle of conduct, the object of the parents is not so much to give their sons strength of character as to make life smooth for them and remove every thorn and stone out of their path. Thus the choice of a college is in no small degree determined by the prospect of their associating with the sons of influential families, who may aid their advancement in after-life, and still more, of course, by the chance of success in the final examination. On passing out of the Lycée, a young man enters one of the various schools—École Normale, École Polytechnique, École Militaire, École Forestière, etc., in which case he costs his parents nothing after he is eighteen or twenty, and from his twenty-second year receives a salary as master, engineer, officer, etc. If, however, he does not succeed in getting into one of these schools, he enters as supernumerary into a Government office. In either case he is provided for early in life, and, after going steadily through all the stages of promotion by seniority, at length arrives at a position of respectable mediocrity; while such portion of their fortune as the parents are allowed by the law to dispose of themselves (*la quotité disponible*) is reserved to facilitate his sister's marriage. If the family is well off, the son studies law, and at twenty-five may hold some posi-

tion as lawyer, for instance, or as *substitut du procureur*. Under any circumstances, a Frenchman of the middle class, by the time he is thirty, is expected to be in a position to make a suitable marriage. Such is the regular course of life which the care and prudence of the parents provide for their children, who in their turn repay this love with fondness and respect; although this respect is accompanied by a familiarity which we should hardly think desirable. A family continues thus united long after it has ceased to exist as a natural institution, in spite of different interests, opinions, and occupations.

In England as well as in Germany, where the family owes its rise to the sexual instincts transformed and idealized, it continues to exist only so long as its offspring look to it to satisfy their equally idealized needs; with the maturity of the children and the foundation of new homes, in obedience to the same principles, it is either broken up or only loosely held together by the weakest ties. The French family, on the other hand, which in its origin is a matter of arrangement and calculation, and is simply a social institution, continues to subsist long after the material union has come to an end. It is often touching to see the love of grown-up sons for their mothers; while not only brothers and sisters, but also cousins and second-cousins, hold together, help one another in all the circumstances of life, unite in watching over the honor of their name and the respectability of their family, and form in fact a permanent association. Even death does not sever the family tie: a constant and affectionate remembrance honors the dead with an almost religious worship.

The law only gives expression to the universally prevailing sentiment when it takes upon itself to decide and arrange the settlement of family affairs. It is contrary to the principle of French law to allow a father the free disposal of his property. Personal freedom in France is subordinated by custom as much as by legislation to justice and equality, and a father can no more disinherit an unworthy son than make the best, most capable, and most beloved of his children his sole heir. But, unlike the German peasant, a Frenchman never thinks of evading the tyranny of the law by coming to terms with his children during his lifetime. After all, it seems only natural to him to do on compulsion what *la justice* commands.

Although a purely civil marriage is considered to be in bad taste, and as an infringement of the laws of propriety—those idols of a morality based on calculations of expediency—and is, therefore, always completed by a religious ceremony, French marriage is none the less an essentially civil, social institution. As such, it is and

* This morality is common to all mature nations; we need only point to the practical precepts of Balthasare Gracian and Baldassare Castiglione.

must be indissoluble. In Germany, on the contrary, marriage is founded on inclination, and, when the inclination expires, it too may expire. To persons in a state of high-pitched and over-refined sentimentalism, it may even appear sinful for the one to survive the other; but a civil institution, in which the interests of a third party are involved, and whose permanence is a guarantee of social order, can not be thus trifled with. The worst that can happen is a judicial separation (*séparation de corps et de biens*), which at least renders possible an external formal continuance of the union. This form of separation, however, like everything which may excite notice or diverges from the regular course of things, is anxiously avoided. Infidelity is far more rare among the *bourgeoisie*, but also far less severely judged, if only kept secret and not forced upon public notice (*affiché*), than a certain class of French literature would seem to indicate. For the harm consists not in the fact, but in its publicity—not in the breach of trust and duty, but in the offense against society. People will pardon a woman who has one or more lovers without exciting notice, or, at any rate, not exclude her from society; but, if a noise is made about it, and she leaves her husband that she may no longer share in what seems to her a desecration of marriage, even if she does not fly into the arms of a lover, she is unmercifully condemned, and is with difficulty admitted again to the circle of her acquaintances. For, as I have said, marriage is a social institution, and, as such, it is under the protection of the laws of propriety—a protection which they are far better able to afford than the laws of the land.

This social character, so marked in marriage, extends also to friendship. No doubt a Frenchman is as capable now as in the days of Montaigne and Laboëtie of a noble, devoted, unselfish, even a warm and tender friendship; but such friendship is becoming every day more rare. Intimacy among Frenchmen now arises generally from quite a different source. Habits, companionship, party ties, social position, community of interests, mutual esteem, are the principal bonds of union among them. A foreigner is easily mistaken in judging of the relation in which such men stand to each other. Misled by their effusive manners and customary professions of good-will, he gives them credit for a sentimentality which is quite alien to their nature. Such characteristics as these are as favorable to social intercourse as they are injurious to individual character; and it is but natural that the charms of society should often involve a sacrifice of the deeper elements of human life.*

* The writer's truest and most intimate friend is a Frenchman, and, what is more, a patriotic Frenchman.

French manners and customs, like French family life, are entirely under the influence and direction of abstract logical principles. The laws of propriety have absolute power; to obey them is the first of all duties, to defy them the most unpardonable of all faults. A Frenchman's virtues are utilitarian in the higher sense of the word. They contribute to the preservation of social order, while even his faults, little as he knows it, tend to produce the same result. Purity, personal devotion, truthfulness, and work for the sake of the thing itself, are indeed virtues without any external end, and only capable of satisfying the conscience; and among the nations of Germanic origin on both sides of the Atlantic they are considered requisite to a noble character. The virtues which the civilized Celt values most highly are respect for property and the family as the corner-stones of society, a sense of honor and social tact which give to society its fair exterior, moderation, and prudence, on which alone depends the continued enjoyment of the pleasures and good things of life. And the vices which each of these two races and civilizations condemn most severely are simply the opposites of their virtues.

In no country is honesty (*probité*) more common than in France. It is to be found everywhere—in town and village, and in every rank of life—from the millionaire down to the poorest laborer. Swindlers (*escrocs*) and thieves, of course, exist in France, though not in greater number than in England and America, but petty thefts are almost unknown. On this point servants and workmen have a scrupulous sense of honor. Stealing among members of a household, purloining objects of small value, and overreaching, are things of which one hardly ever hears. During the twenty years which the writer of these pages passed in the most widely different parts of France, he never locked up anything, nor had he cause to repent it. Neither is a foreigner often overcharged, or advantage taken of his ignorance of the language and coinage. A Frenchman is, in short, perfectly trustworthy in money-matters—that is, if the state be not the second party in the transaction. Here, again, we begin to see the difference between the public and private character of the French, which we shall so often have occasion to point out. Every day there are cases of smuggling, of the Government receiving bills in excess of the right amount, of evasion of taxes, and of false returns of income; for, after all, an untruth does not weigh so heavily on the conscience of a Celt or a Latin as on that of a Teuton, and consequently these acts are not judged at all severely. The state is not a living person, with whom one associates; all share alike in what it gains or loses; no individ-

ual suffers by such an infringement of the law, nor is the regular course of social order disturbed thereby. And it is society and its laws, not the state and its laws, which the Frenchman respects.

The relation between masters and servants is in many respects excellent. Acts of dishonesty are, as I said, unknown; and if a cook levies a certain percentage on her purchases (*fait danser l'anse du panier*), she is not cheating, but only exercises a recognized right. In no country are there more old family servants than in France; for though the domestics who like change of place and never become attached to any family are the rule there as everywhere, yet there is scarcely a house in which you do not find one of those old servants who have seen the children and grandchildren grow up. At the same time, if I am not mistaken in what I have seen, habit and a liberal allowance of rights and liberties often have more to do with this than personal fidelity and devotion. Thus, whereas a German servant resembles a dog in his attachment to his master, a French servant, like a cat—which is, I may mention by-the-way, the favorite domestic animal of the country—attaches himself rather to the house; and a cat, as is well known, is more constant in its affection than a dog. Besides, French vanity is apt to look upon fidelity and obedience in the light of servility. The German idea of personal subordination, the relation of employer and employed which prevails in England, the patriarchal familiarity *à la Leporello* and Don Juan of an Italian household, are equally unknown in France. There a servant stands in the same relation to his master as a minister to his king; nor would a Frenchman of the nineteenth century ever be proud to bear the Prince of Wales's motto, "*Ich dien*."

One very prominent trait in the French character is love of order. A Frenchman's house and dress are alike unexceptionable. We are often told that he likes to be well dressed, but that means, as a rule, that he dresses simply with good taste and quietly. For, it is his first care in dress, as in everything else, to avoid making himself conspicuous (*ne pas se distinguer*). At the same time, whatever he wears must be genuine. The French have no liking for false jewels and sham gold. The table-linen and sheets are perfectly plain, but always of good strong linen. The daughter of a *bourgeois* would never wear the flimsy silk, the doubtful under-clothing, or the slipshod shoes of a German baroness. The same holds good of a Frenchman's food. His moderation has become proverbial, and, as a fact, he lives simply but well; for, though he wants but little, that little must be the best of its kind. You find just as good oil,

butter, coffee, and meat in the small close room of a Parisian *conciergerie* as on a rich man's table. There is not a small tailor but has his glass of wine and dessert regularly at his mid-day meal. So extraordinarily particular, indeed, are the French about having things well cooked, that dinner, like dress, becomes a practical question of the utmost importance, and occupies the master as well as the mistress of the house a good part of the day. However economical a Frenchman may be, he grudges nothing for his kitchen or his toilet, in quality at least, if not always in quantity. It is to this that the solidity of French retail trade is due. Lacking the enterprising spirit of the English, German, or American merchant, which seems to him simple madness, the Frenchman keeps on safe ground in matters of business, and is averse to engaging in the most trifling speculation. He likes his customers, the sources of his supply, and the quality of his goods to be such as he can depend on. And you may be sure of always having the same class of goods, and of always being charged the same price.

There are few in the present day who would not allow that the French are a most thrifty nation. No one in the middle class ever spends the whole of his income. If, as Mr. Micawber preached but did not practice, a man who spends £99 19s. 11d. out of an income of £100 is rich, but a millionaire who gets through £10,001 for every £10,000 is poor, then every Frenchman is certainly rich. I never knew a single instance in the *bourgeoisie* of a man who had not some money of his own—not one but derived from some source or other his six hundred or twelve hundred francs a year besides what he earned. But it is a well-known fact that in Germany and England by far the larger part of the middle class live from hand to mouth, that is, on the proceeds of their work. Extravagance, too, is far commoner among people of Teutonic race. These only work hard to be able to spend freely; the lavish expenditure of a rich American is almost beyond belief. Except perhaps among the highest classes, in the matter of dress a Frenchman never incurs unnecessary expense. He very seldom indulges, like the German paterfamilias, who goes in for a bottle of champagne, organizes picnics, makes tours, and then has to pinch himself for the rest of the year; but he lives with the same simplicity, comfort, and propriety from the 1st of January to the 31st of December.

His moderation in seeking enjoyment, which is intimately connected with taste in art and ease in social life, is, like the more graceful build of his body, a mark of the long existence and refinement of the race which inhabits the soil of France, and whose progress in civilization has

never been violently interrupted, as the German was two centuries and a half ago. At the same time this sense of measure (*σωφροσύνη*) is rather an intellectual than a moral quality. We seldom find, in nations that have grown old, the touching grace of character which often lies hid beneath the rough Germanic husk, and which, if it but once break through, diffuses such a genial warmth in our heart.

Never, perhaps, have the French brought to a greater perfection than now the good taste which is shown in the whole exterior of their life, in the considerate politeness which prevails among all classes, and in the tact with which every one sees that his house, his dress, and his circle of friends are in accordance with his age and his position. I do not even except the age when France was really in her prime—that grand, attractive eighteenth century, in one sense the most moral of all the epochs of French history. For moderation and tact are not only quite compatible with effeminacy, egoism, and self-indulgence, but they are often the consequences of these vices; they make it possible to satisfy them more continuously and more thoroughly; they are, so to speak, the virtues which enable a man to sin with comfort. And, while they render it easier to satisfy the desire for a comfortable enjoyment of life, they soon undermine the more manly moral qualities. "This passion for material well-being," said an eminent politician, Duvergier de Hauranne, thirty years ago, "is destroying among us all nobility of sentiment and all enthusiasm for the ideal; the conceptions of good and bad, right and wrong, are becoming obscured—every grand original thought is suppressed." And ten years later a greater than he, Alexis de Tocqueville, comparing past and present together, exclaimed: "The men of the eighteenth century scarcely knew this kind of passion for comfort, which is the mother of slavery, a lukewarm but persistent passion, which readily unites, or, so to speak, entwines itself with certain virtues of private life, with domestic affection, with regularity of conduct, with respect for religious belief, even with a temperate but regular observance of the national worship; a passion which is compatible with honesty but makes heroism impossible, and all whose greatness consists in producing men of great respectability and no public spirit. The men of that time were at once better and worse: they loved joy and sacrificed to pleasure; their morals were, perhaps, more loose and their passions and ideas less temperate than those of our generation; but at least they were free from the regulated respectable sensuality which we see nowadays."

Nor is it public life alone which suffers from this calculated pursuit of enjoyment and comfort.

In private life, too, a Frenchman has "*les défauts de ses qualités*." If he is not extravagant, he is not open-handed. Anxious to please and ready to be of service, he grudges no amount of trouble or time to help a friend, or even a casual acquaintance; but nothing can induce him to open his purse; so well does he follow the advice of Polonius, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." And, though there are no doubt striking exceptions, we can on the whole say of the economical, industrious French *bourgeois*:

"La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse,
C'est là son moindre défaut."

The meagerness of French subscription lists is no secret.* The richest man would consider it an injustice to his heirs to devote a tenth or even a thirtieth part of his income to a charitable purpose; whereas a wealthy German—now no longer a rarity—is always ready to help an unfortunate friend with two thousand thalers or so. A poor Frenchman would be too proud to ask for or even to accept such alms; while his rich fellow-citizen hardly ever dreams of making a sacrifice of this kind, except to save the honor of a member of his family, in which case he does not hesitate even to draw on his capital. Yet it has happened to me to see very touching instances to the contrary; and every impartial observer must have been struck with the ungrudging, spontaneous, impulsive manner in which a Frenchman shows his readiness to render assistance, as long as the demands on his sympathy do not extend to his purse.

Many foreigners believe the French to be incapable of any work which requires energy and perseverance. This is a great mistake. Nowhere is more hard work done than in France, that is, at a certain time of life. It is incredible what a young Frenchman, with the natural quickness of his race, can learn in four or five years, and how, gay and restless as he is, he can sit whole days and nights over his books, if—and only if—there is some end to be attained; for a Frenchman seldom works for the sake of the subject itself. He studies hard to pass an examination; he works like a horse (so to translate the French expression "*piocher*") to gain a certain number of places in the class list of the University; he toils to get a post, or money, or an order, or a name, or a seat in the Academy. But, as soon as he has what he wants, there is an end to it. A Frenchman rarely continues to work when it is no longer absolutely necessary.

* The subscriptions, amounting to eighteen million francs, collected for the victims of the inundations in Languedoc in 1875, are a perfectly new and very important fact.

If he does so, it is to obtain new means of gratifying his vanity. Even this stimulus is absent wherever, as in the army or on the bench, he is certain of his red ribbon and of promotion by seniority and favor. In fact, from his school-days far on into life, vanity and a less excusable characteristic, envy, produce a competition which in some sense takes the place of the Englishman's sense of duty and the German's devotion to work for the sake of the thing itself. In any case, however, it is always some temporal good which a Frenchman seeks to acquire by his labor. He naively calls this way of looking at things "practical," when he compares it with the disinterested activity of those whose motive is either love of truth or the desire after well-done work irrespective of any material advantages. A schoolmaster, for instance, who devotes all his life and thought to education, without any idea of making money, and undisturbed by any desire to rise above so humble a social position, is a *rarissima avis* among our neighbors. Hence the impossibility, let me remark by-the-way, of carrying out elementary instruction in France by lay teachers.

A very displeasing point in French morality, which, however, is so well known that we scarcely require to mention it, is the laxity in respect to sexual intercourse. Yet we must not forget how essentially the ideas of conduct and morality change from land to land and from century to century. Here, if anywhere, the old saying applies, "*Vérité en deçà des Pyrénées, erreur au delà.*" Thus a Frenchman looks upon a man who takes at all too much wine as having degraded himself, and on a German lady who pours no water into her wine as a person of doubtful morality. He considers Germans and English, who sing the praises and idealize the delights of wine, as sheer barbarians, while the French

grisettes and *lorettes* appear to a German a sign of the utmost frivolity and corruption. Now, as the drinking-bowl plays a part in all the scenes of German life, so do women in all the relations of French society. You can go every evening to a German theatre, and you are sure to have a carouse or a drinking-song; nor is there an opera, or a ballet, or a tragedy, or a comedy put on the French stage in which the action does not turn on what we should consider an immoral love-affair. "*Où est la femme?*" a French judge who was conducting an inquiry is once said to have asked with astonishment, when he did not at once find a woman concerned in the matter laid before him. And this question, which has become proverbial, only expresses a truth. I shall return later on to the influence of women in society and politics; I am only speaking here of more intimate connections. A Frenchman is in the highest degree sensual; he is enterprising, and is not restrained by any belief in the purity of women, by any principles impressed on him early in life, or by any fear of public disapproval. Nay, he is from his youth up educated with the idea that success in this field can only bring him honor. If only he is not so foolish as to marry his mistress or become a father unwittingly, or compromise the woman he is in love with, if she is married, neither his father nor his mother considers it a sin for him to amuse himself (*s'amuser*). Even deceiving a friend is not branded as treachery, if it is only to conceal a love-affair with his wife. German abstinence on this point, which caused so much surprise during the war, appears to the French, and perhaps not without reason, only as the result of colder blood, as a want of passion, or even as unmanly bashfulness. They do not like to acknowledge that the "habit of disposition," which the whole German education gives, tends to this result.

(Conclusion next month.)

OLD DREAMS.

WHERE are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O Spring! in pauses of the blackbird's song?
I hear them not: the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long!

The footfall and the sweeping robes of Spring,
How, once, I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men wake not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yester-eve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queen songstress, in the
beech;

And for one moment heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams went by, too deep for speech.

One moment—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, clothed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight;
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

F. W. B.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN an English magazine entitled "The Theatre," a writer by the name of Miller gives the readers of that magazine what he calls "Memories of the New York Stage." Mr. Miller's memories are a little astonishing, and, if taken as a type of the literature of reminiscence now so abundant, are calculated to awaken profound distrust in regard to the accuracy of much that reaches us in this way. Mr. Miller's recollections begin with the year 1836. "At that period," he says, "and for several years thereafter, I was a resident of New York." He then proceeds to describe the Park Theatre, which all old New-Yorkers hold in such affectionate remembrance. He says:

"The Park was, in fact, in all respects an example of what a theatre should—not be. It was ugly, dirty, gloomy, inconvenient, and ill-lighted. . . . The stage appointments, too, closely resembled those of the London theatres of the time, and miserable enough they were. The arrangement of the scenery, in particular, was very ill-contrived—little or no improvement having been made in this respect, notwithstanding the great advance in the mechanical arts since the days of Garrick, a period of upward of seventy years. Not only were the admirable set-scenes, elaborately built up, with which for some years past the playgoer has been familiar, wanting, but, whatsoever the place represented, the plan on which the stage was 'set' was pretty nearly the same; the side-scenes, or 'wings' as they are technically termed, being invariably placed at intervals of six or eight feet apart, so that a distressed heroine might frequently be seen rushing from one side of the stage to the other, seeking vainly to escape from a spot, it was ridiculously palpable to the spectator, there was no obstacle to her leaving whenever she pleased. A carpeted floor was a luxury never indulged in, and the furniture was usually of the most beggarly description—a table, a sofa, and a couple of chairs being considered amply sufficient for any apartment in the palace of the richest noble. One thing, too, used to have a very odd appearance: when the play happened to be a tragedy, in those scenes in which any of the characters were to be killed, pieces of green baize were laid on different parts of the stage for the actors to fall upon, so as to save their dresses from injury."

Now, the Park Theatre was not wonderfully decorated, after the manner of the Madison Square and the Fifth Avenue Theatres of to-day, but that it was "ugly, dirty, and gloomy" is wholesale—forgetfulness. The house was lighted with gas, as all the theatres are now, and was fully as bright and cheerful. The parquette was then the pit, and filled only with men, and thus did not present a very enlivening picture; but at that period ladies went to the theatre, as they do now to the opera, in full dress, and the first and second rows of the dress circle were often filled with brilliantly dressed women, producing an effect that the theatres of to-day, with all their fine decorations, can not equal. Nor was the theatre itself either gloomy or dirty, speaking comparatively. It was the theory then that the auditorium of a theatre

should not by excessive color or decoration compete with effects of color on the stage, and hence a comparatively subdued style of ornamentation was adopted, and this subdued style made the ladies' toilets in the boxes all the more effective. We suspect that an array of fine-looking women in full dress makes a picture that even Messrs. Tiffany and Colman would find it hard to overcome, notwithstanding the great resources at their command.

"Set scenes" on the stage, of which the writer speaks, were not so common as now, and inclosed scenes, with ceilings and walls, came in somewhat later. As for carpeted floors being "a luxury never indulged in," where were the man's eyes, or rather where is his memory? In 1841 "London Assurance" was produced at the Park Theatre, with every appointment known to the stage of to-day (with the exception of inclosed scenes). There were set scenes; the floors were carpeted; there were rich furniture, upholstery, and all the little things that make up a drawing-room picture. In fact, the play was much ridiculed on this very account, and familiarly dubbed "The Upholstery Drama."

A very short time after this, Charles Kean produced "King John" in a style that has never been equaled. Indeed, all the Shakespearean revivals since have been founded upon this example, but never with so much success—with less success, because Mr. Kean was an artist and a scholar. He understood the principles of pictorial art as applied to the stage, and his scholarly tastes prompted him to make the play an accurate historic as well as effective art picture. Every costume was constructed with the closest fidelity to recognized authorities, and every piece of scene-painting was the product of historic study. Mr. Kean's artistic knowledge and perceptions were evinced by his always keeping the pictorial feature subordinate to the human figures—so that the actor should not be crushed by his surroundings. This principle is continually forgotten in spectacular plays of to-day. Mr. Kean availed himself of everything that would heighten and enrich the historic picture without belittling the actors. We have seen plays in certain scenes of which the spectator would have to hunt among the accessories and furniture for the persons of the drama. Mr. Kean made no such mistake as this. In fact, "King John," and afterward "Richard III," were models in this field of art, which have not yet been bettered with all the supposed increased resources of pictorial and decorative art.*

* As an illustration of the estimation in which the production of "King John" was held by the public, and of the performance of *Lady Constance* by Mrs. Kean, we subjoin a poem which appeared in the daily papers at

"King John" was the first Shakespearean play, we believe, produced with scenic splendor, but there were spectacular plays before it. "La Bayadère," with the superb Mademoiselle Augusta, was one; "The Bohemian Girl" was not without good scenic pictures; and the writer—who is writing only of what he remembers—recalls hearing a good deal of talk about a wonderful "Cataract of the Ganges," produced before his time. Mr. Miller is certainly wrong in affirming that good scenery was unknown at the time he mentions.

the time, written by Anne C. Lynch, now well known in letters and society as Mrs. Botta :

"ON SEEING MRS. KEAN AS CONSTANCE IN 'KING JOHN.'

" 'Twas no illusion; from the past the veil was rent away;
The tide that never changes, ebb'd, and bore me to that day
When in the lists and on the field brave deeds of arms were done,
When England blushed beneath the rule of recreant King John.

" Scenes from that dim and buried past came thronging on the gaze
In all the splendid pageantry of those heroic days.
There Angers' towers and battlements in stately grandeur frowned
Upon the engines of grim war group'd threat'ningly around.

" And where the gathering, warlike ranks in burnished armor gleamed,
The sacred oriflamme of France, the red-cross banner streamed;
There Templars came with cross and sword, vowed to the Holy Land—
There were the fiery feudal lords, each with his vassal band:

" And, in his scarlet robes arrayed, the haughty legate strode,
As when above the prostrate king in ancient days he trode—
Forgetful for the hour I lived in that chivalric age.
Amid the stirring scenes portrayed on history's varied page.

" But when the gentle Constance came and bowed her queenly head
To that wild tempest of the soul, that grief profound and dread,
The pageant vanished from my sight; I only heard her words—
I only felt the woe that thrilled the heart's electric chords.

" Years bring decay and change and death to kingdom and to clime,
But human sympathy and love are changeless through all time;
In the eternal now they live; though centuries o'er them roll,
They bloom for ever fresh and young, immortal as the soul.

" Thou on whose brow the coronet of injured Constance shone,
Who to the glittering circlet gave a luster not its own,
Thou canst recall those lovely forms the faded past inurns;
Thou summonest, and the shapeless dust to life and youth returns!

" Thou hast the spell, the magic power, the heart's deep founts to move—
To wake the latent ecstasies of hope, despair, and love;
And many a poet's loveliest dream now bears thy form and face,
Speaks in thy sweet, impassioned voice, and wears thy matchless grace."

In one particular our reminiscent friend evinces a most astonishing talent for inventing, or for getting his memory strangely twisted. We refer to his assertion that "pieces of green baize were laid on different parts of the stage for the actors to fall upon." This is delicious. The stage was at one time always covered with green baize—not with pieces of that material—and not for actors to fall on, but for the reason that green baize acted as an excellent foil for the scenery and costumes, adding to their beauty and effect, and also because the stage looks raw and cold with bare boards. This was the purpose of green baize, which on the stage of to-day is often replaced by painted canvas.

"Set scenes" were not possible until plays came to be written with each act in one scene. All or nearly all old English comedies have one or more changes of scenes in each act, and this renders elaborate stage furnishing for interior scenes impossible. "London Assurance" was one of the earliest of English plays written with each act in one scene. This is an established French method, which our dramatists were a long time in adopting. It is a method that increases the difficulties of construction, but it certainly adds much to the unity and *vraisemblance* of a play (the prompter's whistle and the rapidly-shifting scenes that follow are apt to be disenchanting), and is a help toward full and appropriate stage decoration. Set scenes, however, are indispensable in parlor comedies only. In historic plays, or plays of picturesque character, good effects are always possible without this arrangement. Mr. Kean obtained varied and some splendid effects in the fifth act of "Richard III," numerous and rapid as are the changes of scene.

We have been assuming all along that fine scenery and rich stage appointments are good things. They are so, we think, when not made of primary importance. Above all things, let us have good acting, even if in order to secure it we should have to go back to the table and two chairs of which the reminiscent Mr. Miller speaks; after good acting, graceful, agreeable, and appropriate appointments are always welcome.

No incident of last month excited so much interest as the publication of the revised New Testament. Four hundred thousand copies of the Oxford edition were placed upon the New York market simultaneously at a given hour, in many different sizes and styles; copious extracts were published in all the newspapers, in many instances with parallel passages from the King James version; within twenty-four hours cheap American editions were for sale on the news-stands; on the ensuing Sunday the merits and demerits of the revision were discussed in many pulpits, and in almost all circles they became a leading topic of conversation. For a week, at least, everybody was reading the New Testament, so that probably there were more people studying Scripture at that time than at any other in our history.

Possibly the great interest which the publication

of the revision has excited, and the study of the sacred writings which it has stimulated, are of themselves sufficient to justify the cost and labor of the work, but otherwise we can not see that any good has resulted or can result from the changes that have been made in the sacred text. There are a few alterations that are eminently acceptable, but very much the greater number contribute nothing to a better understanding of the Holy Word. They are possibly nearer to the original Greek, and may satisfy verbal critics better, but changes that are merely scholarly in their character, that, without throwing new light on a passage, or strengthening its meaning, simply come nearer to the exact form of the original, are changes that will do more harm than good. The great mass of Bible readers do not study it for shades of meaning, or with critical attention to its exact phraseology, but always with mind intent upon either the story, or the admonitions and moral guidance that it gives them. And change that does not help them to a better comprehension of what they read is worse than idle, for it distracts, it converts familiar and loved forms of expression into unfamiliar ones, it destroys long associations, it weakens impressions, it brings into question the sacredness of the text, it undermines veneration and confidence, and it makes unstable that which was believed to be wholly stable. There are no doubtful or obscure passages in the Bible that have not been explained hitherto as fully as possible by commentators, and there are no questionable renderings of the original that have not been indicated. It is entirely possible by marginal references to mark everything in the accepted version that is of doubtful accuracy, avoiding all mere verbal niceties, and this is all that, in our judgment, should have been attempted.

It must be remembered that the New Testament is not only a body of doctrine, but a standard of the English tongue. For nearly three centuries the King James version has been read and studied by all English speaking peoples. It has been the model of students, while innumerable of its phrases have passed into the vernacular, enriching the speech of the common people. Its breadth of expression, its quaintness, its wisdom, its aptness, its ripe significance, its mellow tone, have combined to endear it to all classes—to scholars and the unlearned, to people of much and people of little faith. It is not commonly felt to be a translation. Its wise utterances seem to come at first-hand. Consequently, changes of any kind lay violent hands on something that is sacred—sacred apart from its promises and the hopes that it inspires, apart from its religious character—but sacred just as a classic is sacred, just as Homer was to the Greeks, Goethe is to the Germans, Shakespeare to the English. To remake utterances, therefore, that are hallowed by long association, except in cases where they are distinctly misleading—if there be any such—seems to us supremely unwise. The man of letters as well as the pious zealot, the lover of good ripe old English as well as the Christian, can not fail to deplore useless tampering with a text so long read with devotion and delight by millions of people.

So far as our survey of the changes that have been made goes, we observe very few that there seems any good reason for. Sometimes the new phraseology is an improvement on the old, and, were the New Testament now for the first time produced in English, would naturally be preferred. On the other hand, the new forms are quite as often decidedly inferior to the old. It is nearer the Greek to substitute "love" for "charity" in the well-known phrase "faith, hope, and charity," and in other places where the later word is used, and, although intelligent readers interpret "charity" largely as meaning love, it is perhaps only proper, as it is doubtless sometimes misapplied, to make the change. The passage "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat," is rendered, "Be not anxious for your life," etc., and this we think a judicious change. The discrimination between the words "Gehenna," which signifies the place of punishment in the future life, and "Hades," the abode of the dead, which was not made in the authorized version, is also to be commended. But these and a few other important emendations have been recognized as desirable for a long time. Many readers have mentally accepted them, and all that was necessary was a marginal correction. It wasn't worth while to reconstruct the whole Testament because a dozen or so passages were confessedly erroneous.

One inevitable result will be, that every new generation now, the barrier having been thrown down, will be tempted to make a revision of its own. Scholars do not now agree as to the accuracy of some of the new renderings; the acute Biblical criticism so prevalent will year by year discover new errors; and we shall find hereafter a perpetual agitation for other changes, until after a succession of revisions little will be left of the text originally given to English worshippers.

WE publish in this number of the "Journal" an article entitled "The Fortunes of Literature under the American Republic," which, though written by an American, made its first appearance in an English periodical. It contains, we think, a great deal of truth, and is not a little suggestive, but there are certain utterances scarcely supported by the facts. It speaks of the eagerness of our reading public for books of a certain kind, but declares that it "does not care to reflect, to generalize, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas." The italics here are our own. Assuredly the writer, Mr. Woodberry, is in error here. There are some very conspicuous instances of American curiosity about and hospitality for ideas. It was with American readers that Herbert Spencer first got a hearing, and he still finds here the largest and most general appreciation. Carlyle was first accepted by American readers. Comte and the Positive Philosophy have probably found as wide an acceptance in this country as in England. All the leading science

writers of Europe are as widely read and studied in America as elsewhere. It is in the United States that the only magazine in the English tongue devoted to speculative philosophy is published. In the West there is a Platonic Club, and a periodical devoted to the purposes of the association. Emerson has been one of our lights; Bronson Alcott and his "Conversations" are peculiarly American in their character; the Concord School of Philosophy evinces a very remarkable taste and aptitude for philosophic study. In truth, with us there is an overfondness for new generalizations, for new theories, for new speculations on government, science, law, and society. Much of what is written and advocated in these directions is crude. The new theories are not always "rational conceptions," they are usually hasty and ill-digested; but the innumerable essays, pamphlets, and books that are written on speculative theories—only publishers and editors have anything like an idea of their extent, for probably not one in a hundred of the productions of this nature that are written ever gets into type—evinces the fermentation that is going on, the domination of ideas and the curiosity prevalent in all ranks in regard to them.

Elsewhere Mr. Woodberry says: "Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and that in his hands discolor and distort history?" Inasmuch as Macaulay is just as popular in England as here, there is no pertinence in the question as applied to American readers. It will be found that there is very little difference in the estimate in which English authors are held in the United States from that in England, and hence Mr. Woodberry's comments about Dickens, Thackeray, and Macaulay have no distinctive application to literary taste with us here. From Macaulay he proceeds to Poe, and asks: "Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing," he continues, "of the marvelous genius, too little

acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class." Here our critic is wholly wrong, because he proceeds from assumed facts. It can not be said that Poe's weird tales possess any marked fascination over the popular mind. There has never been a cheap edition of these stories published, and it is safe to say that the sale of copies of the one edition in the market does not average five hundred annually. It is a certain portion of the literary class, and not the general public, upon whom Poe's tales exercise the fascination of which our critic speaks. As in many other instances, these tales are very much written about by critics and magazinists, but the world of readers is commonly very indifferent to them. No doubt, however, the circle of readers and admirers would be enlarged were they before the public in a more accessible form.

In writing of American taste it should be borne in mind that we are an heterogeneous people, that different sections as well as different groups exhibit widely separated tastes and proclivities. And, then, in no country does the populace have so large a place in all questions of art, literature, and government. The tendencies of a few studious minds in Germany determine the literary reputation of that country. The social bent and intellectual likings of Parisians are accepted as characteristic of the whole French people. The authority of a group of scholars and writers makes literary laws for England. In the United States there is no center and no authority, and everywhere groups and classes follow their instincts regardless of other groups and classes. So general is this differentiation on all sides, that it is almost impossible to say of anything that it is not, without evidence springing up from unexpected quarters to show that it is.

Notes for Readers.

ANY one who desires to see how the life of Christ looks when regarded from the purely secular point of view, will find in "Rabbi Jeshua: an Eastern Story" the means and the opportunity for gratifying his curiosity. Rejecting with undisguised contempt the gospel narratives, and all the other authorities that are usually relied upon, the author bases his account almost wholly upon the brief and succinct chronicle of Simeon has Saddik, who lived contemporaneously with "Rabbi Jeshua," was the companion of one of his first disciples, and in his old age dictated a narrative of the significant events of which he had been cognizant. According to this

account, nothing whatever is known of Christ's nativity or ancestry, and the first we learn of him is that, moved by the preaching of Hanan (John the Baptist), he determined to join the celibate sect of the Hasaya, and applied to Hanan for the initiatory rite of ablation. Afterward, in accordance with the custom of the sect which he had joined, he retired into the desert for several years; and when next he appears upon the scene, after Hanan's betrayal and imprisonment, is known as the "gentle rabbi," who preaches to the poor, and endeavors to mitigate the hardships of their lot. Viewed from our author's standpoint, the supernatural powers with which he

was supposed to be endowed dwindle into the mere skill in medicine distinctive of the sect of the Hasaya to which he belonged, and the miracles with which he has since been credited are simply characteristic specimens of the legends which the wonder-loving imagination of the East has always clustered around the names of great teachers and reformers. The idea that he was the Messiah was one of the illusions which the Rabbi Jeshua himself shared with his disciples; and the very first step which he took in vindication of his claim brought him to a shameful death at the hands of the priests and Pharisees whose interests were imperiled by his pretensions. After the crucifixion, his body was laid in the rock sepulchre of a rich Pharisee, among the gardens outside the town; but, like Savonarola, whose career resembled his in many other respects, Rabbi Jeshua was fated to leave not even a relic of his mortality. "The women who came to embalm his body found the tomb broken open, the body no longer within. The stone had been rolled away, and the vanishing figure of a white-robed stranger was seen, or believed to be seen, by the terrified and dismayed mourners, who fled forthwith from the sepulchre. Many were the legends which arose in consequence of this mysterious sequel to the history of the great Rabbi; but the chronicle of Simeon has Saddik closes with the account of the open tomb, and the trembling women; and of Rabbi Jeshua, as of Moses, it may truly be said that 'no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.'"

The book is remarkably well written, Canon Farrar himself being surpassed in the vivid word-painting with which scenes in the Holy Land are depicted. For literary skill, however, the palm must be assigned to the concluding chapter, which is a bitter satire upon the existing society of Christian England. Wandering about London in the hope of tracing some echoes, at least, of the noble teaching of the great Galilean Rabbi, the author represents himself as entering the open doors of "a large plain edifice," apparently consecrated to some religious purpose. His attention was first directed to the congregation, the majority of whom were women, but with a fair proportion of elderly men and a few mild-looking youths. "The general impression which they produced was that of sleek prosperity and success in life. . . . The fresh red faces and sparse gray hairs of the men, their shining bald heads and well-filled cheeks, were the very emblems of prosperous respectability and good-natured self-complacency. They were, moreover, all rich. They had ostrich-feathers, flowers, and fruits in their bonnets, velvet jackets and silk skirts, great gold watch-chains, glossy hats and good broadcloth frock-coats, well-starched linen, and a profusion of rings, chains, brooches, and jewels." At length a comfortable-looking preacher stood up in an oak-tulip pulpit, and began reading soberly from a written address. "I listened with attention to his teaching. He explained that in consequence of the sin of the original man the whole human race had become depraved, and that men

were born with a curse upon them which condemned them to eternal torment. Not through their own sin, not through any crime individually committed, but merely through the fact that they were born into the world, and that their ancestors sixty centuries ago had sinned in the far-off East. There was no hope, no help for them, however virtuous their lives might be; for, like the Gaim of the Jewish creed, Gehenna was their fate. He told, moreover, of a youthful God sacrificed by the wrath of an Elder Divinity, and afterward brought back to life and immortality. A deity beneficent to and loving mankind, and one through whose favor—not by any deed of their own, except that of worshiping himself exclusively—men might escape their doom, and be received into an ethereal paradise of clouds and angels. The preacher concluded by recommending the ritual of his creed to the congregation, and by collecting money for the conversion of the Madagascans to this gloomy and paradoxical dogma." Perceiving that there was evidently no trace of the Rabbi Jeshua in such teaching, our author went next into "a beautiful Gothic building of elaborate style," where the congregation were evidently still richer than before, and where, after an address by an elegant young priest, an "offertory" was taken up "for the church flower-decorations and for the fund in aid of providing cotta-surplises for the choir." A meeting of the "aesthetic sect," a lecture-room where the great secrets of Nature were expounded by a teacher who "stated that he had hunted through the whole body for the presence of any non-material element of life, and, not having found any, had been enabled to draw the safe conclusion that none such existed"; a picture-gallery thronged by *dilettanti*—all these were visited without finding a trace of the doctrines or influence of Rabbi Jeshua; and our author was forced to the sorrowful conclusion that these had either perished wholly or been perverted.

It is no slight praise of Mr. John Albee's little book on "Literary Art" to say that it not only treats of but practically exemplifies its subject. In form it is a conversation between a painter, a poet, and a philosopher, and it is a long time since we have read such piquant and skillfully managed dialogue. Mr. Albee has just the light, rapid, and somewhat playful touch requisite for such work, and, while his dialogue has all the cleverness necessary to catch and hold the attention, it is not so necessarily brilliant as to obscure the personality of the supposed interlocutors. The discussion ranges over a wide field, and the conclusions reached are little more than negations; but every step is marked by some fine thought, some acute suggestion, or some apposite illustration, and the path of the reader is strewn with flowers even if it leads to no definite goal. Among the questions dealt with, of course, is the oft-debated one as to the relative importance of form and invention in literary art. The philosopher, who naturally places substance before form, insists that invention should be ranked first. To this the poet demurs. "Invention," he says, with

considerable point, "is much more common than is supposed. How many tales and poems have we met that contained an excellent gift of this sort, but wanting in workmanship!—especially now when the whole world is open to those in search of subjects. The copyright-office and the patent-office are full, the one of uncirculated books and the other of unemployed models; good conceptions, but wanting in structural, organic force. Some affect to think this lack of little consequence, and that even the smallest amount of essence is to be more diligently sought after than superabundant body, which they call a mere external, or wrappage, to divert or seduce the mind from its purpose. There was a monkish doctrine of this sort. And even Tertullian will not allow beauty to be anything more than 'an additional outlay of the divine plastic art.' Notice the word 'additional,' and how it degrades the sentiment. He might as well have said honestly and at once, *superfluous*. In literature sometimes one must praise the invention, sometimes the form; if both, praise can go no further. In masterpieces there is an equipollence of invention and plastic force. One age, even different readers, emphasize one or the other, deferring to some prevailing tendency or taste." The mention by the poet of men of intellect who, like Æschylus and Bacon, appealed themselves and their work to future generations, provokes the following neat epigram from the painter: "That is rather a fashion among a certain class of writers. Some of them, however, make larger bequests than their estates will pay."

THOUGH, like other works of art, designed primarily to amuse, the novel is too efficient an instrument not to have been put to many uses, and it is quite within the range of experience that it should be used as a weapon of personal warfare. Mr. Henri Rochefort, therefore, is not without a precedent when he attempts to revenge himself for his political defeat and social ostracism by assailing his enemies under the thin disguises of fiction. His much-talked-of novel, "*Mademoiselle Bismarck*," is simply a bitter attack upon M. Gambetta, whom he holds up to the most merciless ridicule under the pseudonym of "Talazac." Another Parisian celebrity, Madame Adam, whose name has been associated with that of Gambetta, is more good-naturedly satirized as "*Madame Maunoir*"; and the gossips of the capital have found no difficulty in identifying several others among the characters. The unfortunate MacMahon is gibed at openly and by name. After the October elections had annihilated the clerical coalition, and broken up the De Broglie cabinet, "it was said that the marshal was more than ever decided to carry things to extremities; that he had been beaten, but that *defeats frightened him less as he became accustomed to them*. It was added that he took each day three glasses of absinthe more than the day before, which was his way of coming to a decision." The title itself is a fling at Bismarck, the *sobriquet* of "*Mademoiselle Bismarck*" having been bestowed upon the heroine because of her being detected in a

series of the most shameless and unscrupulous intrigues. Regarded merely as a novel, the merit of the performance is very slight. It is cleverly constructed—altogether too cleverly for realism or *vraisemblance*; but it has an air of levity and journalistic smartness about it, which, while piquant and provocative for a moment, is a fatal blemish in what professes to be a work of imaginative art. However, it is probable that M. Rochefort's chief purpose in writing the book was to render his enemy ridiculous, and in this he has achieved a cruel success.

THERE can be no doubt that, in his "*Short History of the English Colonies in America*" (Harpers), Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has made a genuine and valuable contribution to American history. The colonial period, it must be confessed, is the period over which historians have been most prone to linger, and it is rather our post-Revolutionary history that now stands in need of elucidation; but, while the theme itself is hackneyed, Mr. Lodge's method of treatment is fresh and suggestive. The history proper, so far as this deals with the chronological sequence of events, is a subordinate portion of his work, the main object of which is to portray the social character and aspect of the several colonies at the time of their severance from the mother-country. "Who and what the people were who fought the War for Independence and founded the United States—what was their life, what their habits, thoughts, and manners—seemed to me, when I began my study of American history, questions of the deepest interest. They were questions, too, which appeared to me never to have been answered in a compact and comprehensive form; and this volume is an attempt to supply the deficiency." The method of arrangement, though open to objection, as the author admits, is probably the best that could have been devised. Each colony is treated separately, a chapter being devoted to its history from the date of its settlement to the year 1765 (the date of the Stamp Act Congress, when the national life may be said to have begun), and another chapter to a description of its condition in and about the year 1765. In drawing the social picture, New England (embracing the four colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire) is dealt with as a whole, the differences between them being too slight to render separate treatment necessary. Three concluding chapters deal briefly with the Revolutionary War and the Peace of 1782, and give a concise outline of the events which resulted in national existence.

To the long list of already existing anthologies, another has been added in the shape of a very tastefully bound and handsomely printed volume entitled "*Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*," edited by the late Epes Sargent, who gave the finishing touches to the work on what proved to be his death-bed. Of course no collection of such magnitude could fail to contain many of the masterpieces of English poetry, and it is equally certain that no compiler could make a selection which, as a whole,

would precisely meet the views of any other person than himself. Even in such a work there is always room for the exercise of individual taste, and it can not be denied that in this respect Mr. Sargent has availed himself of the opportunity to its full extent. The majority of readers, we imagine, who critically examine his list, will be quite as much surprised by what it includes as by what it omits; and not many will be reconciled to a standard which assigns as much prominence to Southey as to Wordsworth, and which excludes Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity," and his majestic sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," in order to make room for a page or two of Kirke White's pseudo-religious insipidities. No doubt many similar incongruities are explained by the obvious desire of Mr. Sargent to make his collection fresh and individual; an object which he has accomplished, partly by selecting the less familiar pieces of well-known poets, and partly by allowing a considerable portion of his space to the minor versifiers of the past half-century—to the choir of singers who were contemporary with the compiler and many of whom have outlived him. We know of no other collection of the kind that includes so many of the fugitive meteorites that in times recently past have flashed across the poetic heavens, or so many of those "pieces" whose popularity has hitherto been confined to the readers of magazines and newspapers. The authors are arranged in chronological order, and one feature of the work that is deserving of unqualified praise, are the critico-biographical notices prefixed to the selections for each poet. Though very brief in scope and terse in style, these are generally discriminating and always interesting, and there can be no doubt as to the great assistance they render to the average reader.

THE story from the German entitled "The Two Prisoners," in this number of the "Journal," comes to us from the translator, at Berlin, accompanied by a letter from the Hon. Andrew D. White, our minister to Germany, from which we take the liberty of quoting the following: "For many years past I have been deeply interested in the writings of Professor Riehel, of the University of Munich, who, among the scholars and literary men of Germany holds a very honored place. He has published several volumes of special treatises, lectures, and essays connected with the history of German civilization (*Cultur-Geschichte*), but the most interesting—indeed, the most delightful of all his writings—is a series of historical novelettes, which he has been publishing at intervals for several years past. Both as to matter and style, nothing could be better. As to the matter of each, it is generally a story with which the circumstances and ideas of some particular time are interwoven; and, as a life-long student of modern history, I may say that I have never seen anything at the same time more historically and psychologically true than these exquisite short stories. As to the manner, his are among the few German works I have ever read in a really clear, bright, and flowing style." Our readers, after this eulogium, will

be tempted to look afresh, if they have read it already, at the story of "The Two Prisoners."

WE last month spoke erroneously of Bastien Le-Page as an American painter, in referring to his painting of "Joan of Arc," recently exhibited in this city. Le-Page is a French artist, in no way identified with American art.

THE most important book of the month is the "Revised Version of the New Testament," which appears in numberless editions, and of which some two million copies are reported to have been sold already in this country and in England. Very useful to those who wish to study it carefully is "The Comparative Edition of the New Testament," embracing the revised and the old or King James's versions, arranged in parallel columns. This latter is a Philadelphia enterprise (Porter & Coates).—Another book which will prove very useful to either the student or the reader is the "Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament, explaining the Reasons for the Changes made in the Authorized Version," by Alexander Roberts, D. D. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.). Dr. Roberts was a member of the English Committee of Revision, and his work is supplemented with an American Appendix which explains the relation of the American Committee to the whole work.—Among other works of a religious character a prominent place must be assigned to Professor W. Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church: Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism," of which an American edition has been issued by the Appletons.—A new installment of Mr. Joseph Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures" comprises those delivered during the winter of 1880-'81, and deals with "Christ and Modern Thought," with a preliminary lecture on "The Methods of meeting Modern Unbelief" (Roberts).—Also designed to vindicate orthodox Christianity from certain forms of attack that have been recently made upon it is "Christianity's Challenge; and some Phases of Christianity submitted for Candid Consideration," by the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D. (Chicago: Cushing, Thomas & Co.).—This last-mentioned volume consists of a series of lectures, and of the same character is "The Mosaic Era," by Dr. J. Munro Gibson, who treats of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.).—"The Hereafter of Sin: What it will be; with Answers to Certain Questions and Objections," by Rev. John W. Haley, M. D., is published by Warren F. Draper, of Andover.—The second volume of the excellent "Early Christian Literature Primers," edited by George P. Fisher, D. D., is "The Fathers of the Third Century," by Rev. George A. Jackson (Appletons).—"A Church History to the Council of Nicea, A. D. 325," by the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D. D., is offered to the public by James Potts (New York).—"From Exile to Overthrow: a History of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity to the Destruction of the Second Temple," by Rev. J. W. Mears, is published by the Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.—"The Kingdom of Israel from its Inception under Joshua, its First President, in the Year of the World 2553, to the Second Advent of Christ," by J. P. Philpott, is published in St. Louis by the Advocate Publishing House.—"Circumstantial Evidences of Christianity," by Daniel Carey, is published by Phillips & Hunt (New York).—From Robert Carter & Brothers (New York) we have "The Palace

Beautiful; or Sermons to Children," by Rev. William Wilberforce Newton.

Two noteworthy contributions to the literature of the civil war are the concluding volumes (Vols. II and III) of General Badeau's "Military History of General Grant" (Appletons), and a "Memoir of Major-General George H. Thomas," by Richard W. Johnson (Lippincott).—Almost at the opposite pole of biography is "The Life-Work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks, Minister in the Universalist Church," by Elbridge Streeter Brooks (Boston: Universalist Publishing House).—A compendious work for the general reader is "The Life and Explorations of David Livingstone," by J. S. Roberts (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.).—Parton's long-expected "Life of Voltaire," in two volumes, with portraits and other illustrations, is just issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

An ideal book for boys, full of the most varied and animated stories of adventure, and very copiously and attractively illustrated, is "The Young Nimrods in North America," by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers).—The third volume of the new series of "Appletons' Home Books" is a useful and practical little treatise on "The Home Garden," by Ella Rodman Church, with tasteful illustrations.—The "Journal of a Farmer's Daughter" is the prose work of Elaine Goodale, one of the authors of "Apple-Blossoms," and contains for frontispiece a picture of Sky Farm (Putnams).—"Random Rambles," by Louise Chandler Moulton (Roberts), is a collection of "pen-and-ink sketches" of certain picturesque features of the European tour, which does not attempt to be "anything so formidable as a book of travels."—"The Wilderness-Cure," by Marc Cook (New York: William Wood & Co.), gives many valuable and practical suggestions to campers-out in the Adirondacks, written by one who has proved in his own case the efficaciousness of the "cure" which he recommends.—"The School of Life," by William Rounseville Alger (Roberts), is designed primarily for edification, but by the author's literary skill it has been rendered readable as well.—"Coöperation as a Business," by Charles Barnard (Putnams), is "the story of many a nimble sixpence, the record of simple savings and every-day economies that the author hopes may interest plain folks who have a thrifty mind."—A seasonable book, and a worthy memento of the genial and cultured author, is a new and enlarged edition of "Underbrush," consisting of literary, social, and miscellaneous essays by the late James T. Fields (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—Messrs. Holt & Co. have issued new and cheaper editions of Wallace's "Russia," and the "Carlyle Anthology."—In this connection we may mention a popular edition in two volumes of Carlyle's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," from the Riverside Press (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—A useful little book which is the product of much and diversified experience is "How to travel: Hints, Advice, and Suggestions to Travelers by Land and Sea all over the Globe," by Thomas W. Knox (New York: C. T. Dillingham).—"Town-Hall Suggestions," an address delivered by Mr. Whitelaw Reid at the opening of a new City Hall in Xenia, Ohio, is issued by Henry Holt & Co.—A book which should be very useful in every household is "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes," by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison, with illustrations and five colored plates from designs by Colman, Gibson, Rosina Emmet, and others (Scribners).—"The History of Woman Suffrage," edited by Elizabeth Cady

Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage, is planned on a monumental scale, Volume I containing 878 octavo pages, with another to follow. The present volume is illustrated with a number of steel-engraved portraits.—An "Illustrated Birthday Text-Book, with Quotations from Shakespeare," is issued by D. Lothrop & Co. (Boston), and the "Emerson Birthday-Book," by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of the most useful of recent contributions to the literature of popular science is "Anthropology: An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization," by Edward B. Tylor, D. C. L., F. R. S., copiously and richly illustrated (Appletons).—A recent addition to the Chautauqua text-books is "Man's Antiquity and Language," by M. S. Terry, D. D. (New York: Phillips & Hunt).—From D. G. Brinton (Philadelphia) we have "Hydrophobia: A Monograph for the Profession and the Public," by Horatio R. Bigelow, M. D.—"English in Schools," by H. N. Hudson, is a collection of essays that were originally printed in the several volumes of the new "Annotated Shakespeare's Plays for School Use" (Boston: Ginn & Heath).—Messrs. Roberts Brothers publish an American edition, revised and enlarged, of the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott's "How to tell the Parts of Speech, an Introduction to English Grammar."

Very highly spoken of by the English press is "Matrimony," a novel, by W. E. Norris, republished here in Holt's "Leisure-Hour Series."—Another late issue in the same series is "A Matter-of-Fact Girl," by Theo. Gift.—"Blessed Saint Certainty" is by the author of "His Majesty Myself," and reintroduces certain of the characters that figured in the earlier story (Roberts).—"The Story of Helen Troy" is by the author of "Golden Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert," and is published by the Harpers.—From the same publishers we have an illustrated boy's story, "Who was Paul Grayson?" by the prolific author of "Helen's Babies."—"The Bailiff's Maid" is a romance from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister (Lippincott).—Also from the German (by Mary J. Safford) is "A Question: The Idyl of a Picture by his Friend Alma Tadema, related by Georg Ebers" (New York: William S. Gottsberger).—"Rosecroft: a Story of Common Places and Common People," by W. M. F. Round (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is a semi-religious tale of American life.—On the other hand, "Mother Herring's Chicken," by L. T. Meade (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers), is a story of the streets of London.—Part II of "The Steam House," by Jules Verne, is entitled "Tigers and Traitors," and is translated from the French by Miss Agnes D. Kingston (Scribners).—Recent issues in Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series are "The Great Violinists and Pianists," by George T. Ferris; and "Loukis Laras: Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the Greek War of Independence," by D. Bikelas, translated from the Greek by J. Gennadius.—The latest numbers in the rapidly-growing Franklin Square Library are "My Love," a novel, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; "Beside the River," a tale, by Katharine S. Macquoid; "Harry Joscelyn," a novel, by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Miller's Daughter," by Anne Beale; "The Chaplain of the Fleet," by W. Besant and J. Rice; "My First Offer and Other Stories," by May Cecil Hay; and "Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century as contrasted with its Earlier and Later History," being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880, by John Cairns, D.D.